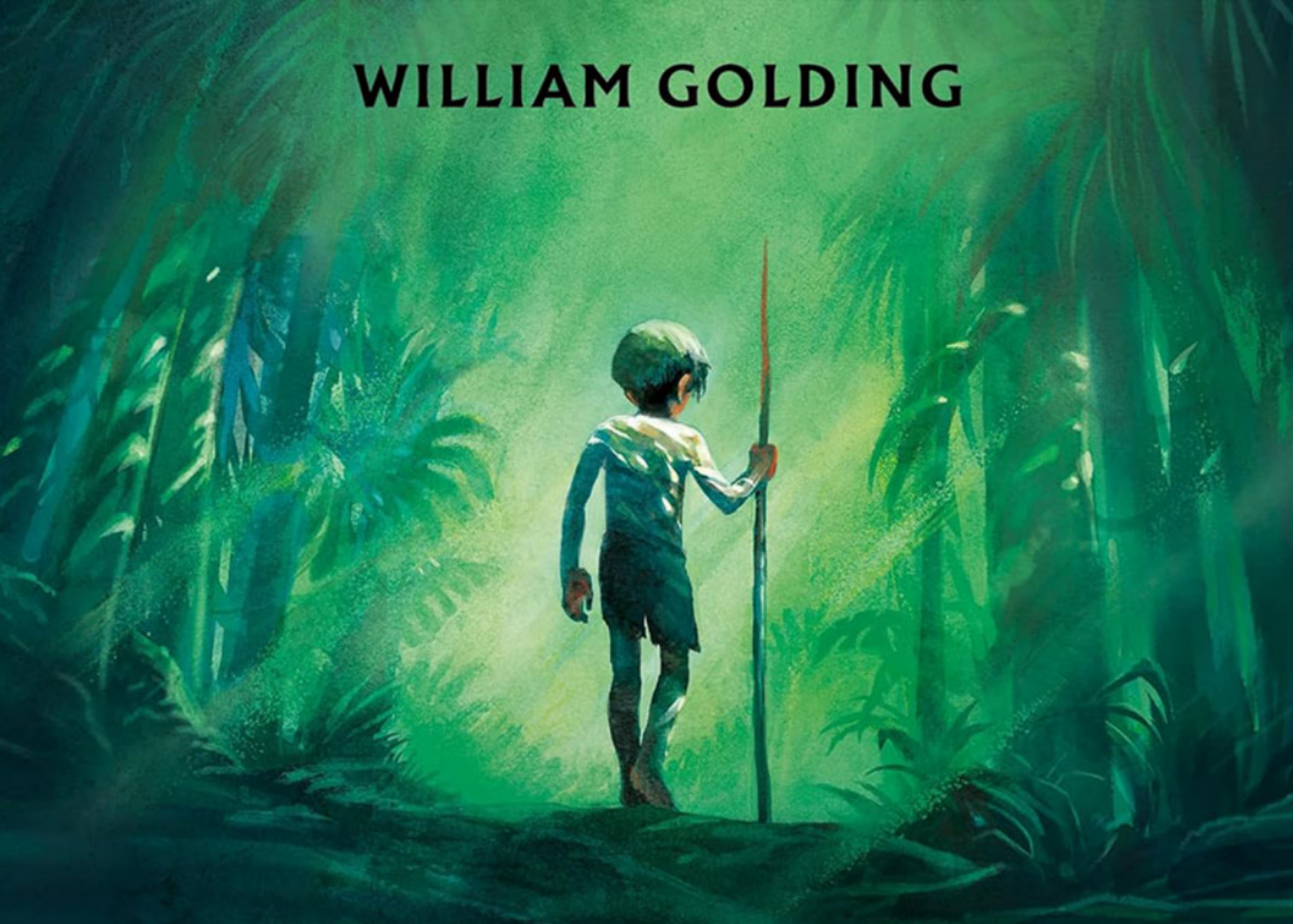
WILLIAM GOLDING



LORD OF THE FLIES

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

Adapted and illustrated by

AIMÉE DE JONGH

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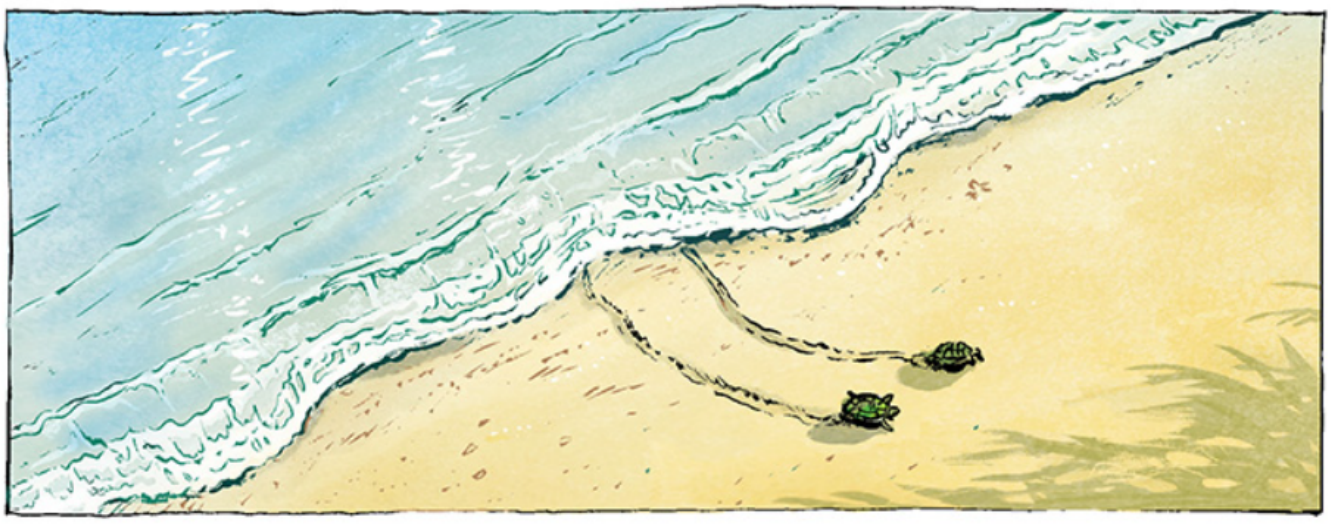

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WILLIAM GOLDING

LORD OF THE FLIES

adaptation and illustrations by

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faber

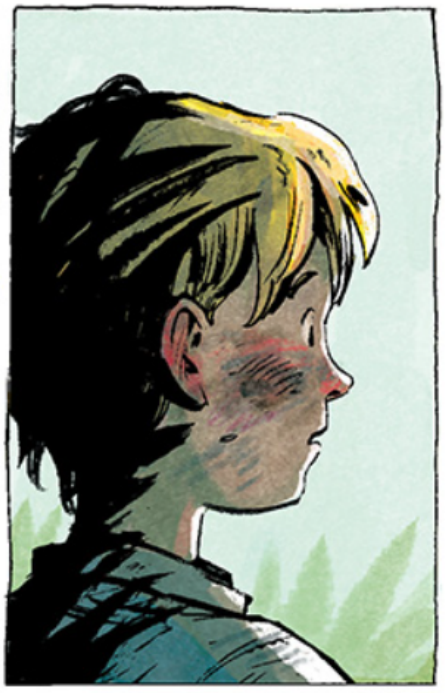
CHAPTER 1

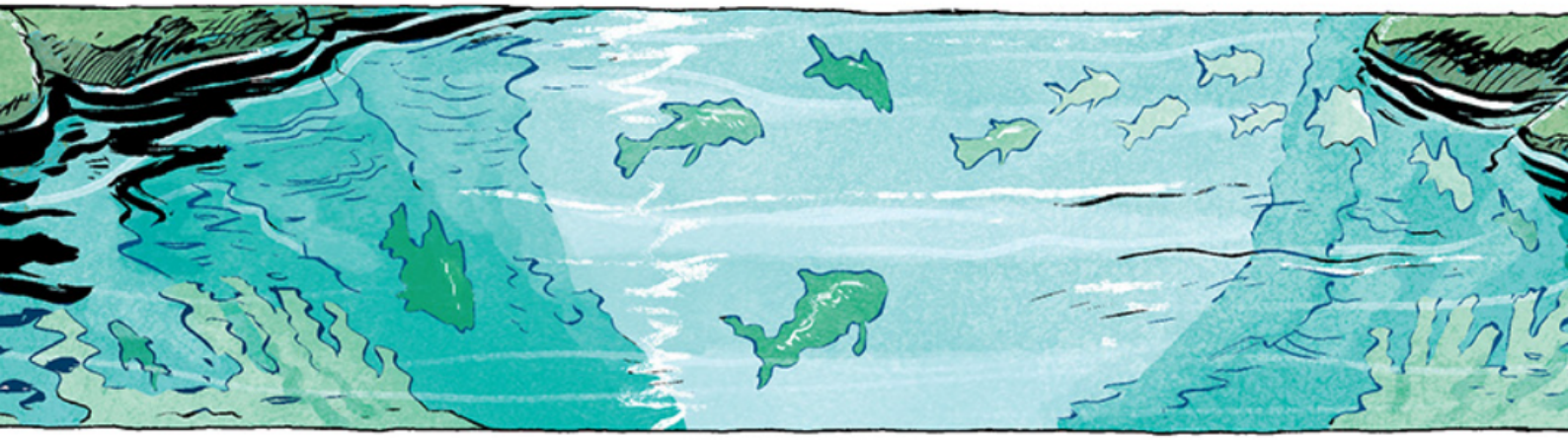
The Sound of the Shell

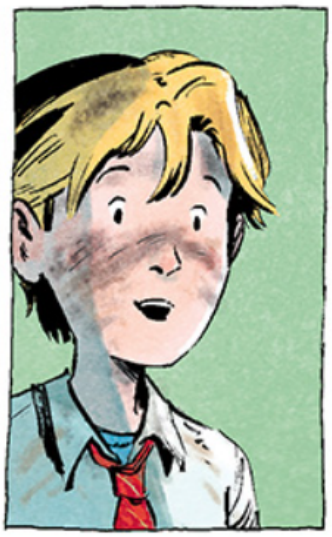
The boy with fair hair lowered himself down the last few feet of rock and began to pick his way towards the lagoon.
Though he had taken off his school sweater and trailed it now from one hand, his grey shirt stuck to him and his hair was plastered to his forehead.

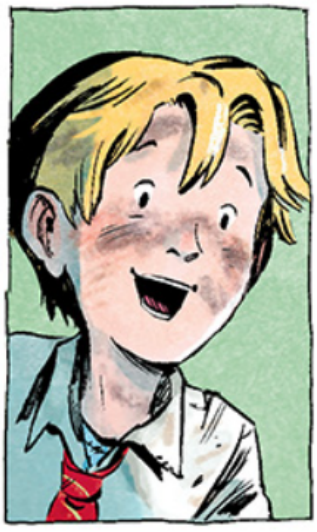
He was old enough, twelve years and a few months, to have lost the prominent tummy of childhood . . .

. . . and not yet old enough for adolescence to have made him awkward.

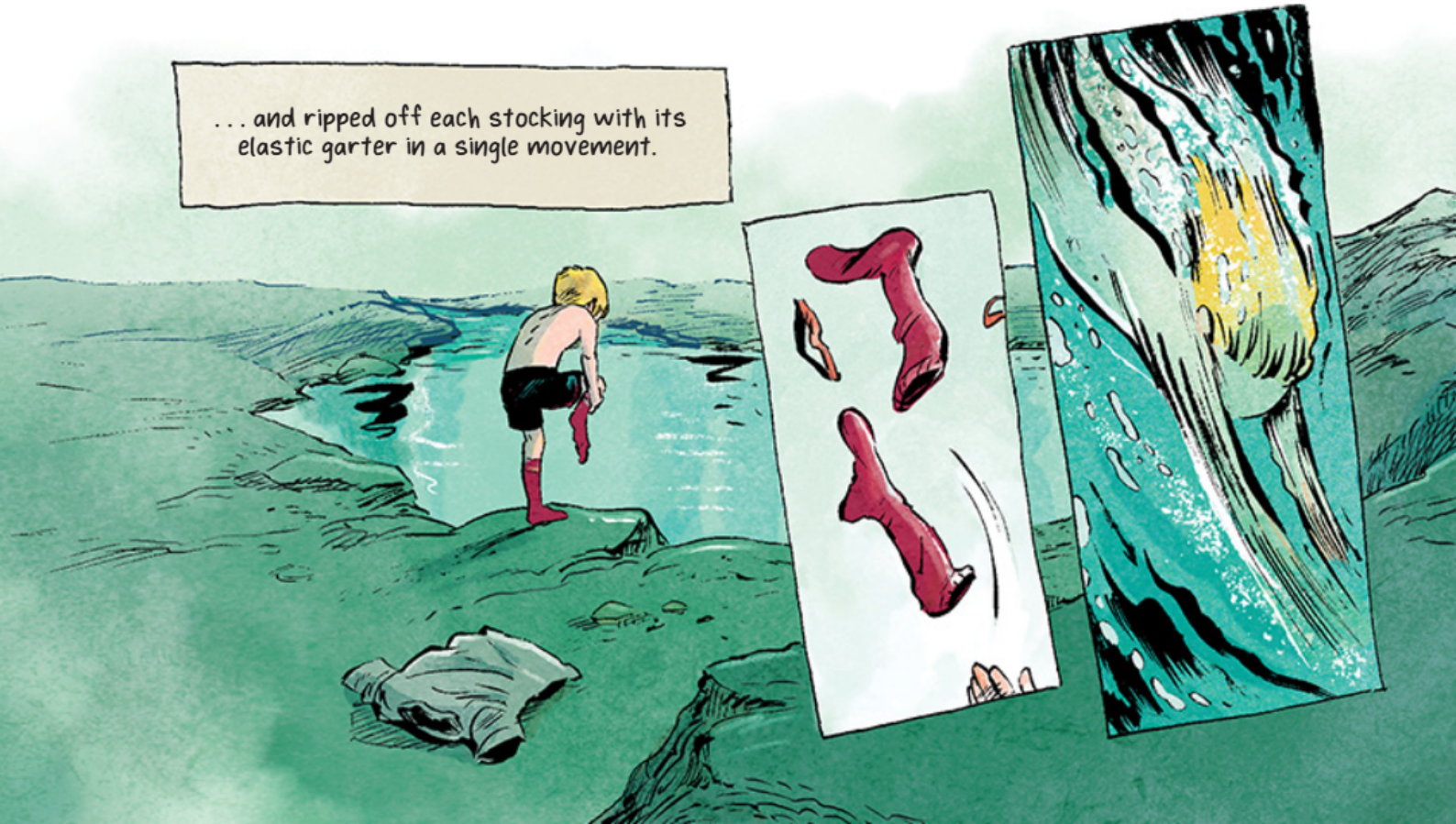


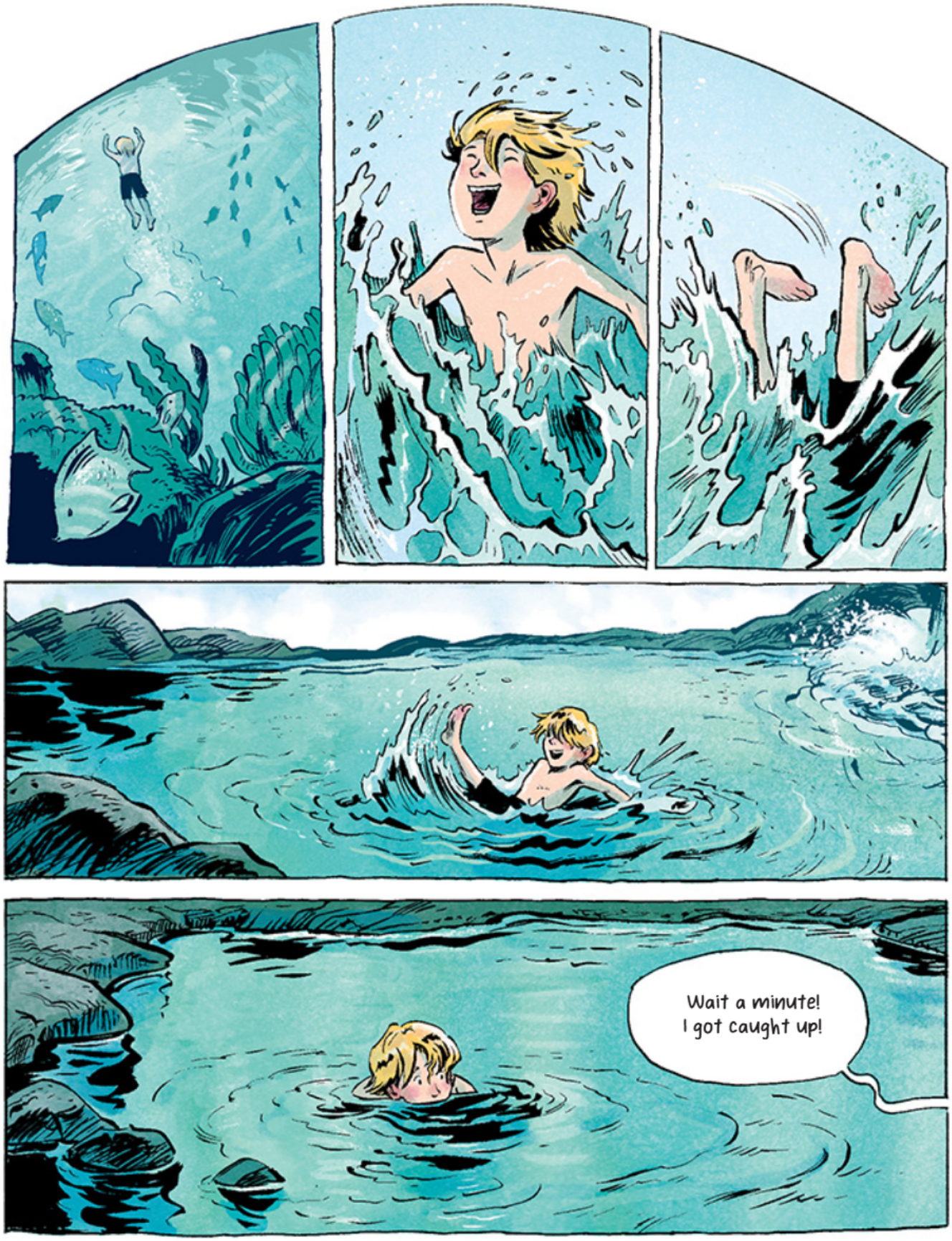




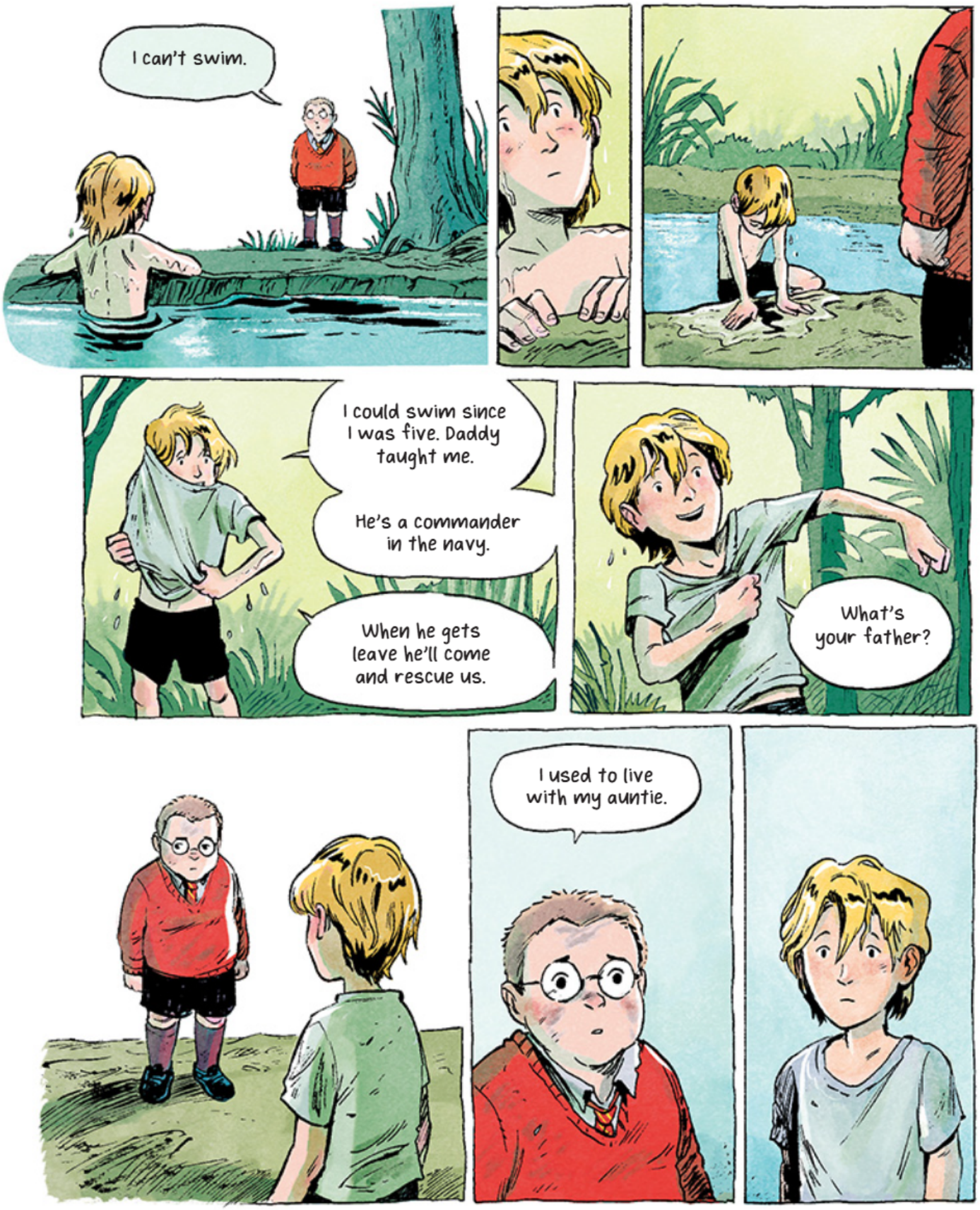


He became conscious of the weight of his clothes, kicked his shoes off fiercely . . .

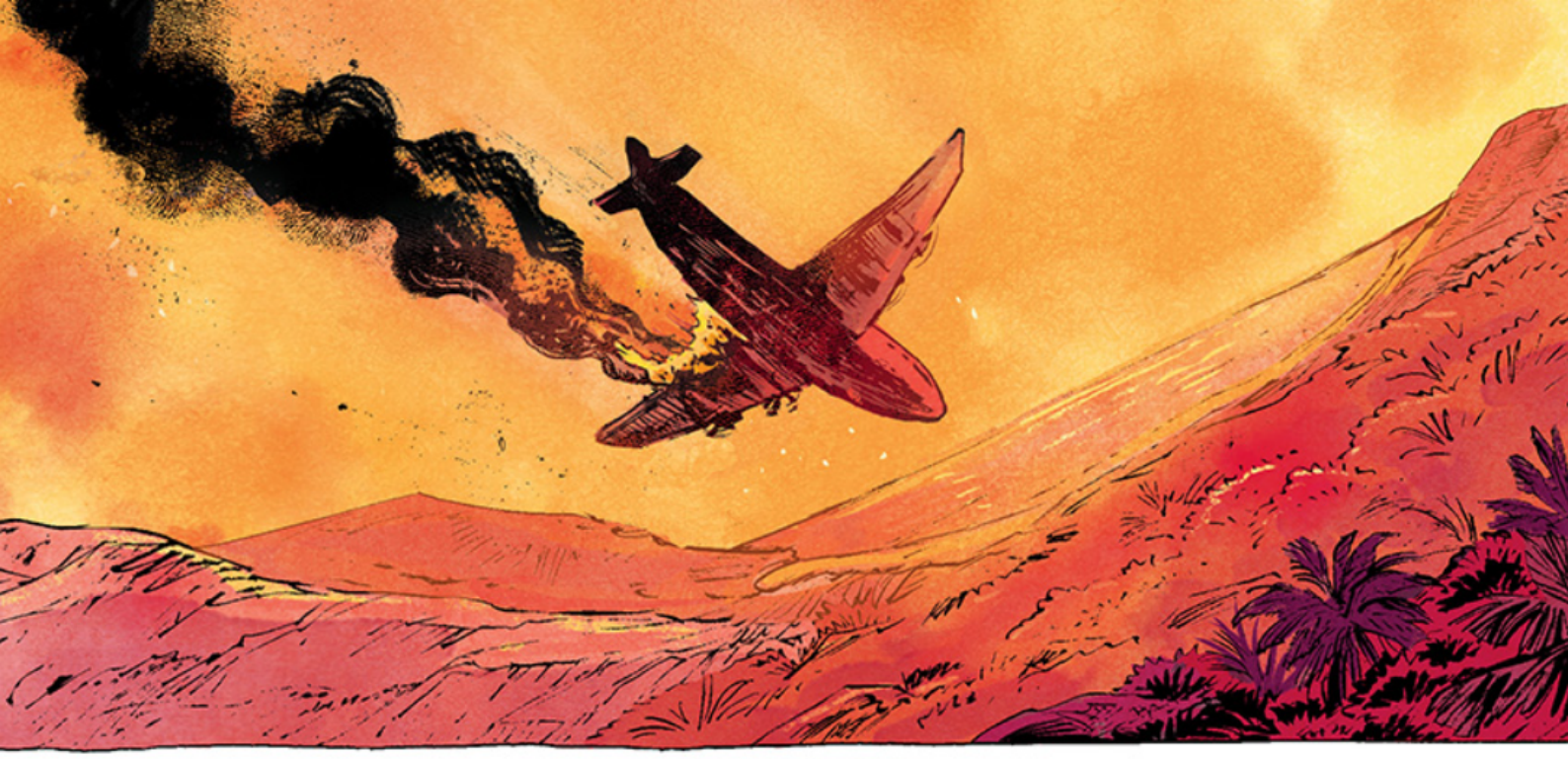

. . . and ripped off each stocking with its elastic garter in a single movement.

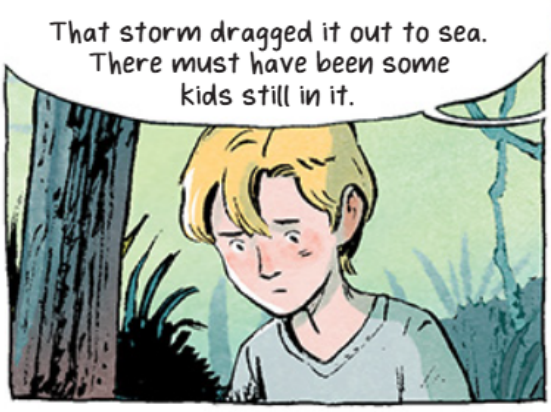

Wait a minute!
I got caught up!

I can't hardly move with all these creeper things.
We got to find the others.
Some of them must have got out.
They must have, mustn't they?
Aren't you going to swim?


I can't swim.
I could swim since I was five. Daddy taught me.
He's a commander in the navy.
When he gets leave he'll come and rescue us.
What's your father?
I used to live with my auntie.

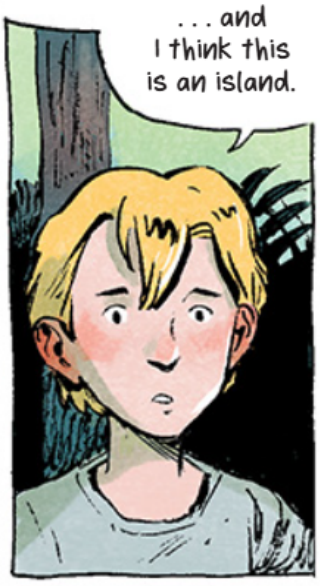
When we was coming down, I looked through one of them windows.
I saw the other part of the plane.
There were flames coming out.

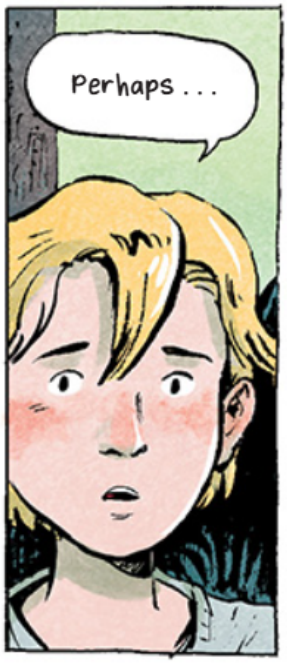


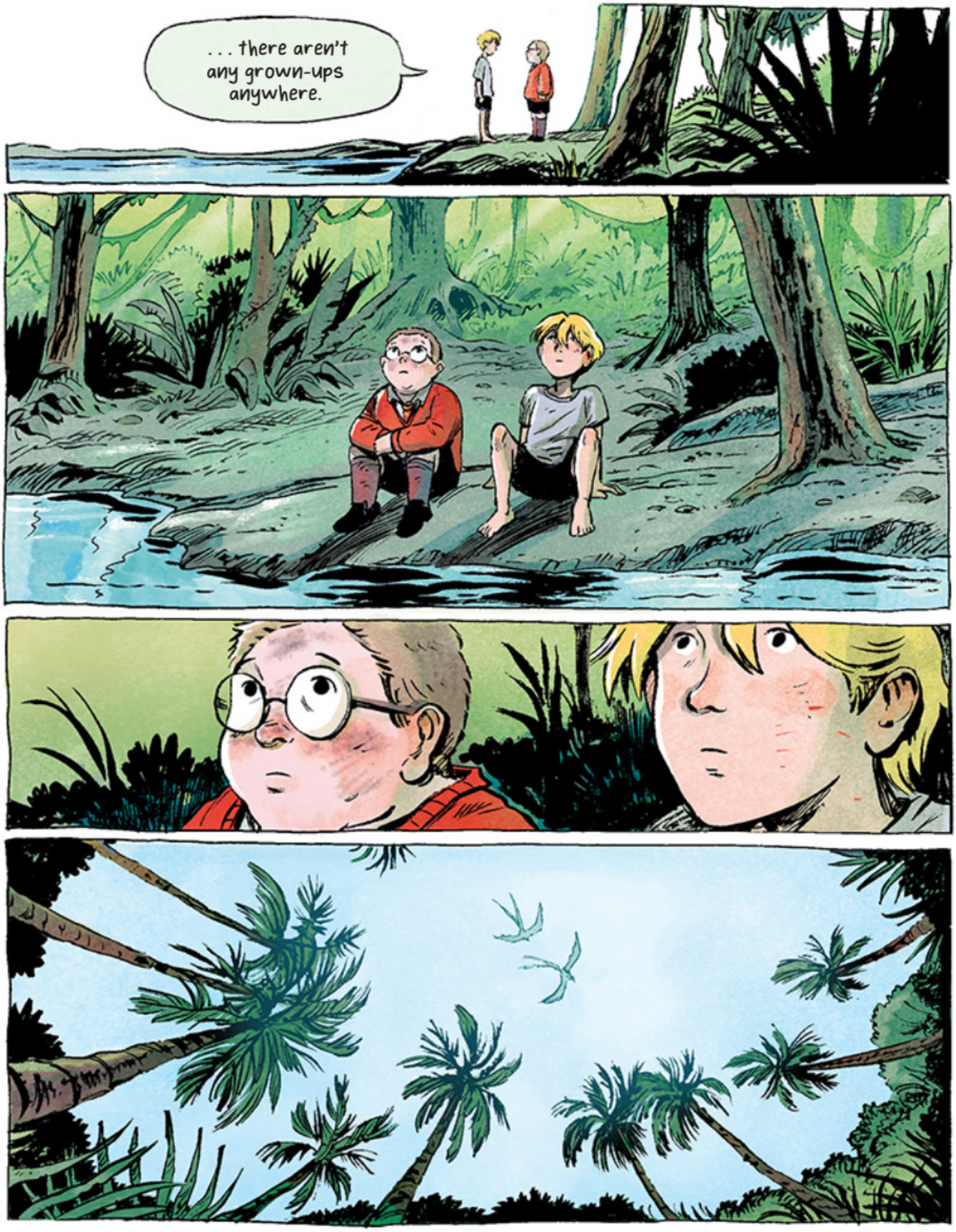

That storm dragged it out to sea. There must have been some kids still in it.

Where's the man with the megaphone?

There was that pilot. But he wasn't in the passenger tube, he was up in the cabin in front.

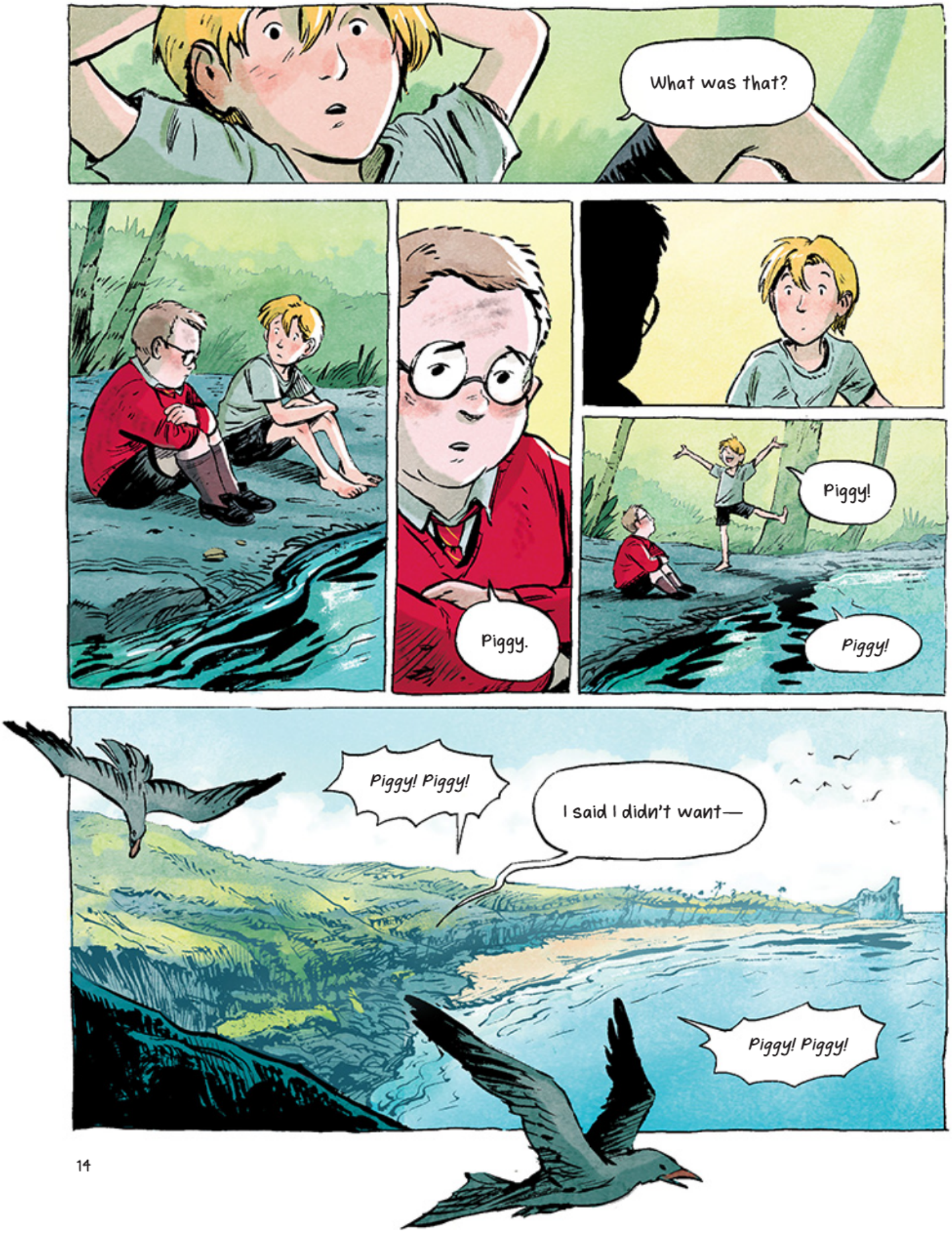

I climbed a rock . . .
. . . and I think this is an island.


Perhaps . . .

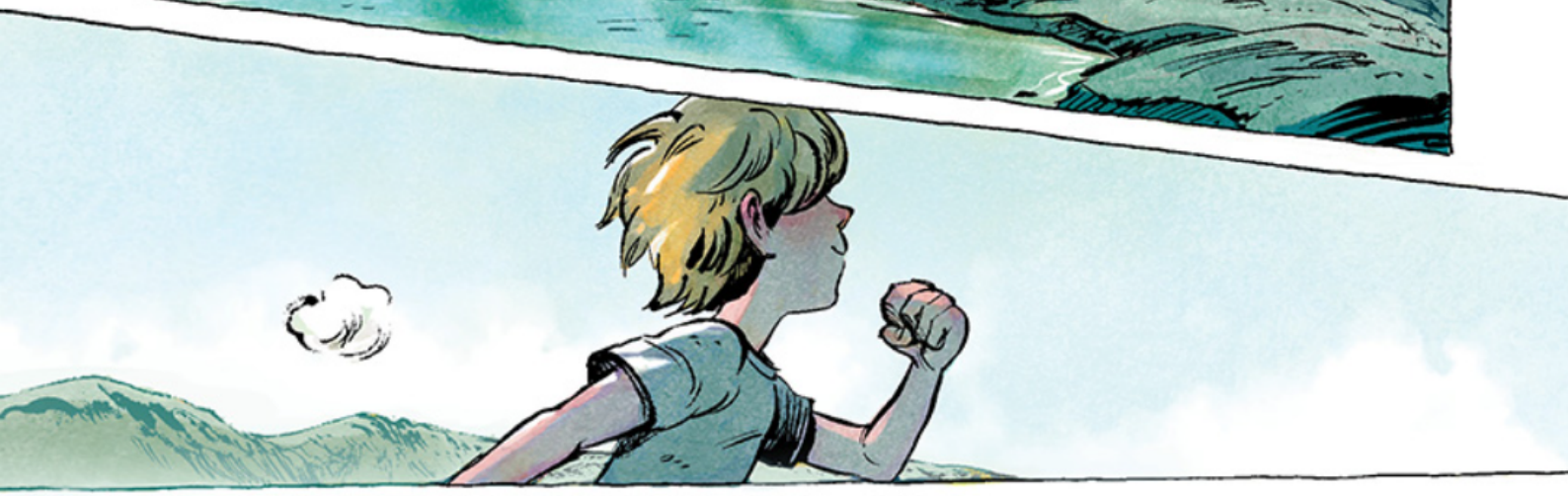

. . . there aren't any grown-ups anywhere.

No grown-ups!
What's your name?
Ralph.

I don't care what they call me . . .
. . . so long as they don't call me what they used to call me at school.

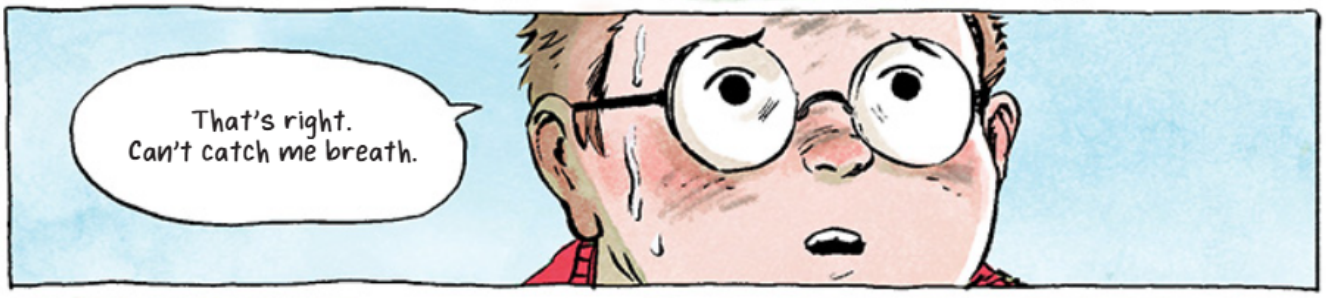

What was that?
Piggy.
Piggy!
Piggy!
Piggy! Piggy!
I said I didn't want—
Piggy! Piggy!

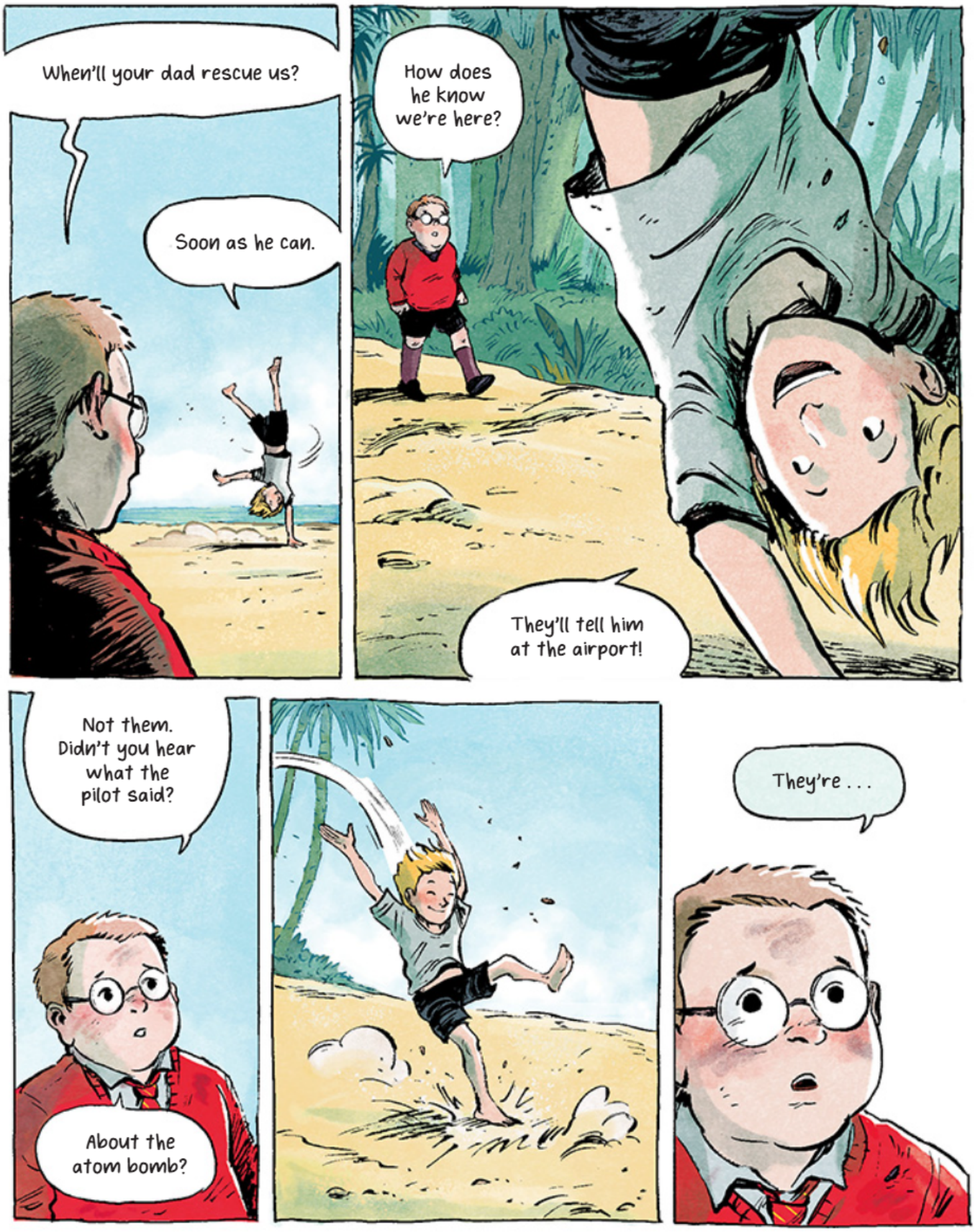
So . . . As long as you don't tell the others—
Piggy! Piggy!



My auntie told me not to run, on account of my asthma.

Ass-mar?

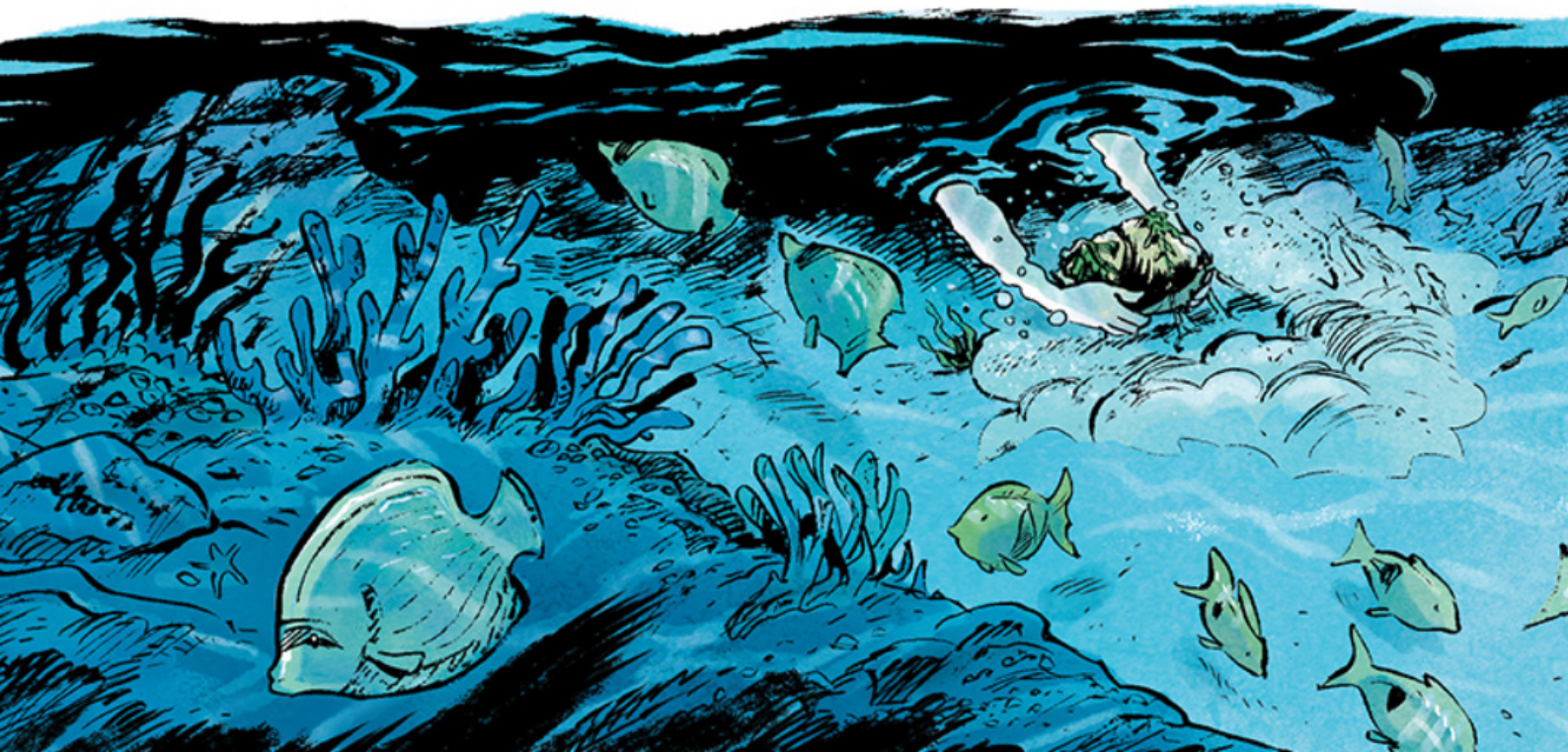

That's right. Can't catch me breath.


When'll your dad rescue us?
Soon as he can.
How does he know we're here?
They'll tell him at the airport!
Not them. Didn't you hear what the pilot said?
About the atom bomb?
They're . . .

Ralph said nothing. Here was a coral island.
Ignoring Piggy's ill-omened talk, he dreamed pleasantly.

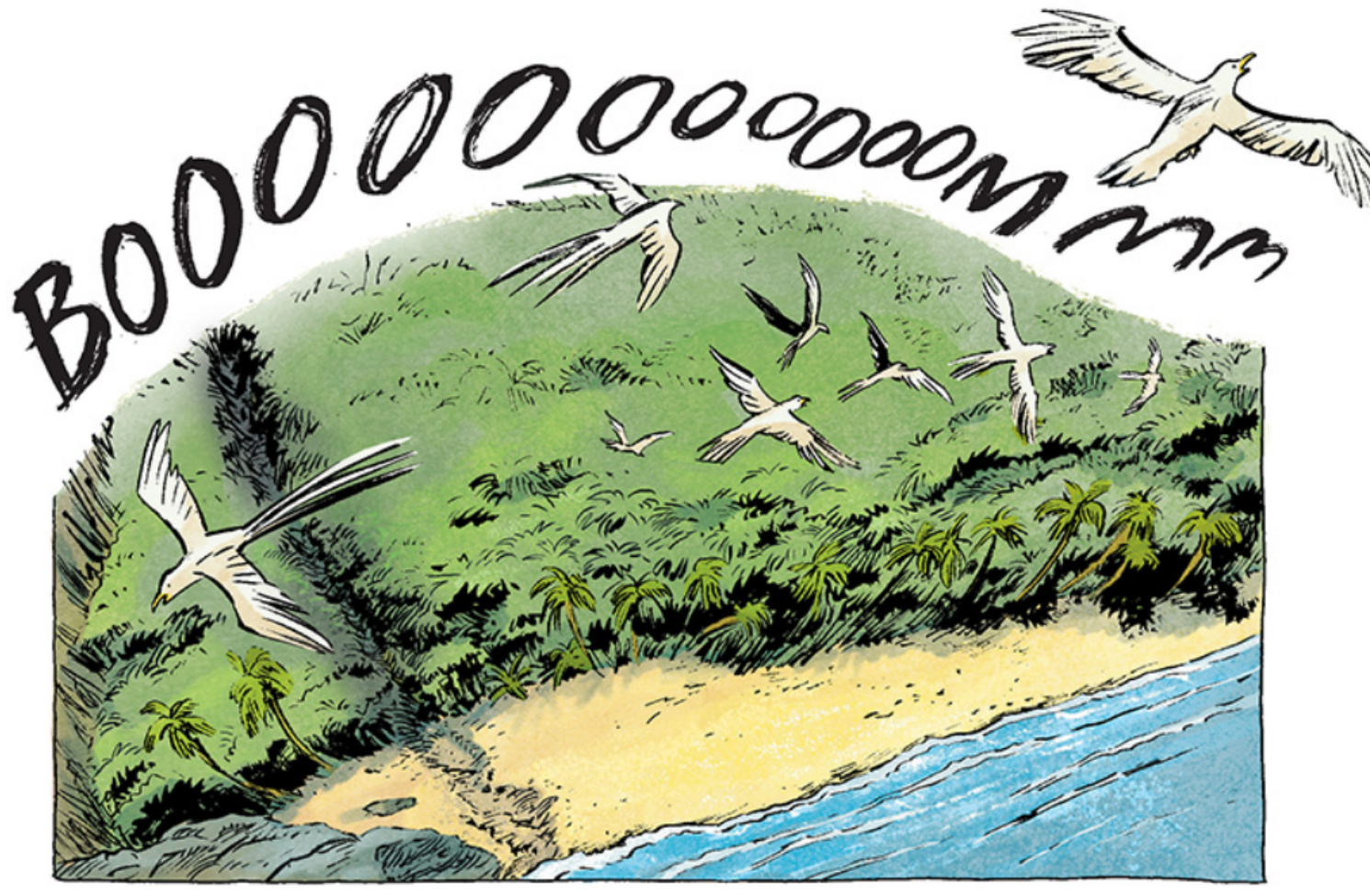
What's that?

Ralph had stopped smiling and was pointing into the lagoon. Something creamy lay among the ferny weeds.



A stone.
No . . .
A shell.
I seen one like that before. On someone's back wall. A conch he called it.
He used to blow it and then his mum would come.

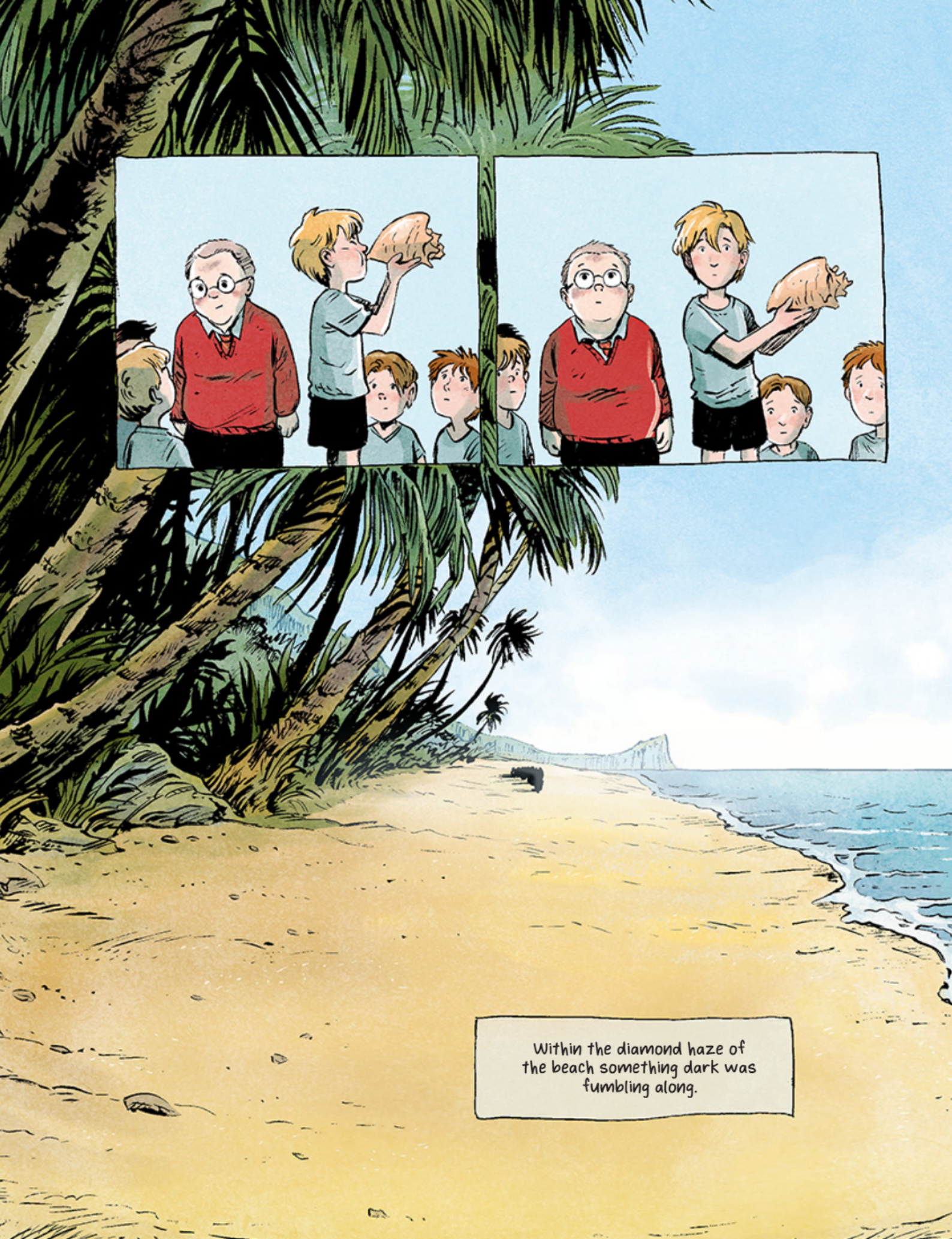
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM

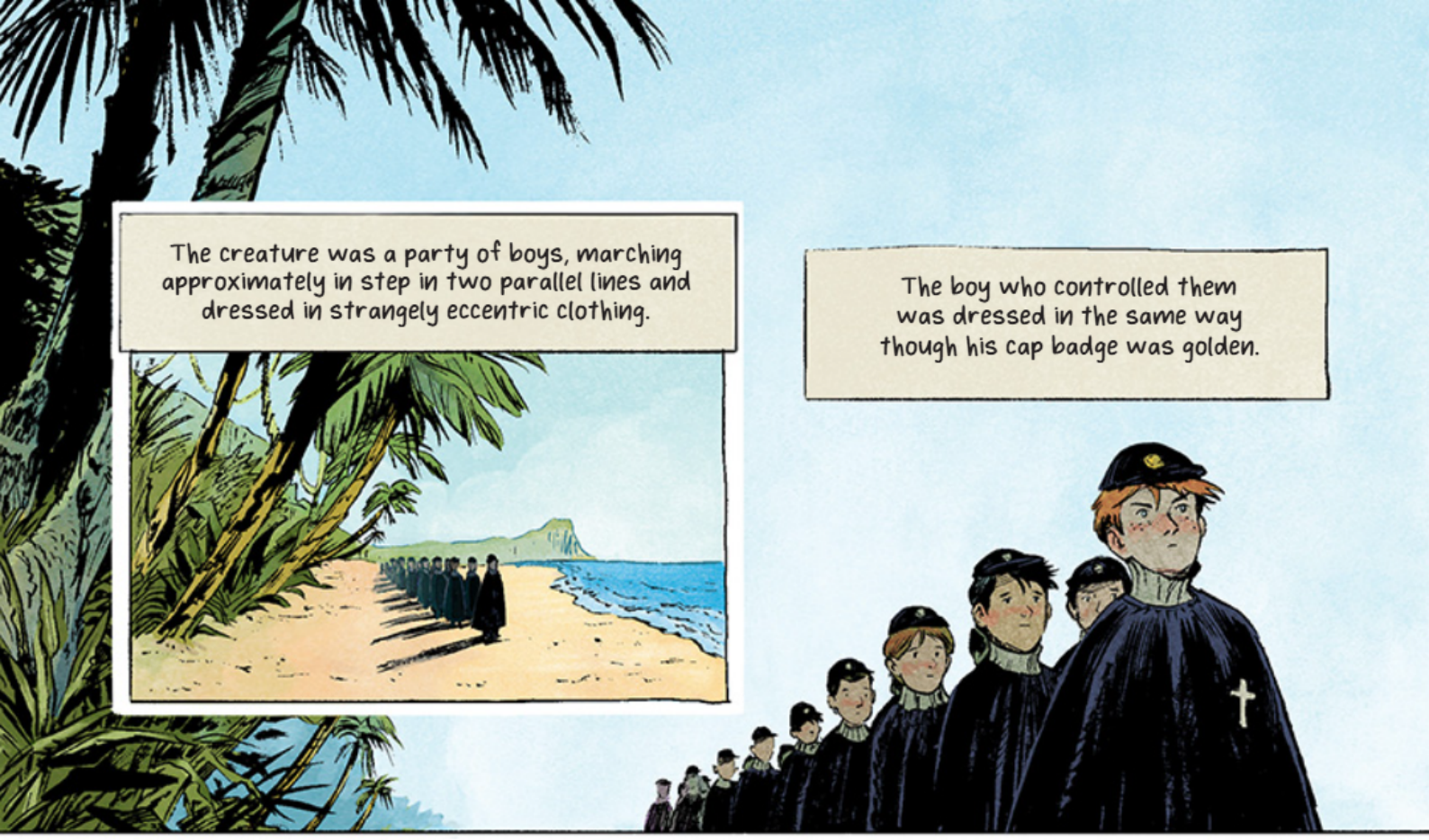


BOOOOOOOOOOOMMM

More and more of them came.
Ralph continued to blow short, penetrating blasts.

Piggy moved along the crowd, asking names and frowning to remember them.
The children gave him the same simple obedience that they had given to the men with megaphones.


Within the diamond haze of the beach something dark was fumbling along.

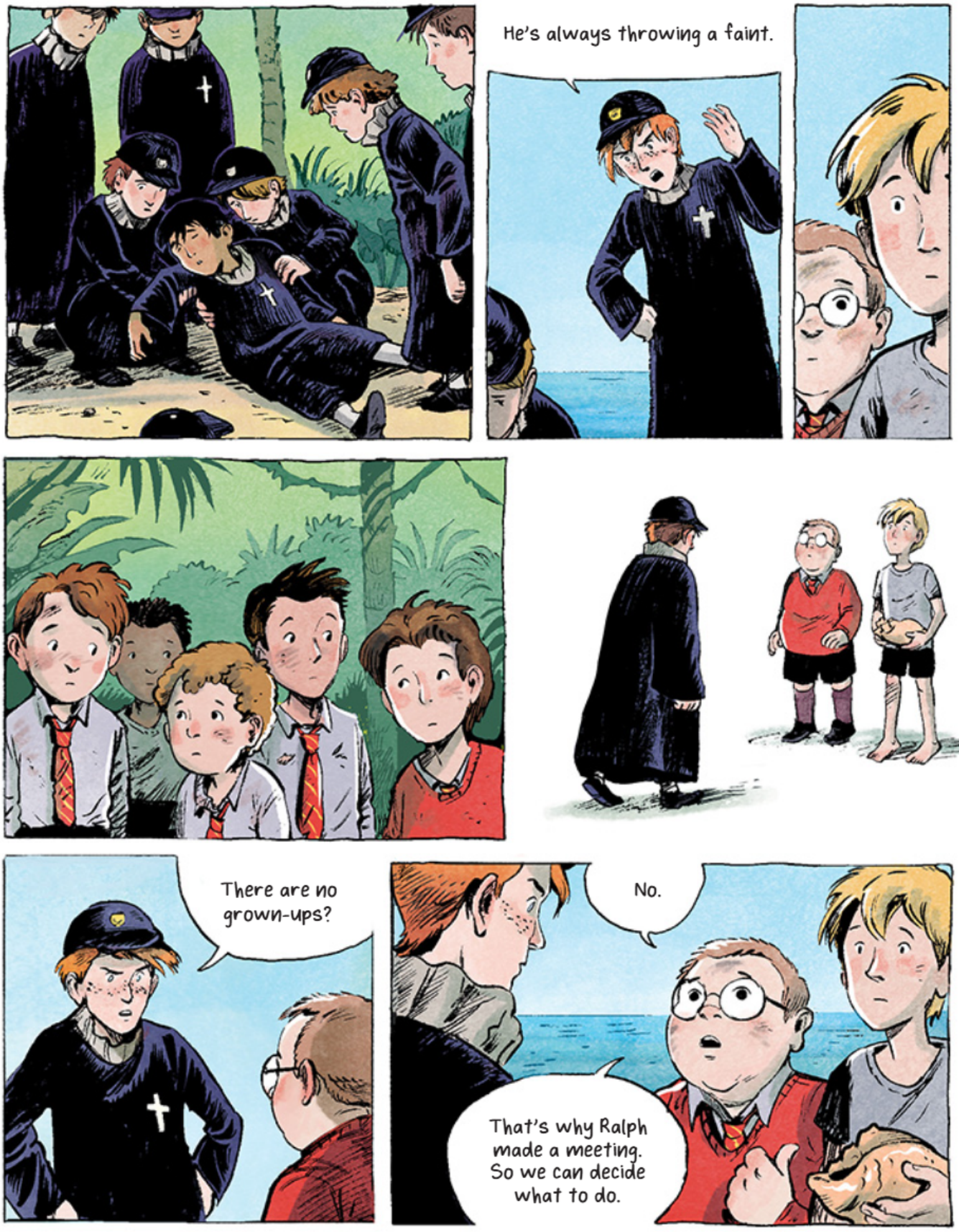

The creature was a party of boys, marching approximately in step in two parallel lines and dressed in strangely eccentric clothing.
The boy who controlled them was dressed in the same way though his cap badge was golden.

Inside the floating cloak he was tall, thin and bony: and his hair was red beneath the black cap.

Where's the man with the trumpet?

There's no man with a trumpet.

The group of cloaked boys began to scatter.
Choir! Stand still!
But, Merridew. Please . . .
. . . can't we?
THUD


He's always throwing a faint.
There are no grown-ups?
No.
That's why Ralph made a meeting. So we can decide what to do.

We've heard names.
That's Johnny.
Those two – they're twins, Sam 'n' Eric.
The choir boy who had fainted sat up against a palm trunk, smiled pallidly at Ralph and said that his name was Simon.

There was Maurice, next in size among the choir boys to Jack Merridew, but broad and grinning all the time.

There was a slight, furtive boy whom no one knew, who kept to himself an inner intensity of avoidance and secrecy.

He muttered that his name was Roger and was silent again.

Robert.

Bill.

Henry.

Stanley.

Harold.

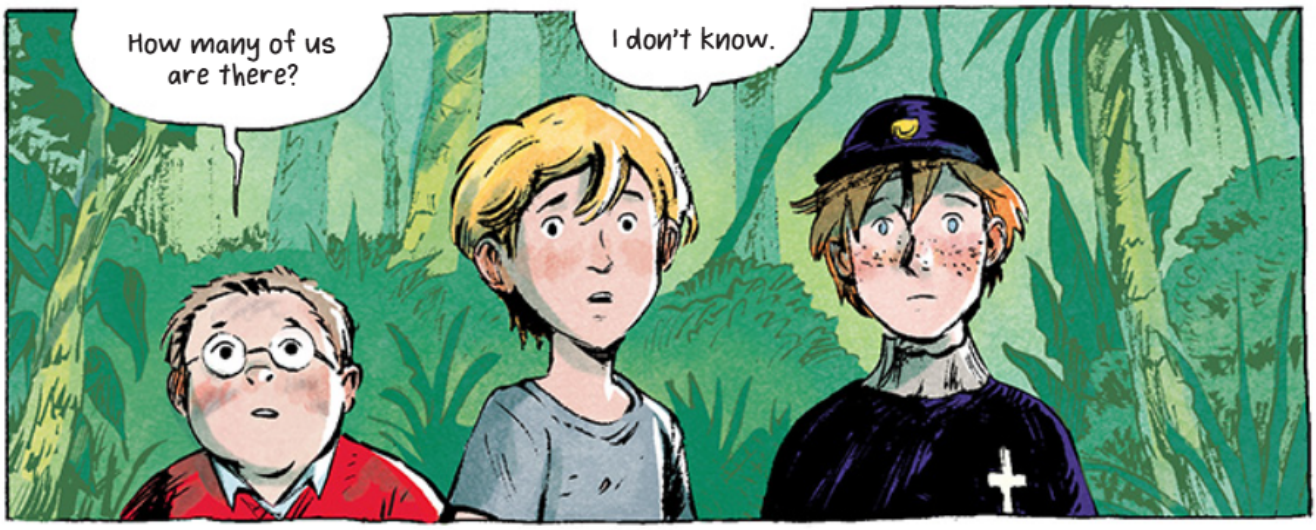
Wilfred.

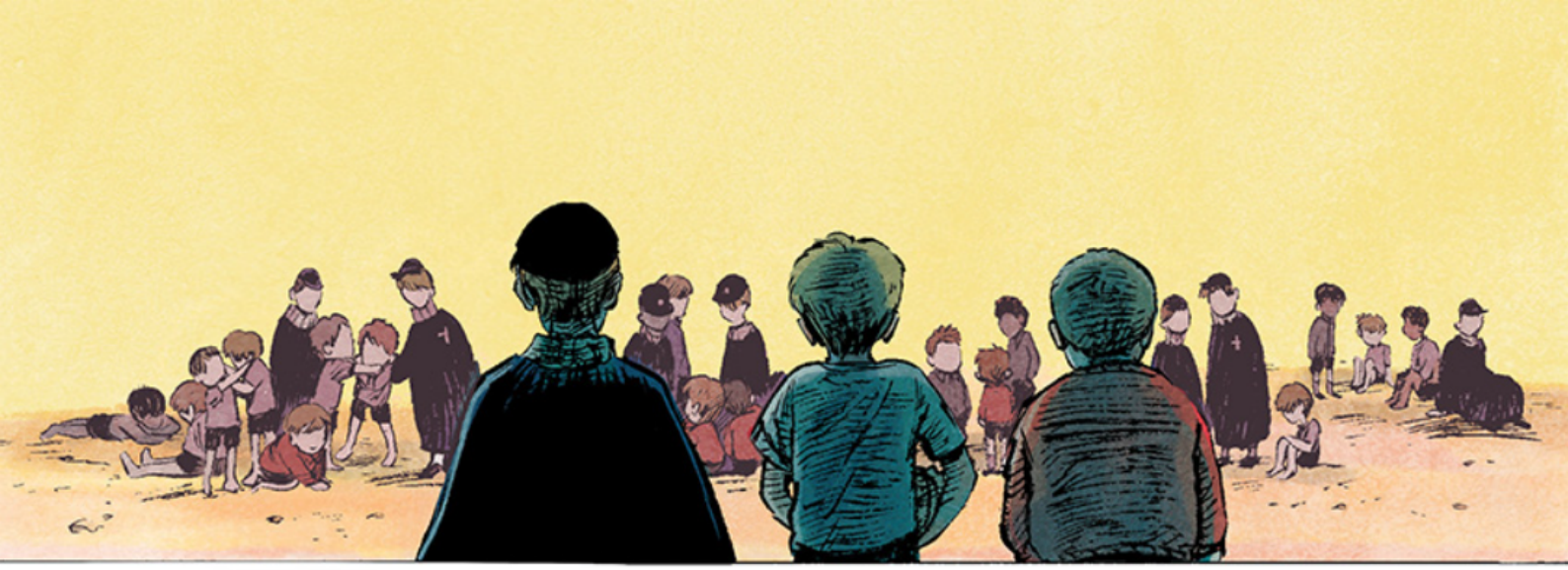
Phil.

Percival.

Kids' names. Why should I be *Jack?*

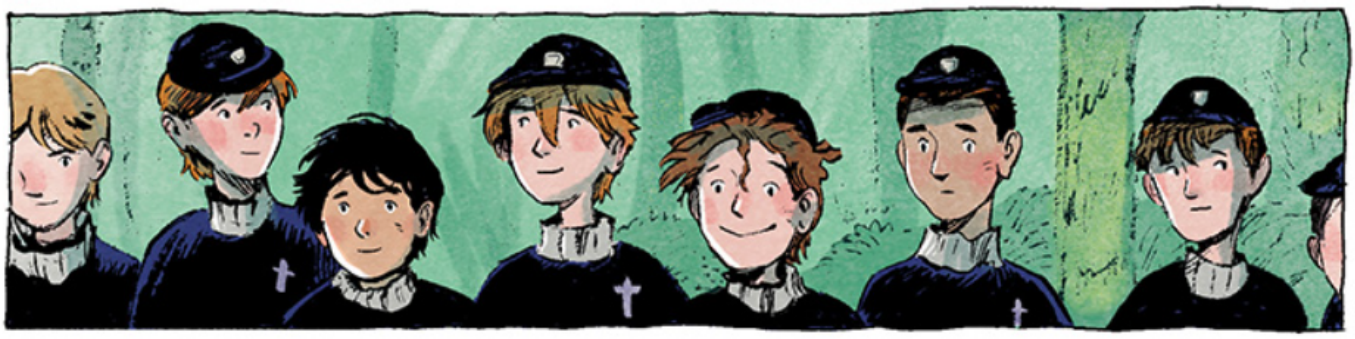
I'm Merridew.


How many of us are there?
I don't know.

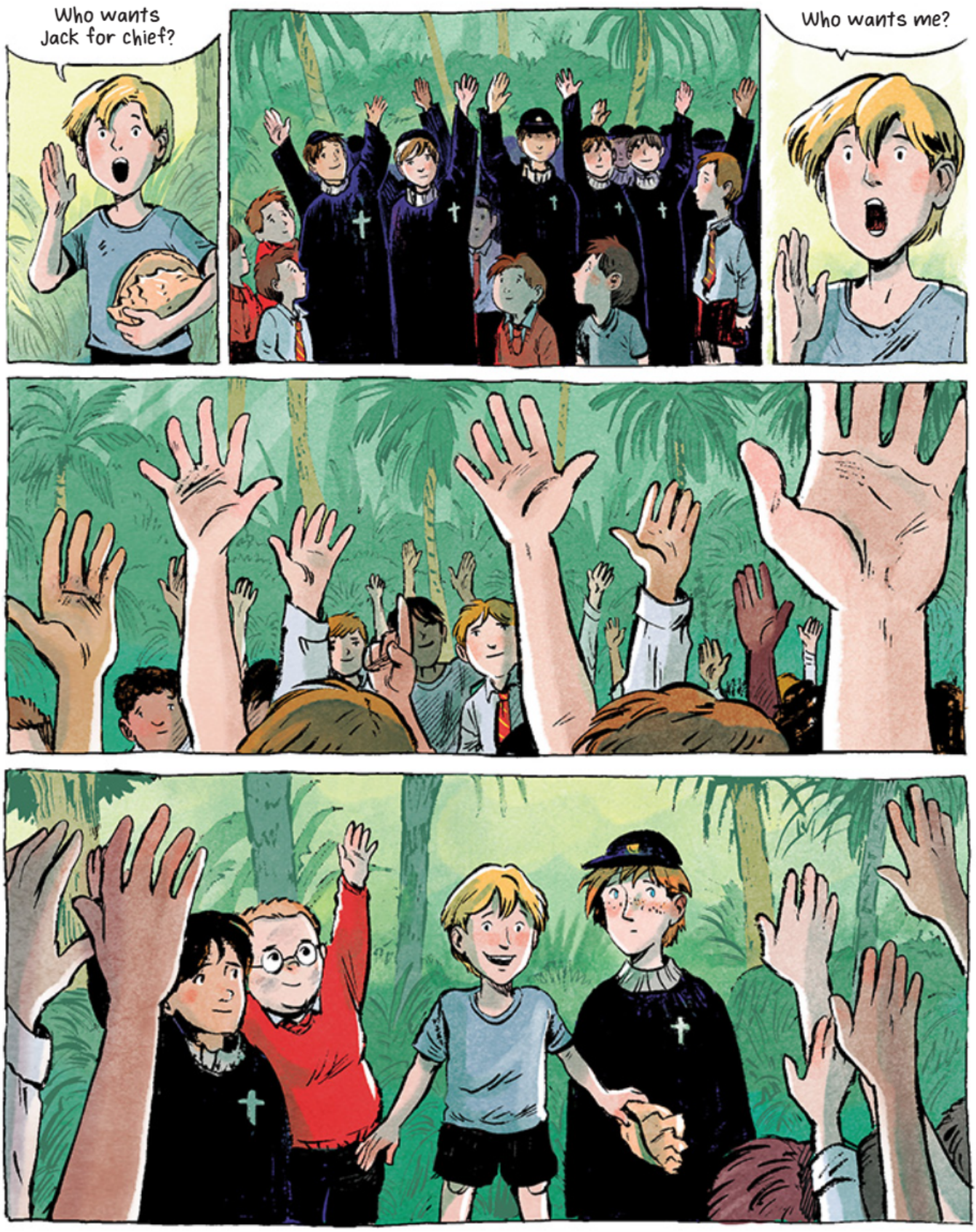


Seems to me we ought to have a chief to decide things.

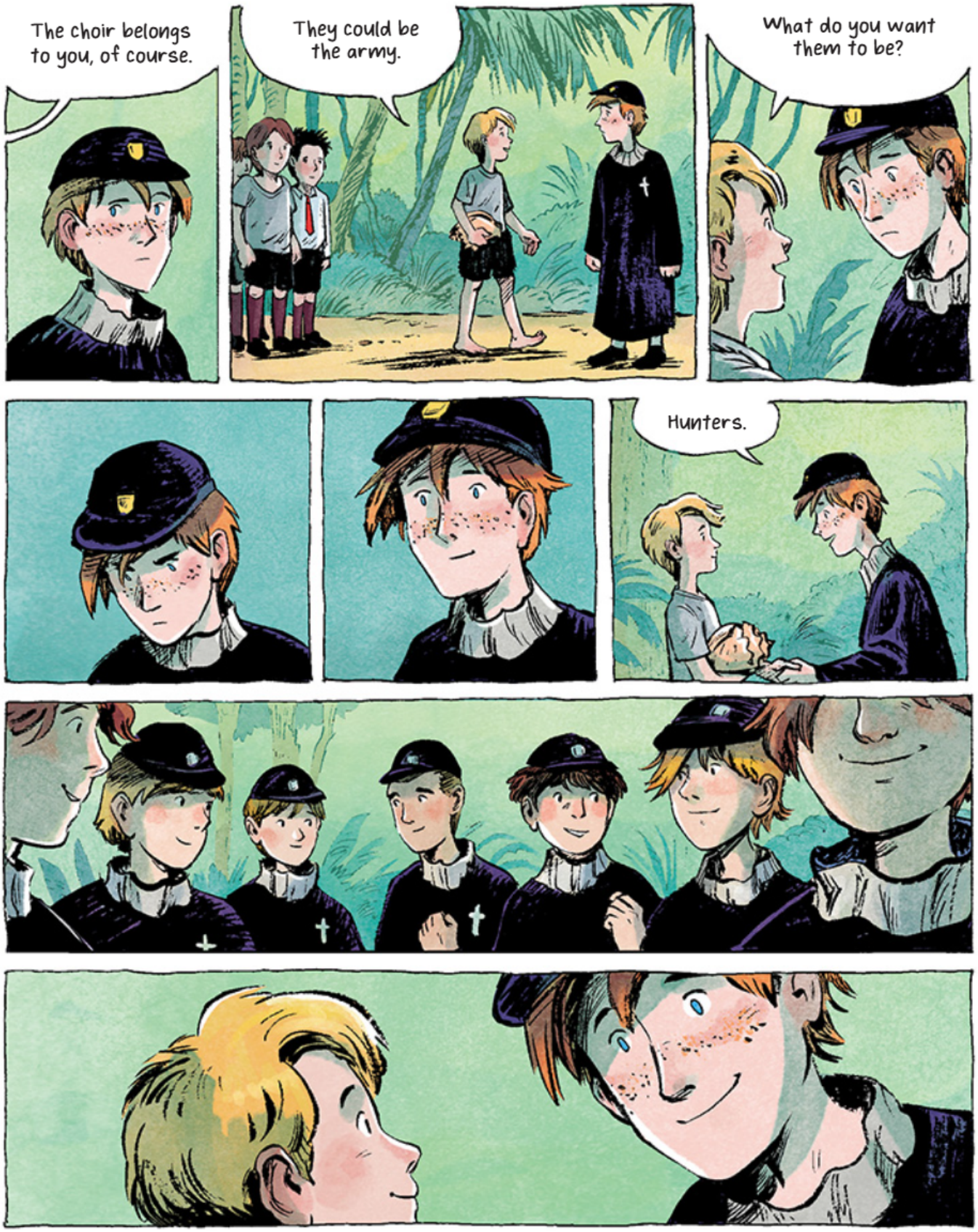
I ought to be chief because I'm chapter chorister and head boy. I can sing top C sharp.



Let's have a vote.
Yes!
Let's vote!
A chief!
Vote for a chief!
All right.


Who wants Jack for chief?
Who wants me?

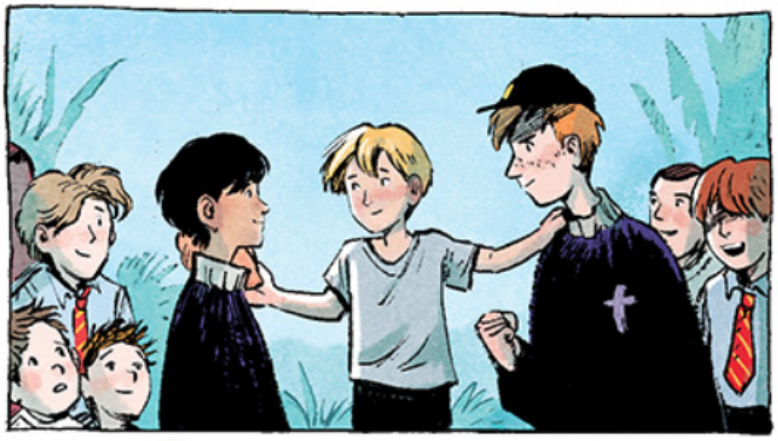
I'm chief then!
The circle of boys broke into applause. Even the choir applauded.
The freckles on Jack's face disappeared under a blush of mortification.


The choir belongs to you, of course.
They could be the army.
What do you want them to be?
Hunters.

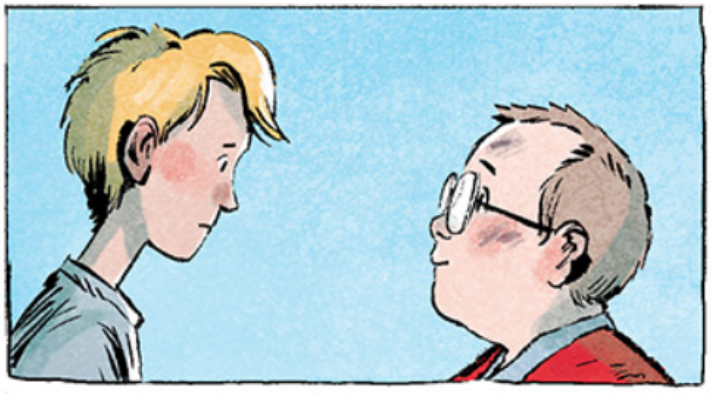
Listen up!
If this isn't an island we might be rescued straight away.
Three of us will go on an expedition and find out.
I'll go, and Jack . . .
I'll come.
TSHINK

And Simon.

I'll come.



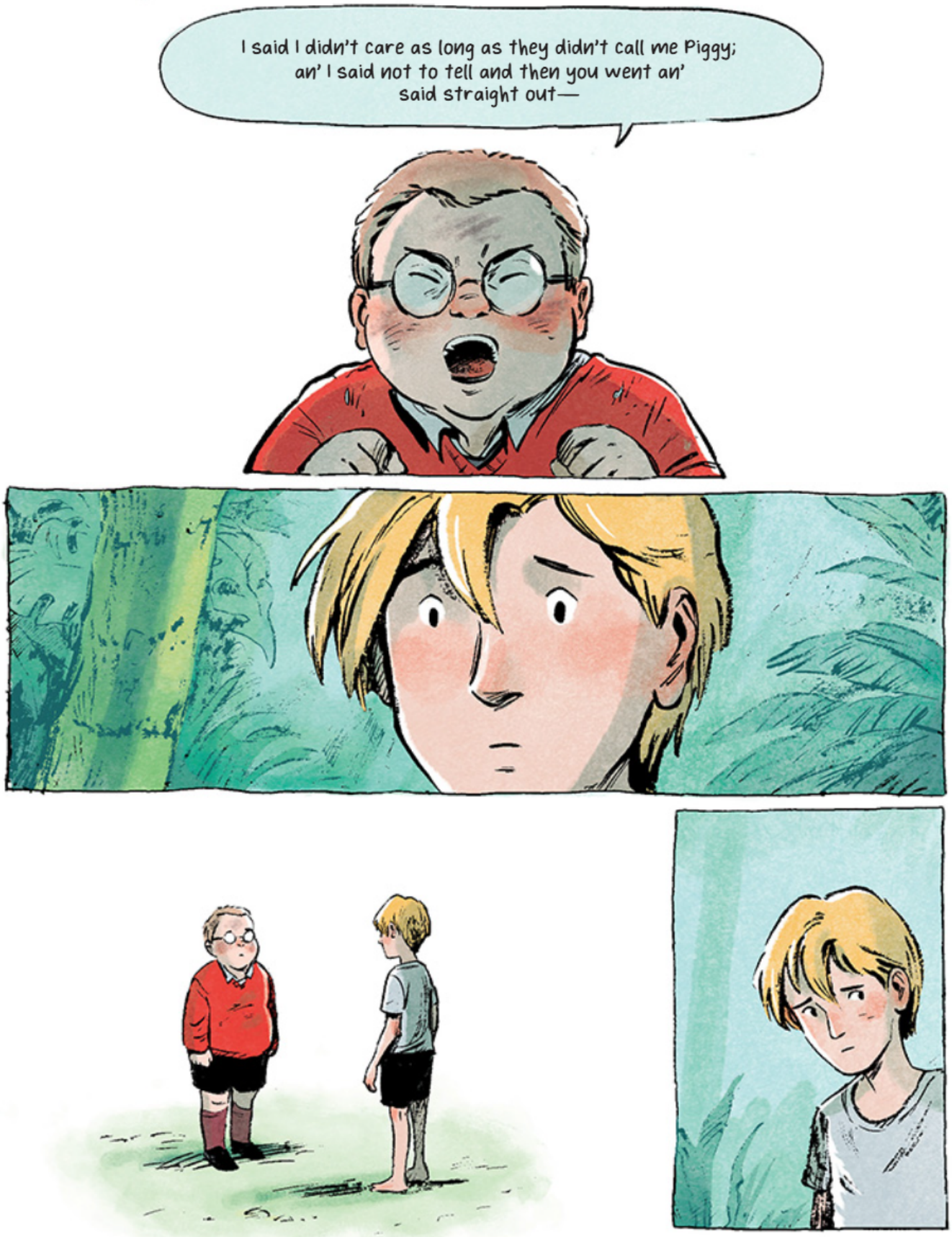
I'll come.



You're no good on a job like this.

We don't want you.
I was with him when he found the conch. I was with him before anyone else was.
Three is enough.
Look.
You can't come.
Now go back, Piggy, and take names. That's your job.

Piggy!
Piggy!
Piggy! Piggy!
Piggy Piggy Piggy!
You told 'em.
After I said
I didn't want—


I said I didn't care as long as they didn't call me Piggy; an' I said not to tell and then you went an' said straight out—

CHAPTER 2

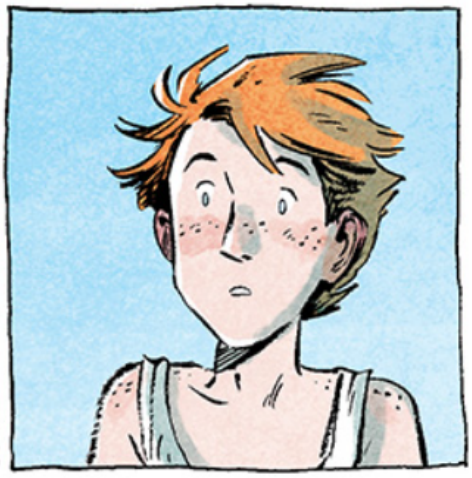
Fire on the Mountain

This is real exploring. I bet nobody's been here before.
We ought to draw a map.
Only we haven't any paper.
We could make scratches on bark and rub black stuff in.

Come on!
Heave!
Heave!
Heave!
Heave!

Whee-aa-oo!
Like a bomb!

They had guessed before that this was an island.

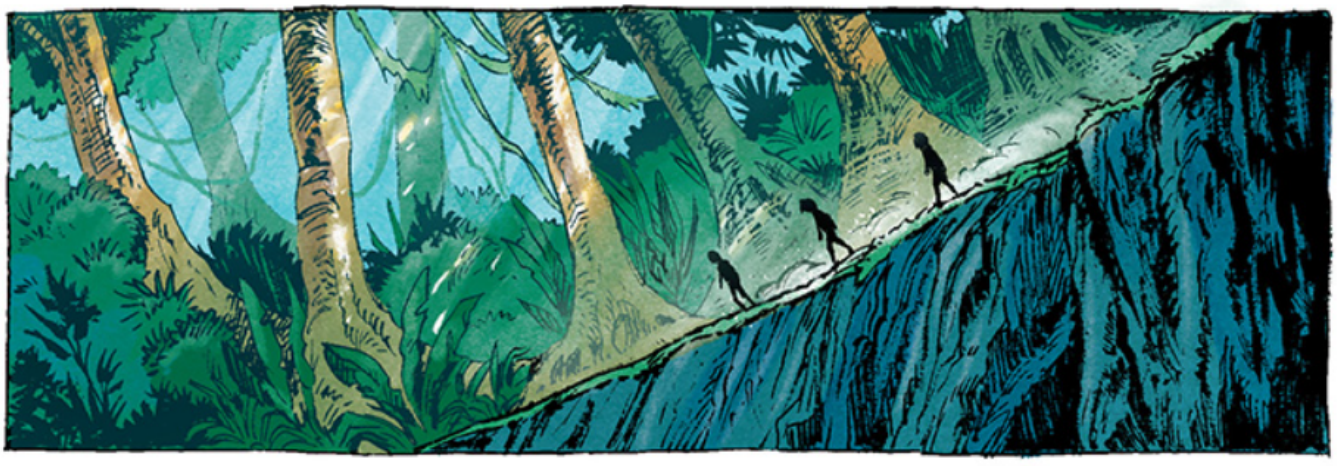


They had known by some instinct that the sea lay on every side.

But there seemed something more fitting . . .

. . . in leaving the last word till they stood on the top, and could see a circular horizon of water.
Golly!
That's where we landed.
There's no village smoke, and no boats.
This belongs to us.

Come on. We've found out what we wanted to know.



They were in the beginnings of the thick forest, plonking with weary feet on a track . . .

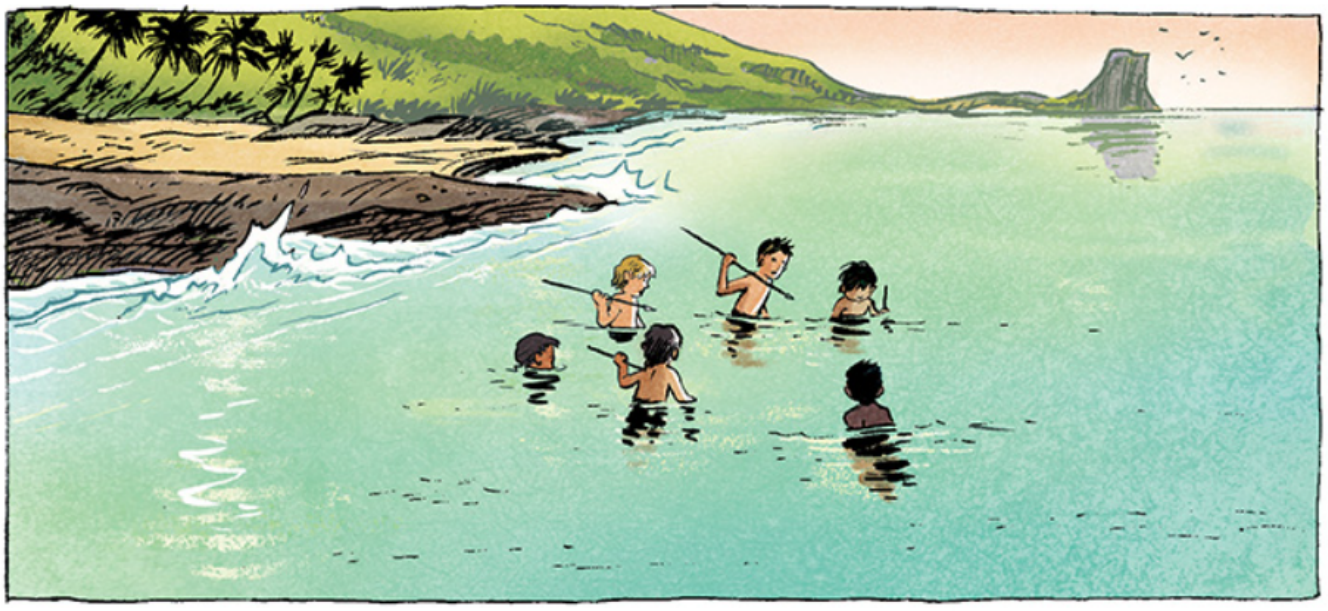
. . . when they heard the noises.

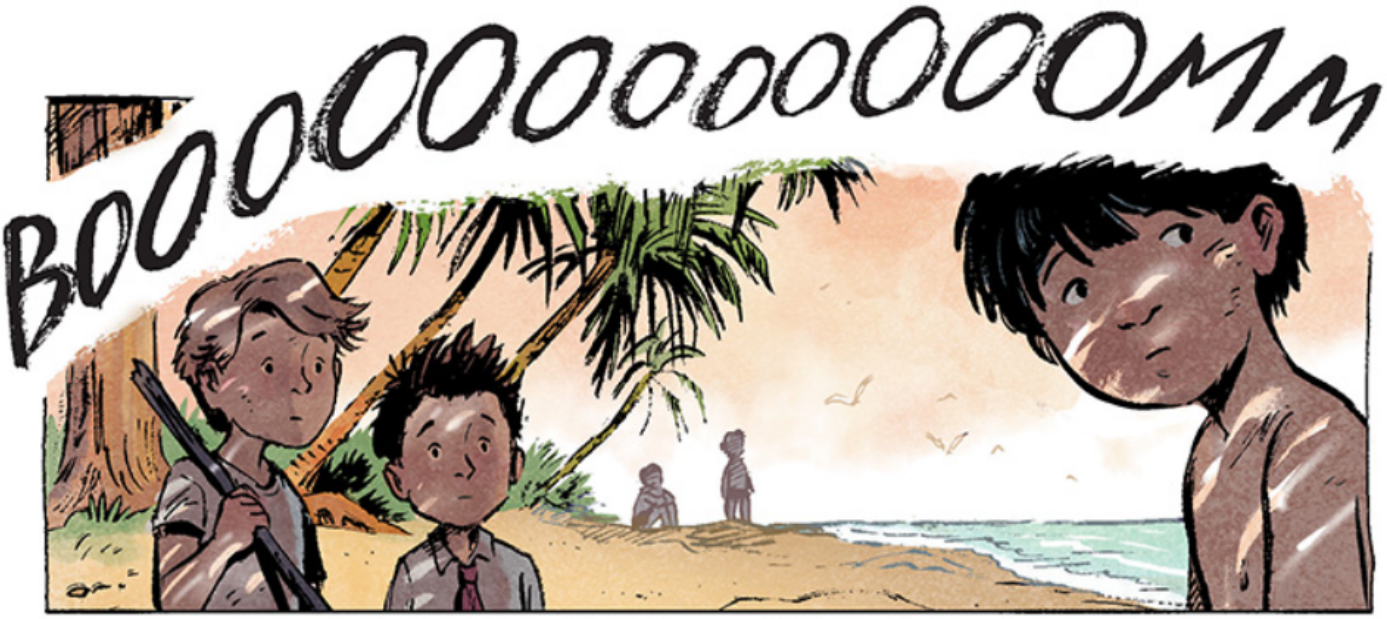
Squeakings . . .
. . . and the hard strike of hoofs on a path.

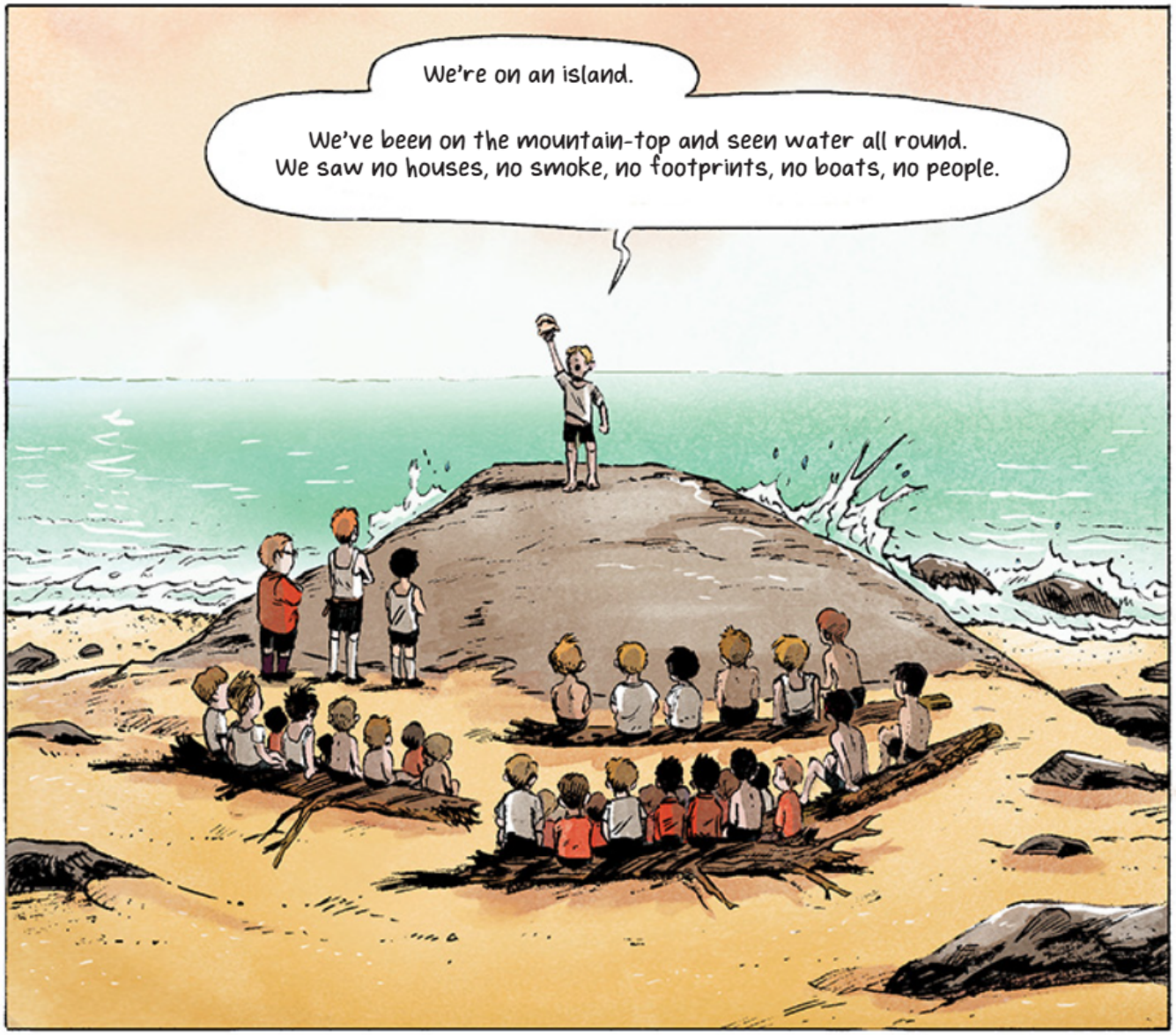
They found a piglet caught in a curtain of creepers, throwing itself at the elastic traces in all the madness of extreme terror.

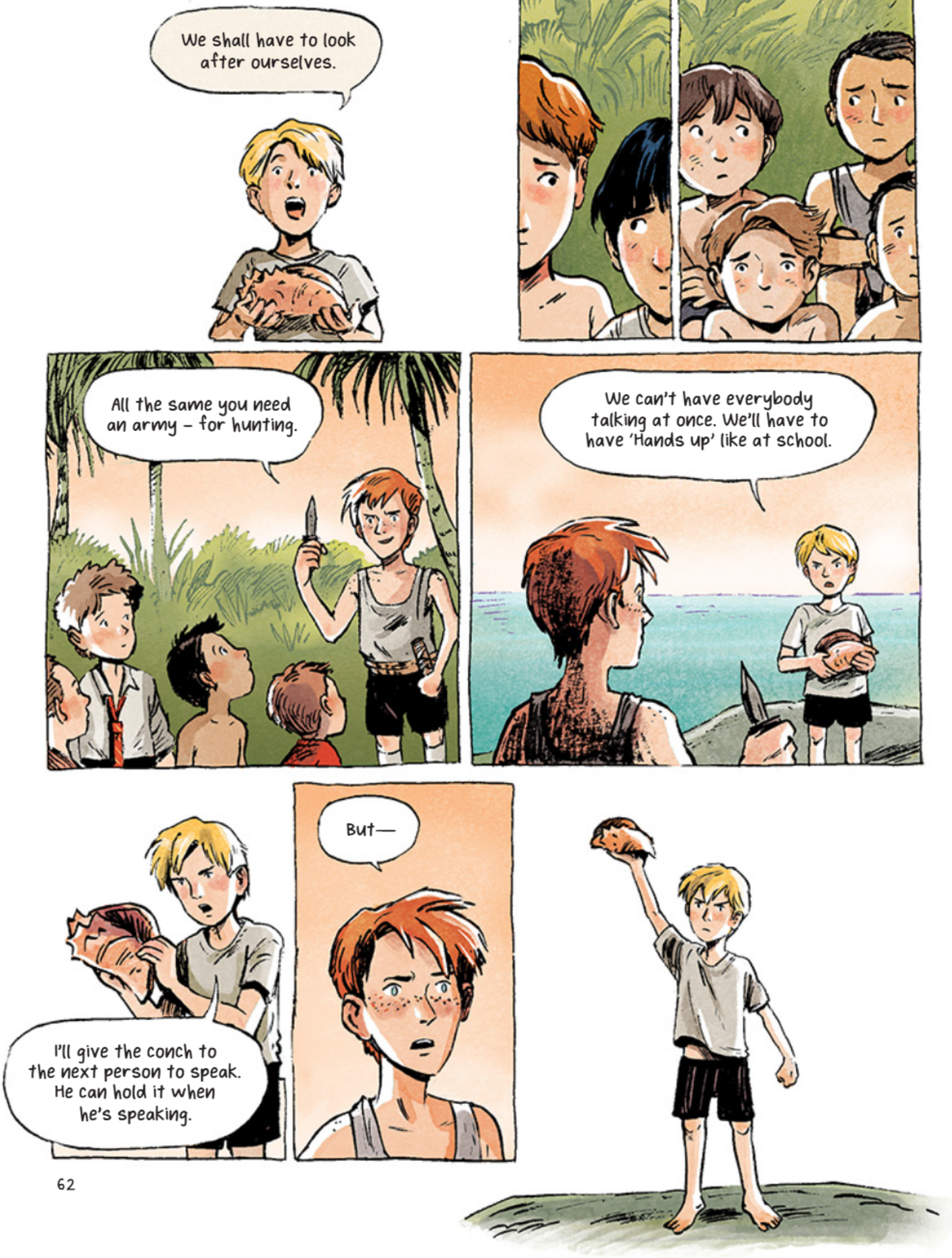
SQUEAK!
Jack drew his knife again with a flourish.
Then the piglet tore loose from the creepers and scurried into the undergrowth.

Why didn't you—?
I was going to.
I was going to.




BOOOOOOOOOOOOMM

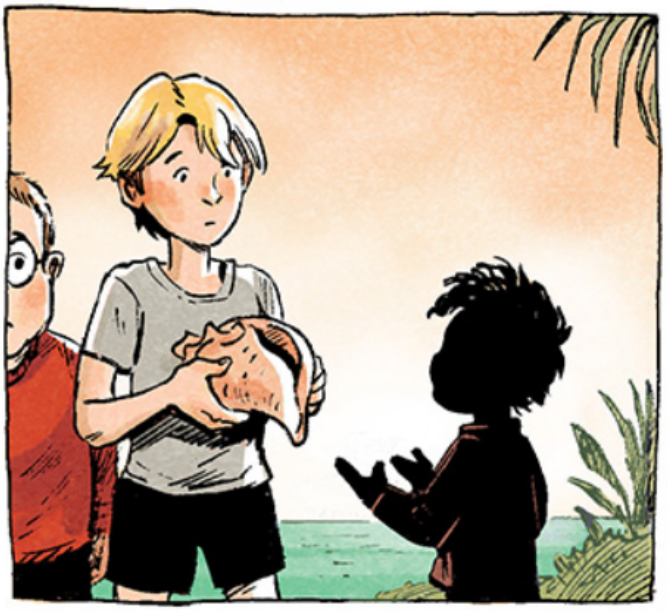

We're on an island.
We've been on the mountain-top and seen water all round.
We saw no houses, no smoke, no footprints, no boats, no people.


We shall have to look after ourselves.
All the same you need an army – for hunting.
We can't have everybody talking at once. We'll have to have 'Hands up' like at school.
But—
I'll give the conch to the next person to speak. He can hold it when he's speaking.

The small boy held out his hands for the conch and the assembly shouted with laughter.

At once he snatched back his hands and started to cry.

Let him have the conch! Let him have it!



He wants to know what you're going to do about the snake-thing.
In the woods.
A snake-thing. Ever so big. He saw it.

Now he says it was a beastie.
Beastie?
He says the beastie came in the dark.
It came and went away again an' came back and wanted to eat him—

He must've had a nightmare.
There isn't a snake-thing.
But if there was a snake we'd hunt it and kill it.
There isn't a snake!
We'll make sure when we go hunting.
But I tell you there isn't!

My father's in the navy. He said there aren't any unknown islands left. And sooner or later a ship will put in here.

We can help them to find us.

We must make a fire.

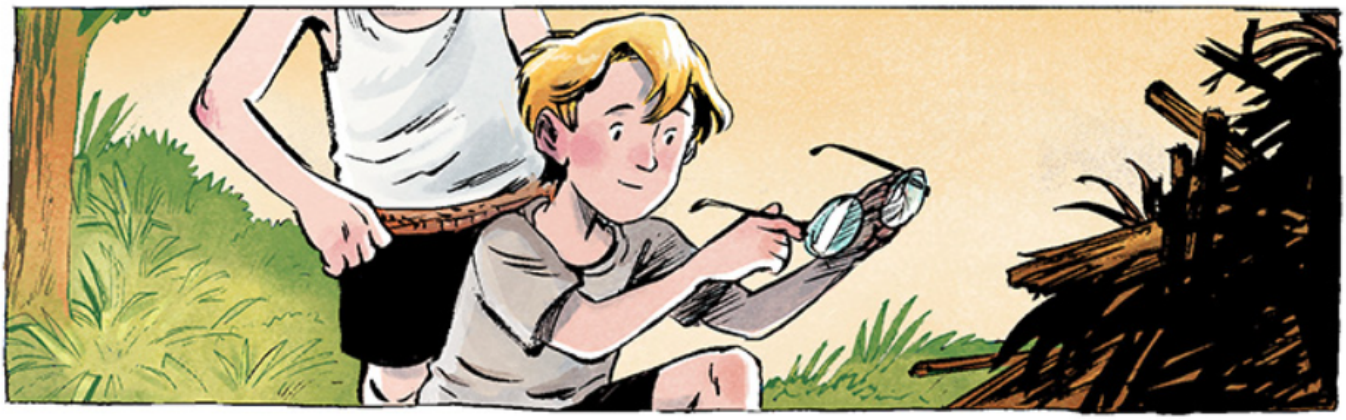
A fire!
Make a fire!

A fire!

Come on!

Has anyone got any matches?
His specs . . .
. . . use them as burning glasses!

Let me go!
My specs!
Give me my specs!

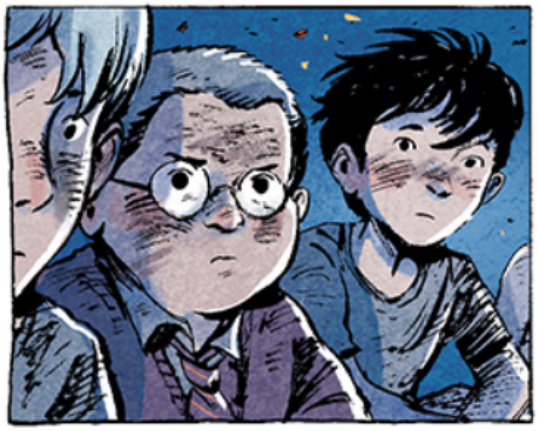


The flame, nearly invisible at first in that bright sunlight, enveloped a small twig . . .
. . . grew . . .
. . . was enriched with colour . . .
. . . and reached up to a branch which exploded with a sharp crack.

For yards round the fire the heat was like a blow, and the breeze was a river of sparks.

The boys were dancing.

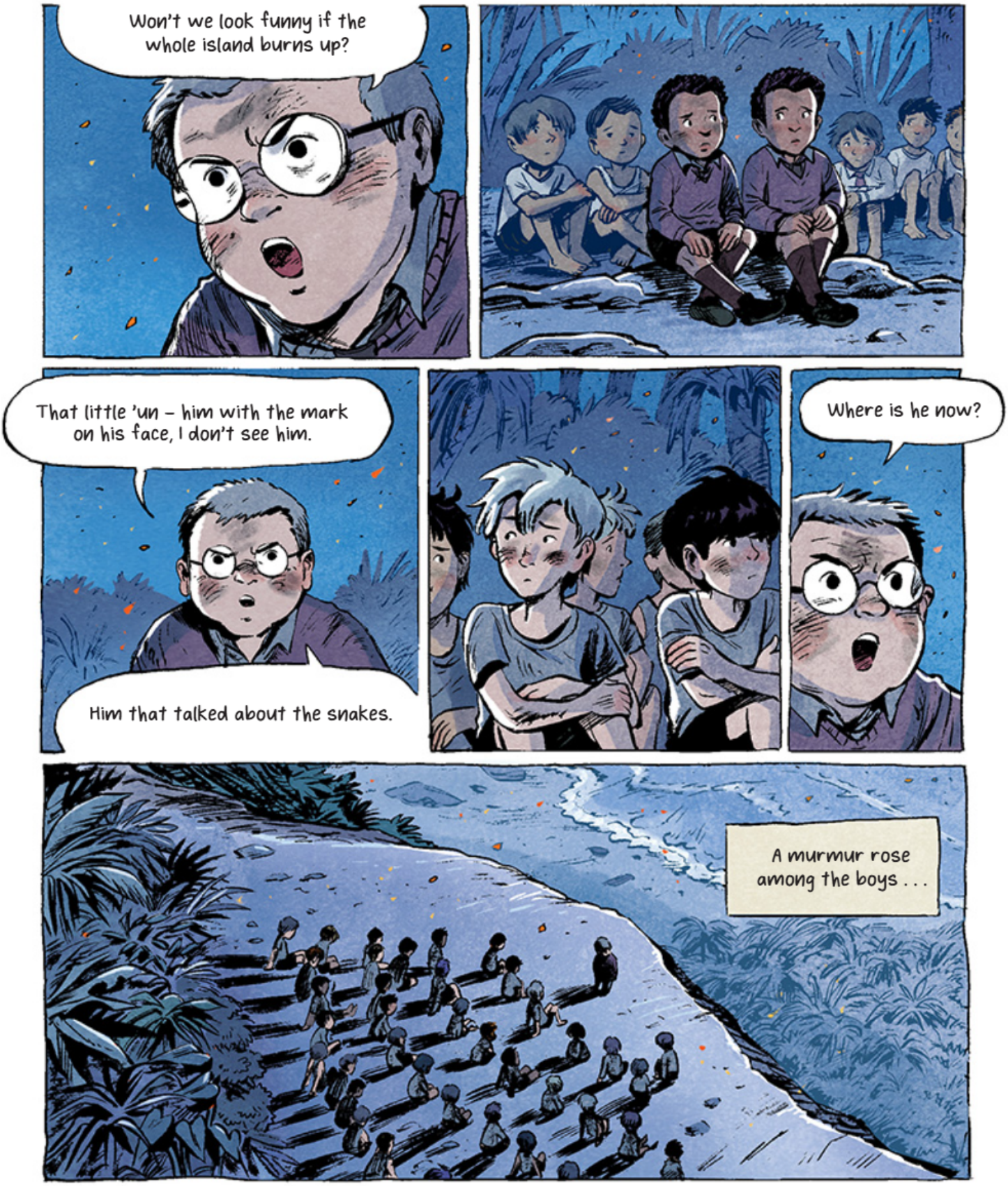
One patch touched a tree trunk and scrambled up like a bright squirrel.
The squirrel leapt on the wings of the wind and clung to another standing tree, eating downwards.
The separate noises of the fire merged into a drum-roll that seemed to shake the mountain.



The first thing we ought to have made was shelters down there by the beach.

But the first time Ralph says 'fire' you goes howling and screaming up this here mountain.

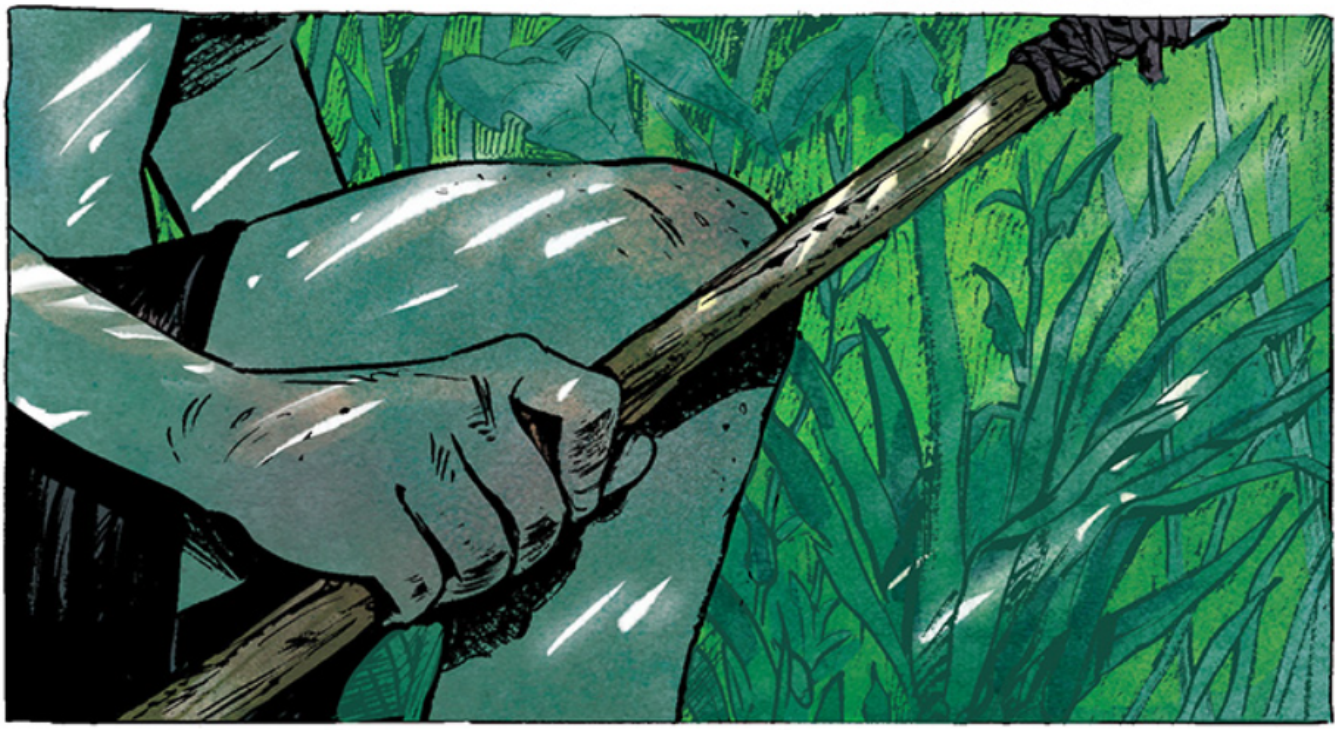
Like a pack of kids!

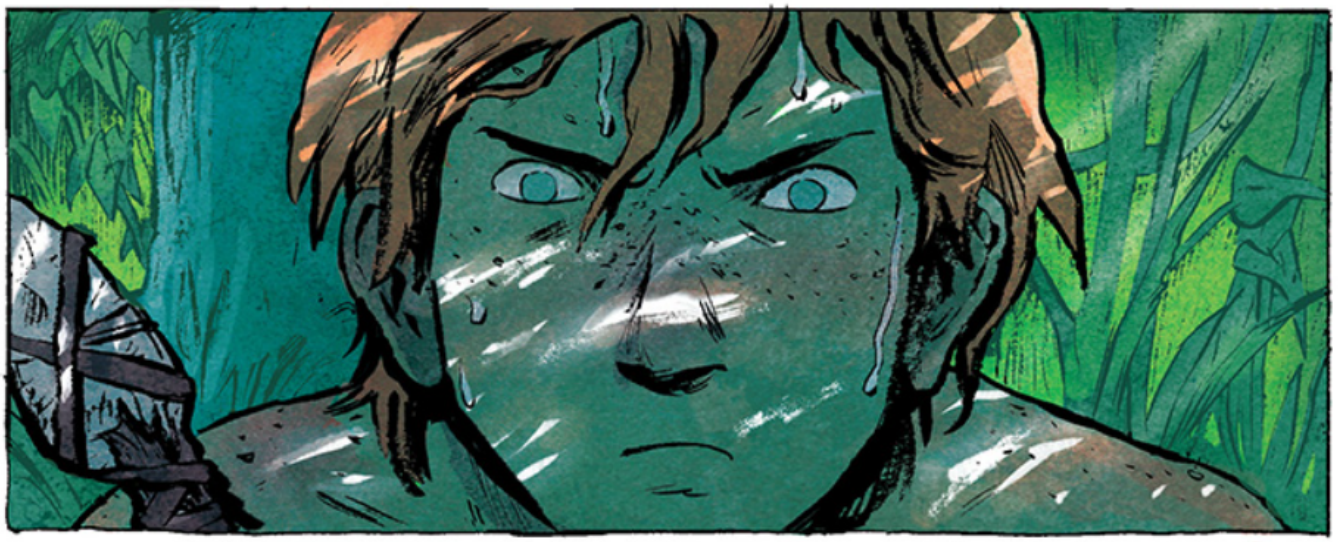

Won't we look funny if the whole island burns up?
That little 'un – him with the mark on his face, I don't see him.
Him that talked about the snakes.
Where is he now?
A murmur rose among the boys . . .

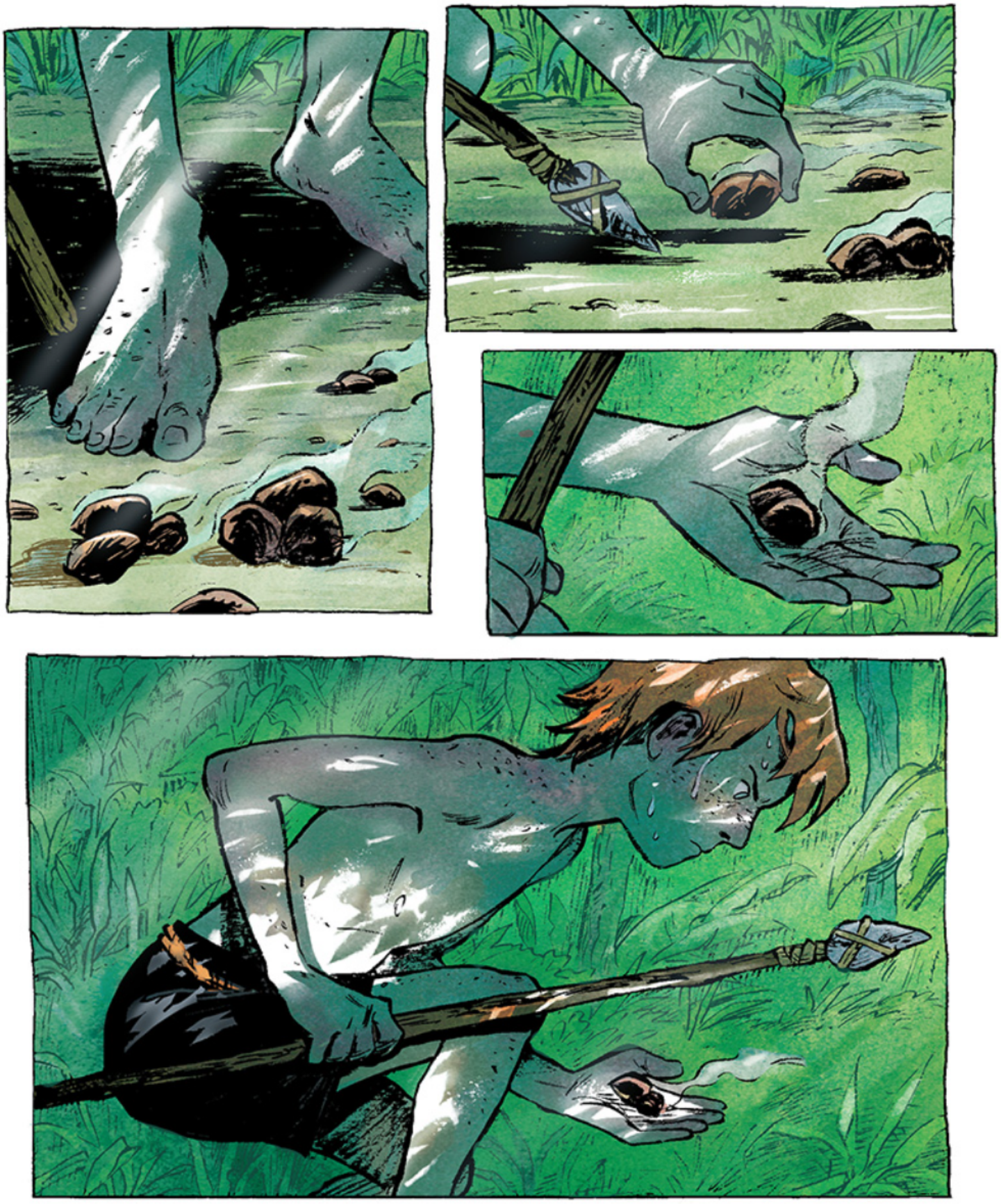
. . . and died away.

CHAPTER 3

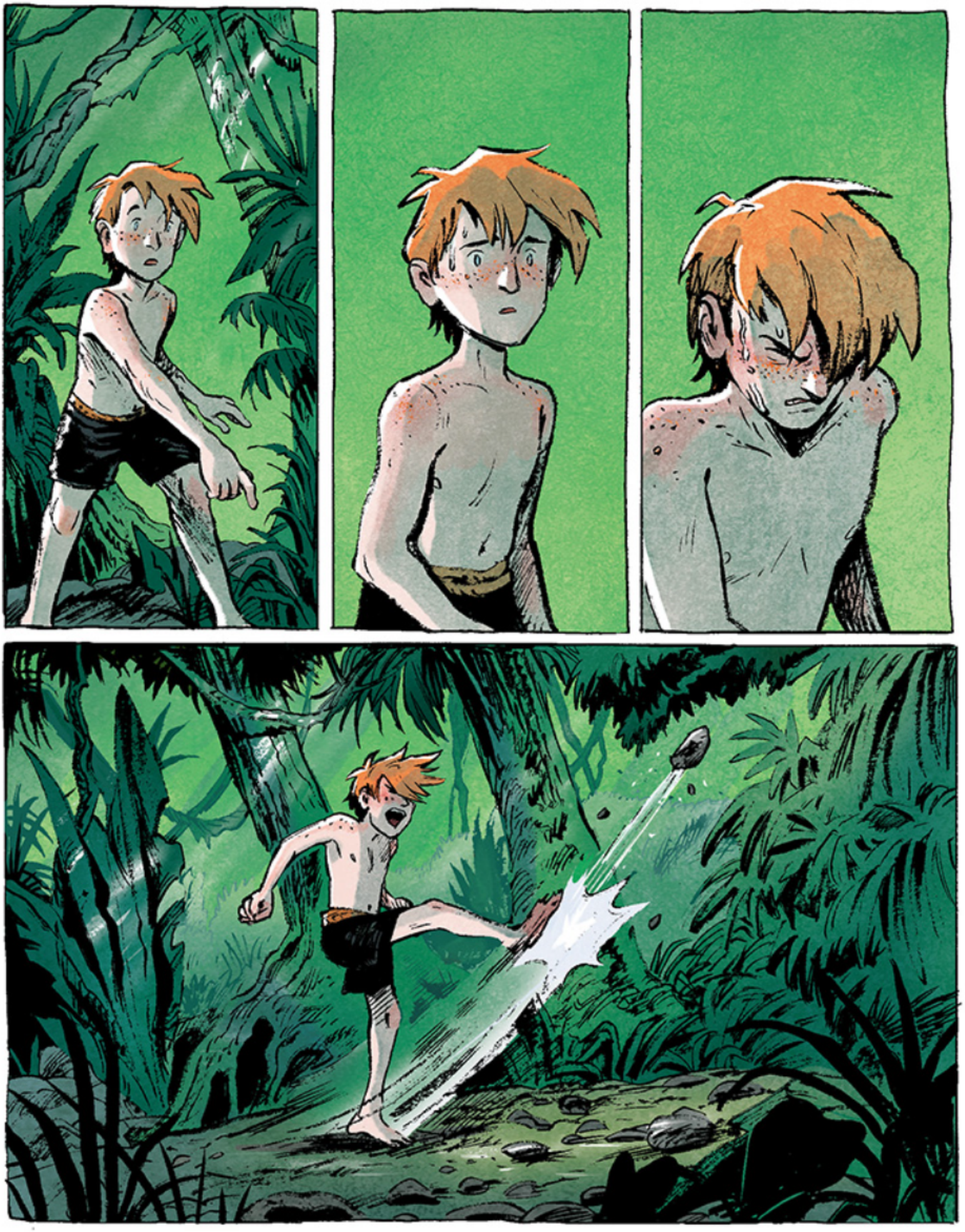
Huts on the Beach

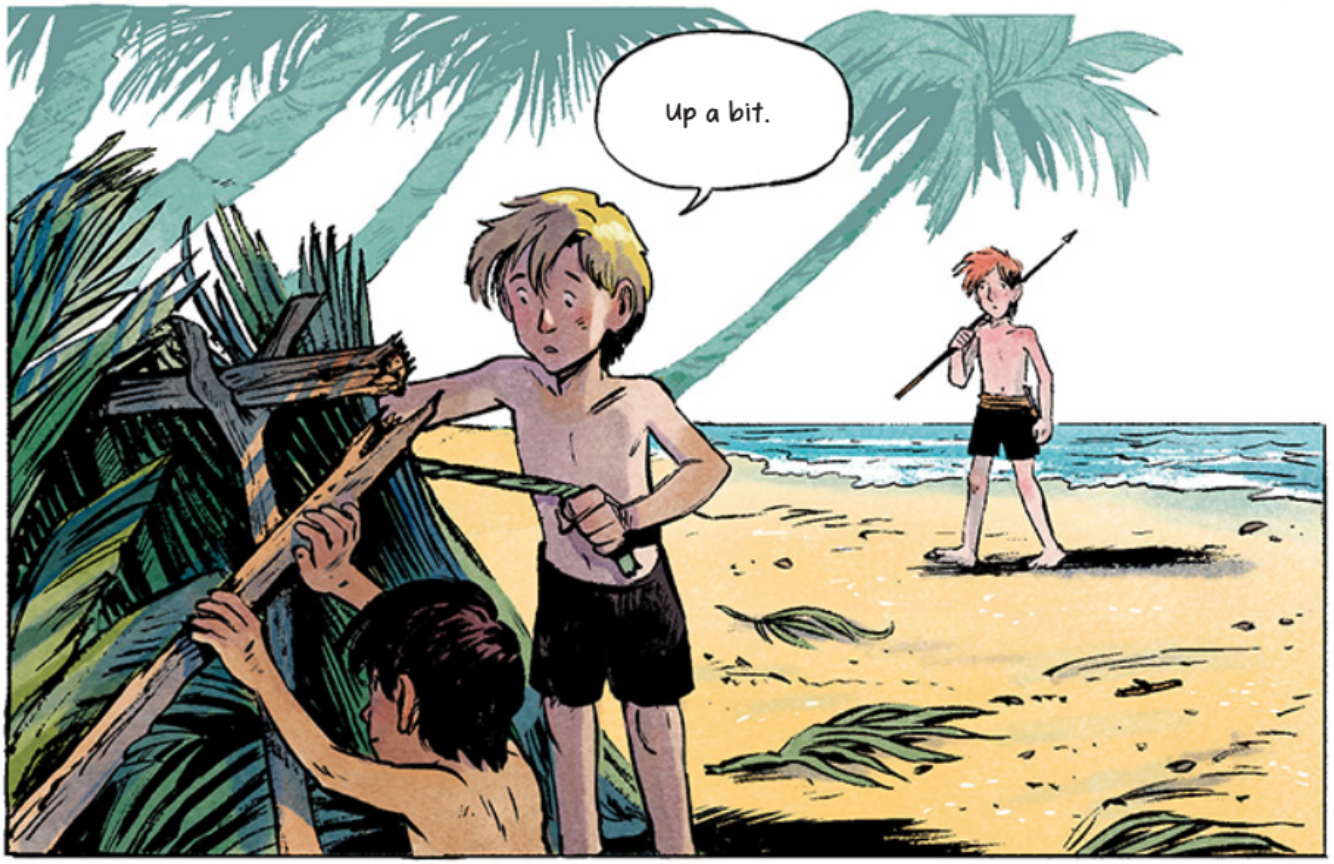


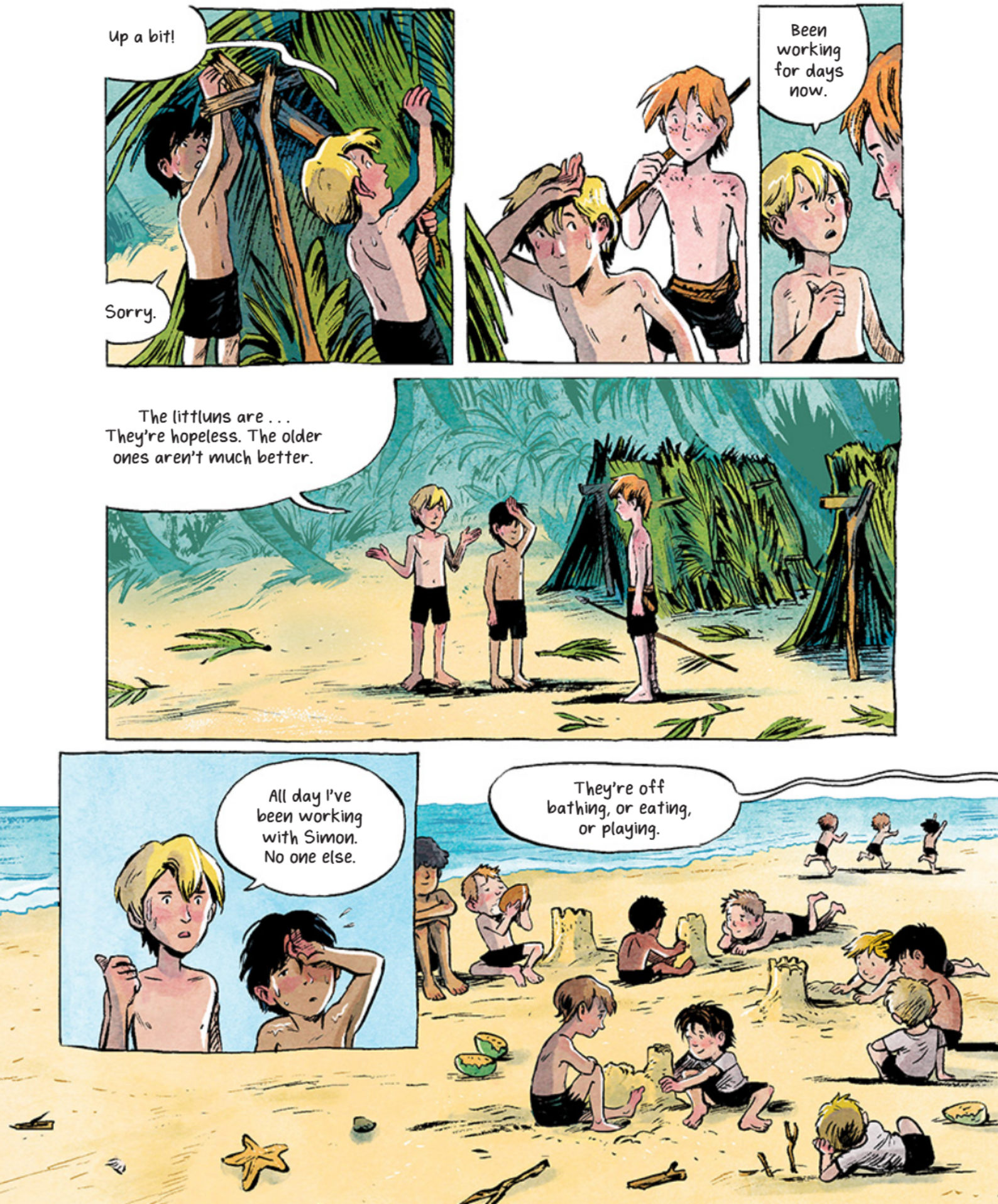




TCHAC!

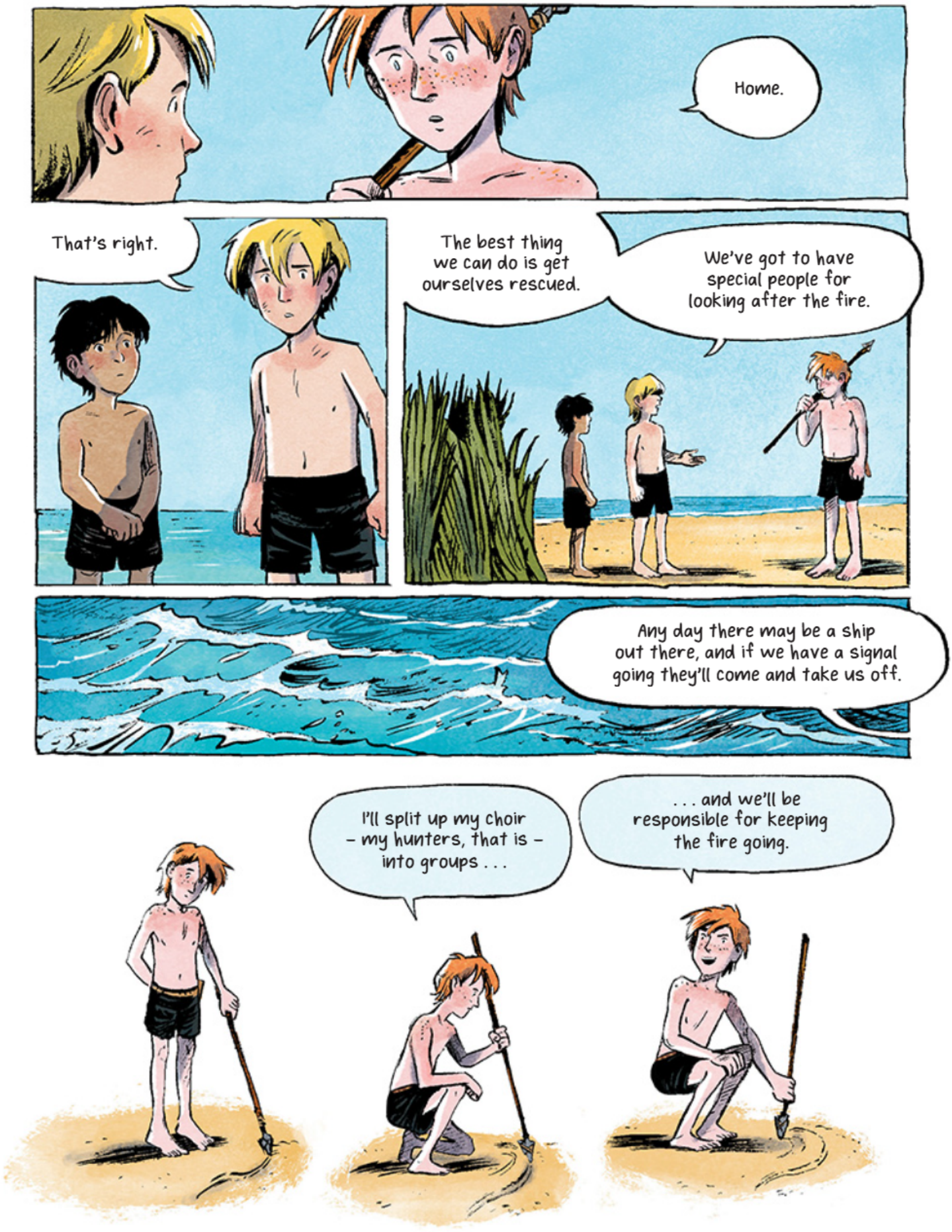


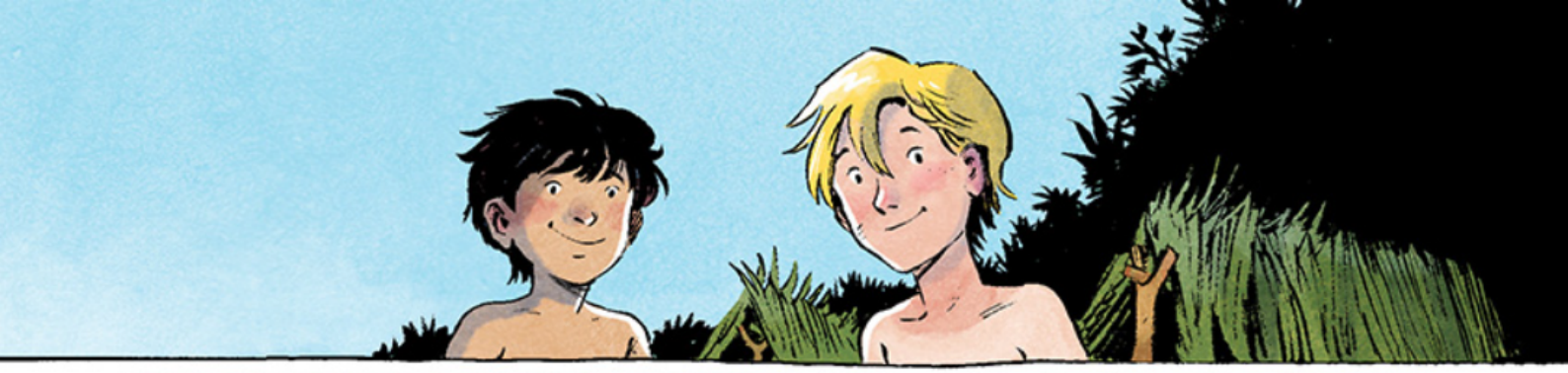

Up a bit.

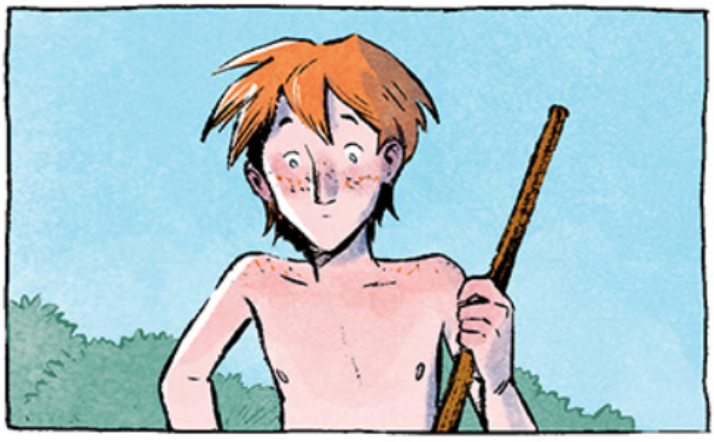

Up a bit!
Sorry.
Been working for days now.
The littluns are . . . They're hopeless. The older ones aren't much better.
All day I've been working with Simon. No one else.
They're off bathing, or eating, or playing.

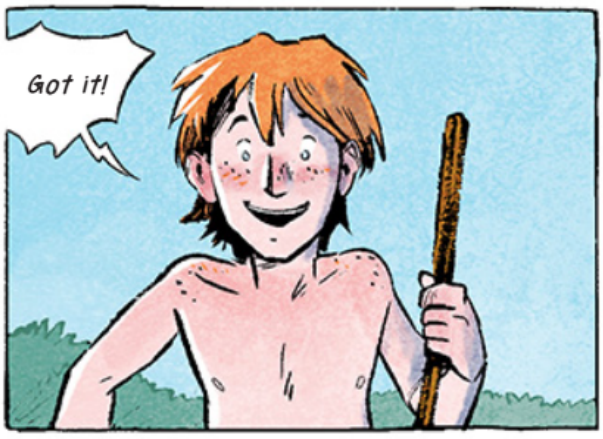
You wouldn't care to help out with the shelters, I suppose?
We want meat.
And *we* want shelters.
We need shelters because of the—
They're frightened.

They dream. You can hear 'em.
They talk and scream. As if—
As if this wasn't a good island.
So we need shelters
as a sort of—

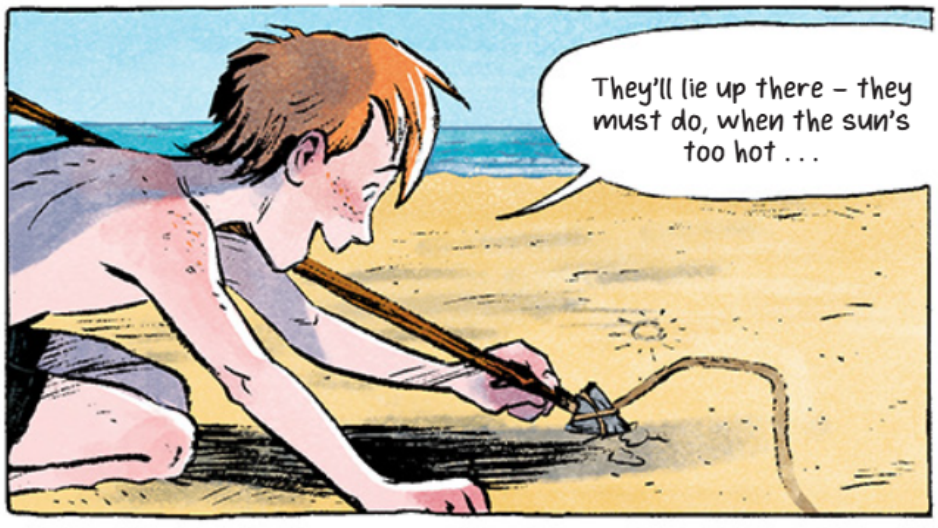

Home.
That's right.
The best thing we can do is get ourselves rescued.
We've got to have special people for looking after the fire.
Any day there may be a ship out there, and if we have a signal going they'll come and take us off.
I'll split up my choir – my hunters, that is – into groups . . .
. . . and we'll be responsible for keeping the fire going.



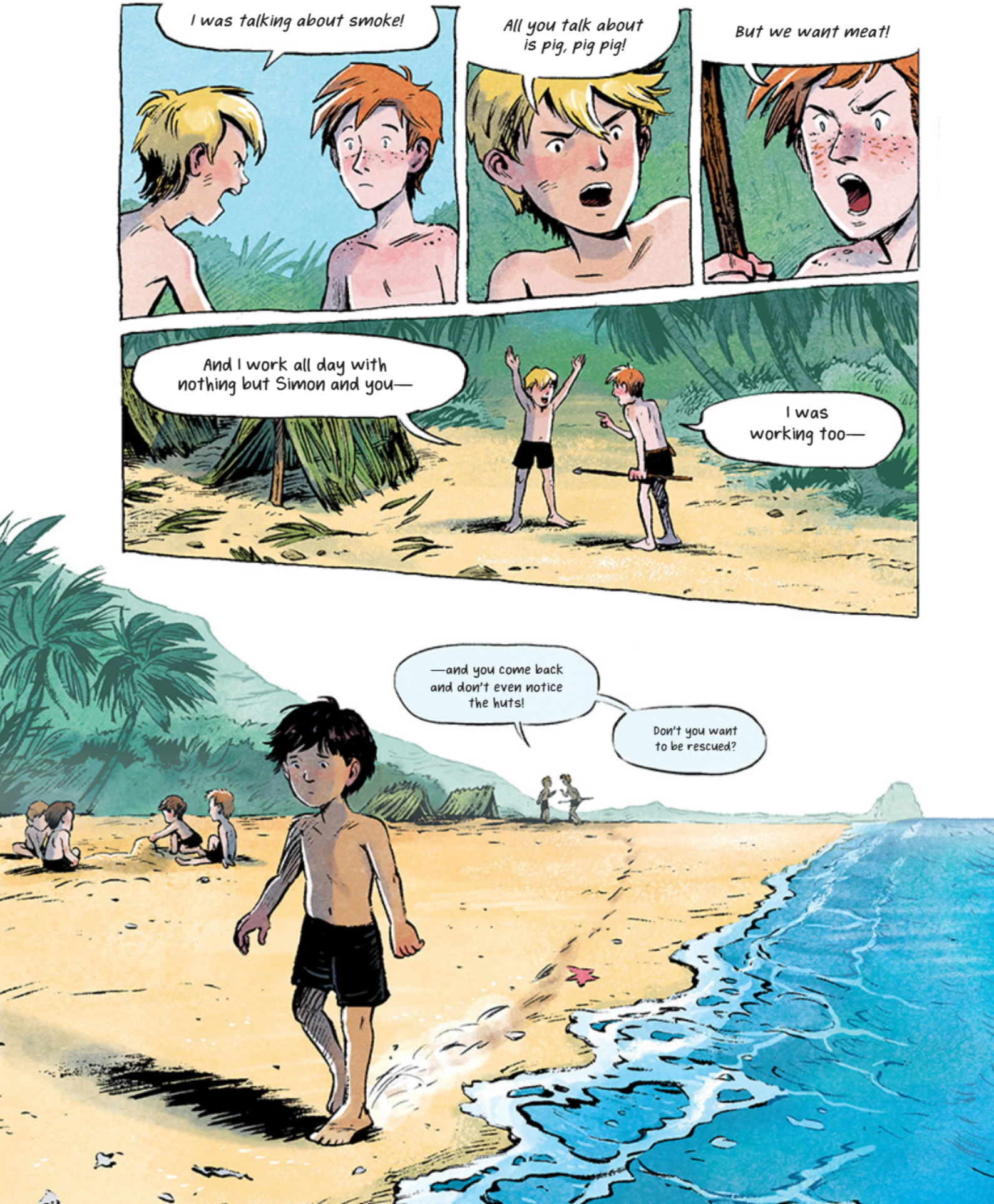


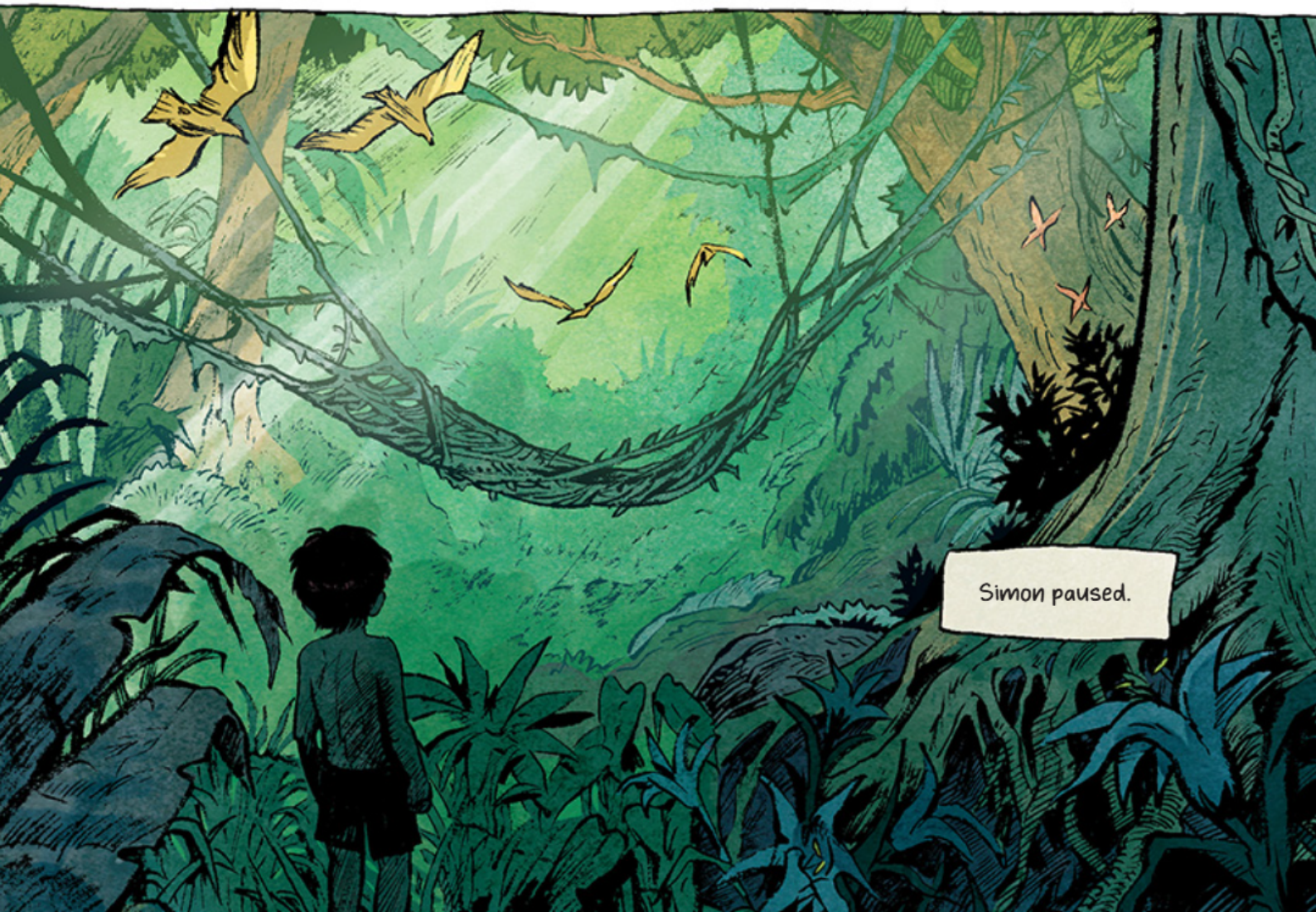

Got it!

Of course!

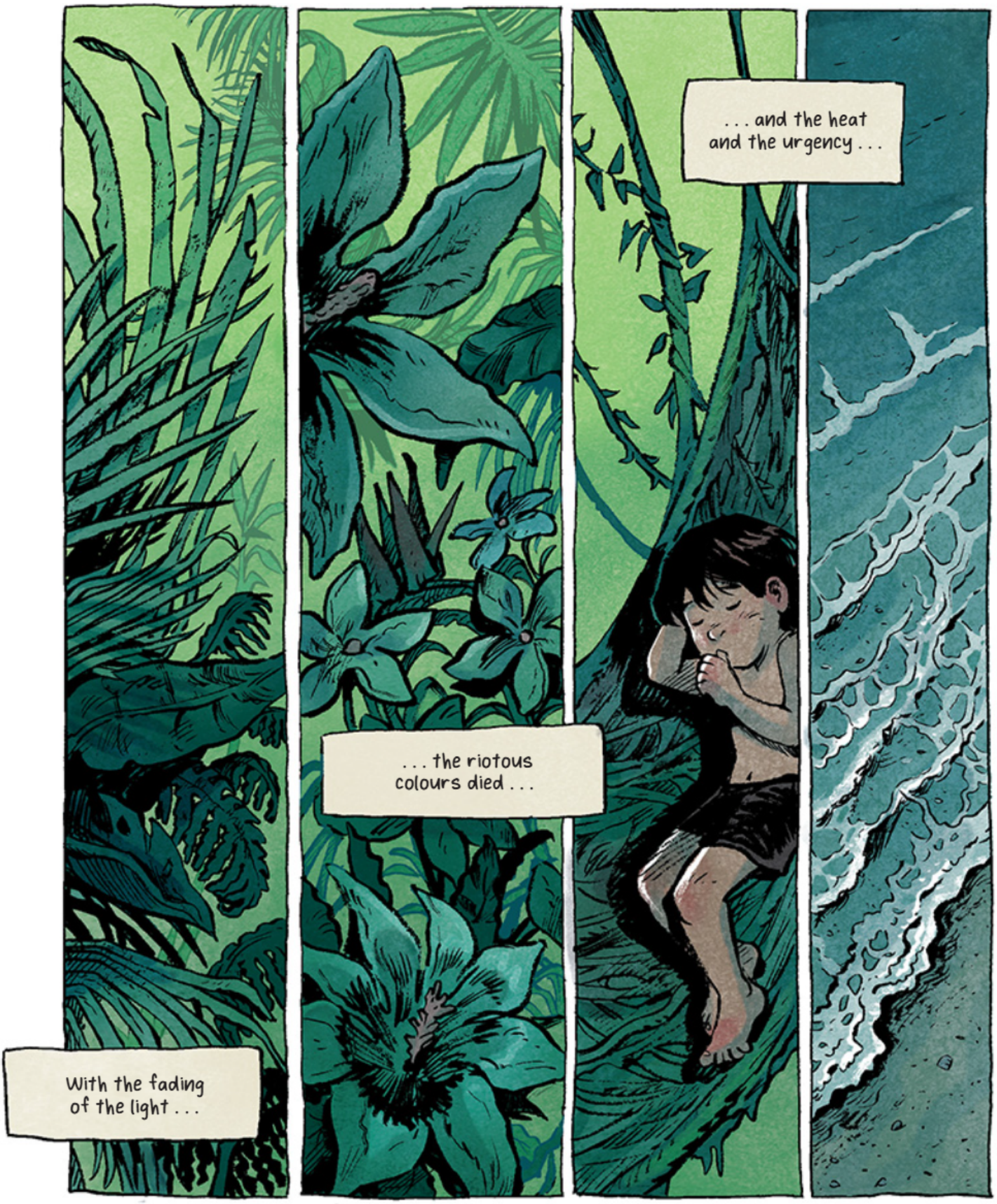

They'll lie up there – they must do, when the sun's too hot . . .

. . . high up in the shade, resting during the heat, like cows at home . . .
We could steal up on one – paint our faces so they wouldn't see – perhaps surround them and then—


I was talking about smoke!
All you talk about is pig, pig pig!
But we want meat!
And I work all day with nothing but Simon and you—
I was working too—
—and you come back and don't even notice the huts!
Don't you want to be rescued?


Simon paused.

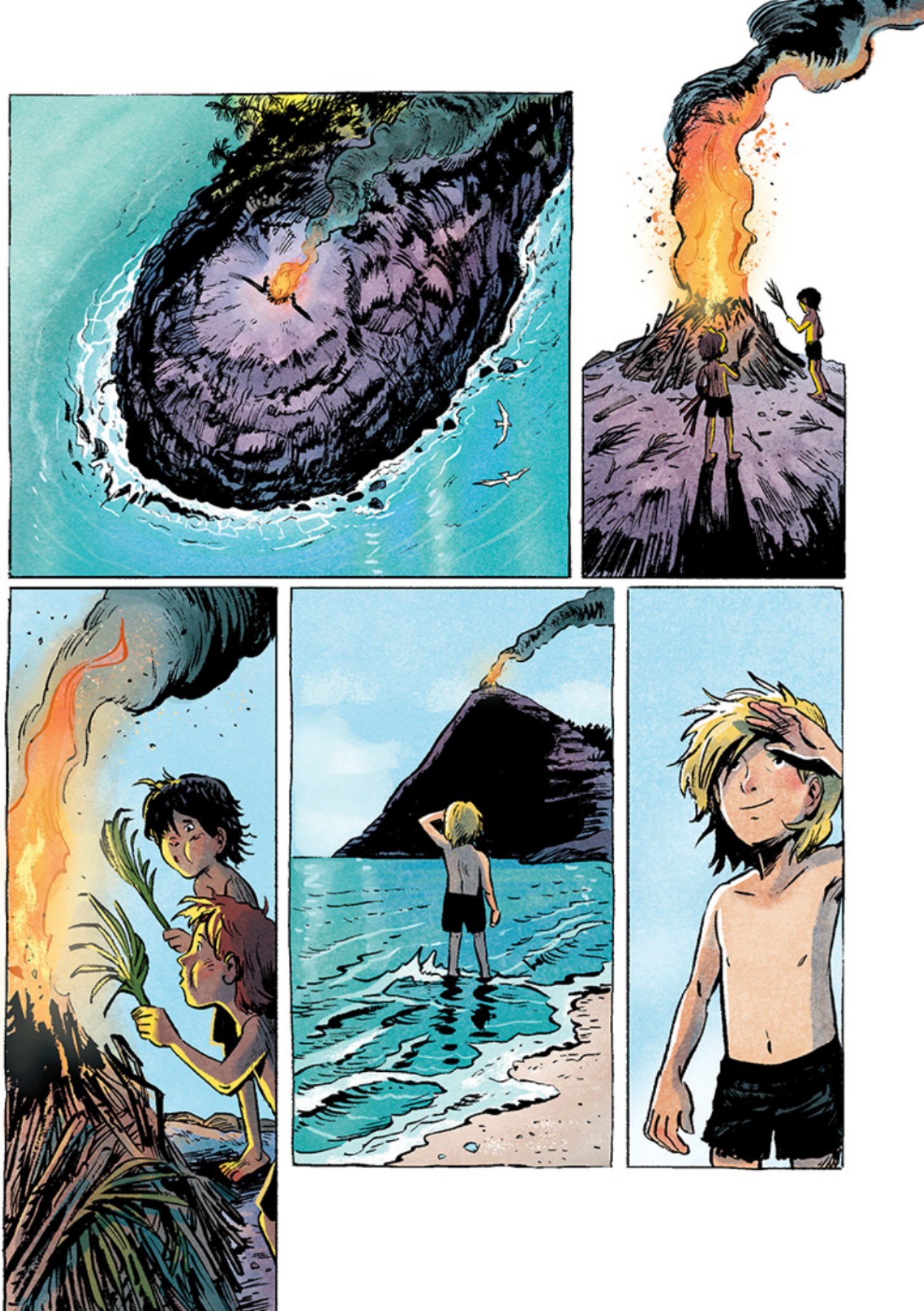
The sounds of the bright fantastic birds, the bee-sounds, even the crying of the gulls that were returning to their roosts among the square rocks were fainter.
The deep sea breaking miles away on the reef made an undertone less perceptible than the susurration of the blood.

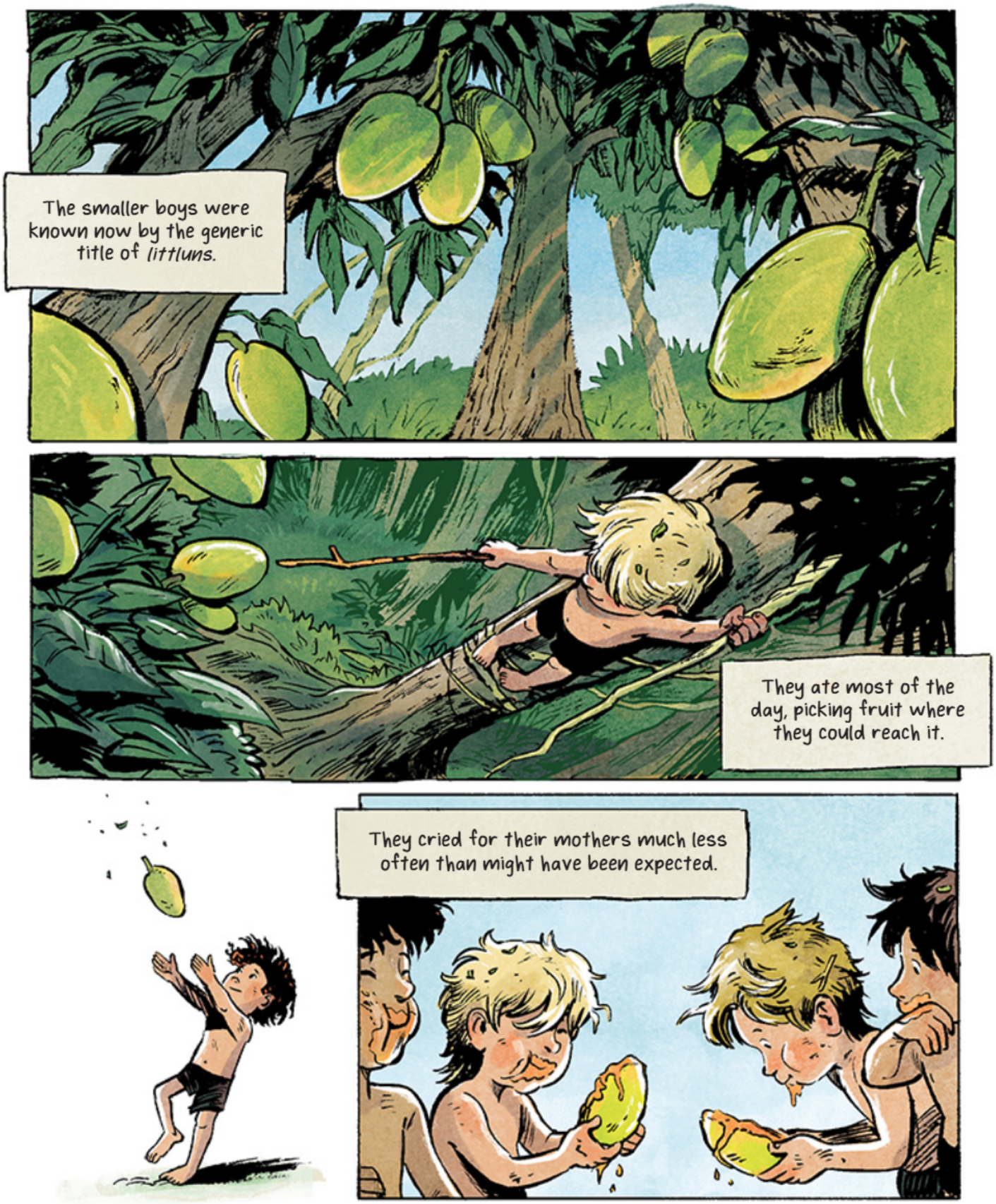

With the fading of the light . . .
. . . the riotous colours died . . .
. . . and the heat and the urgency . . .

. . . cooled away.

CHAPTER 4

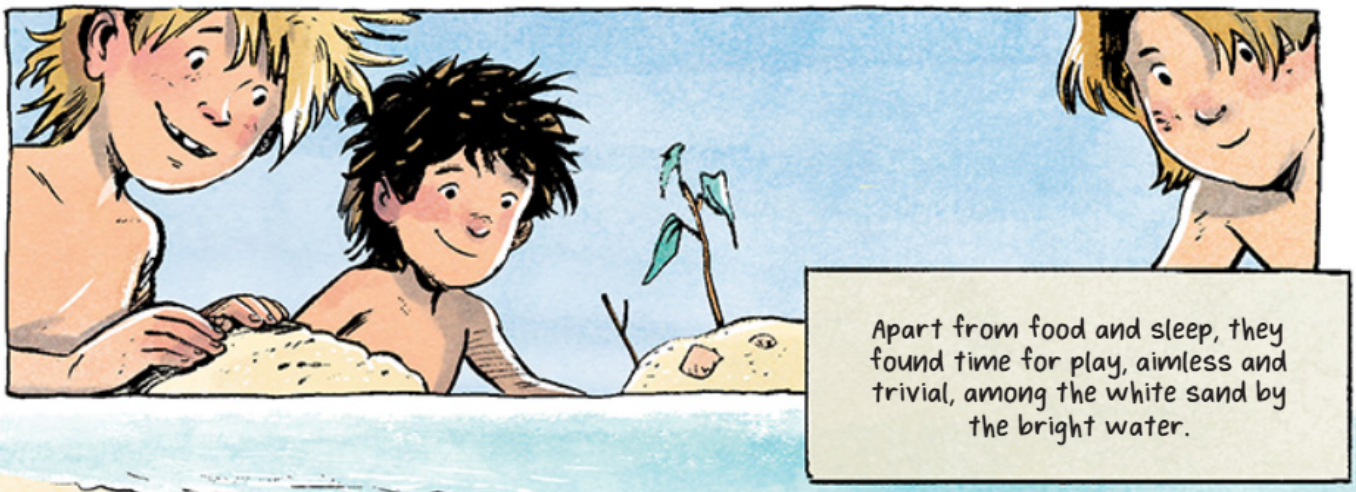
Painted Faces and Long Hair

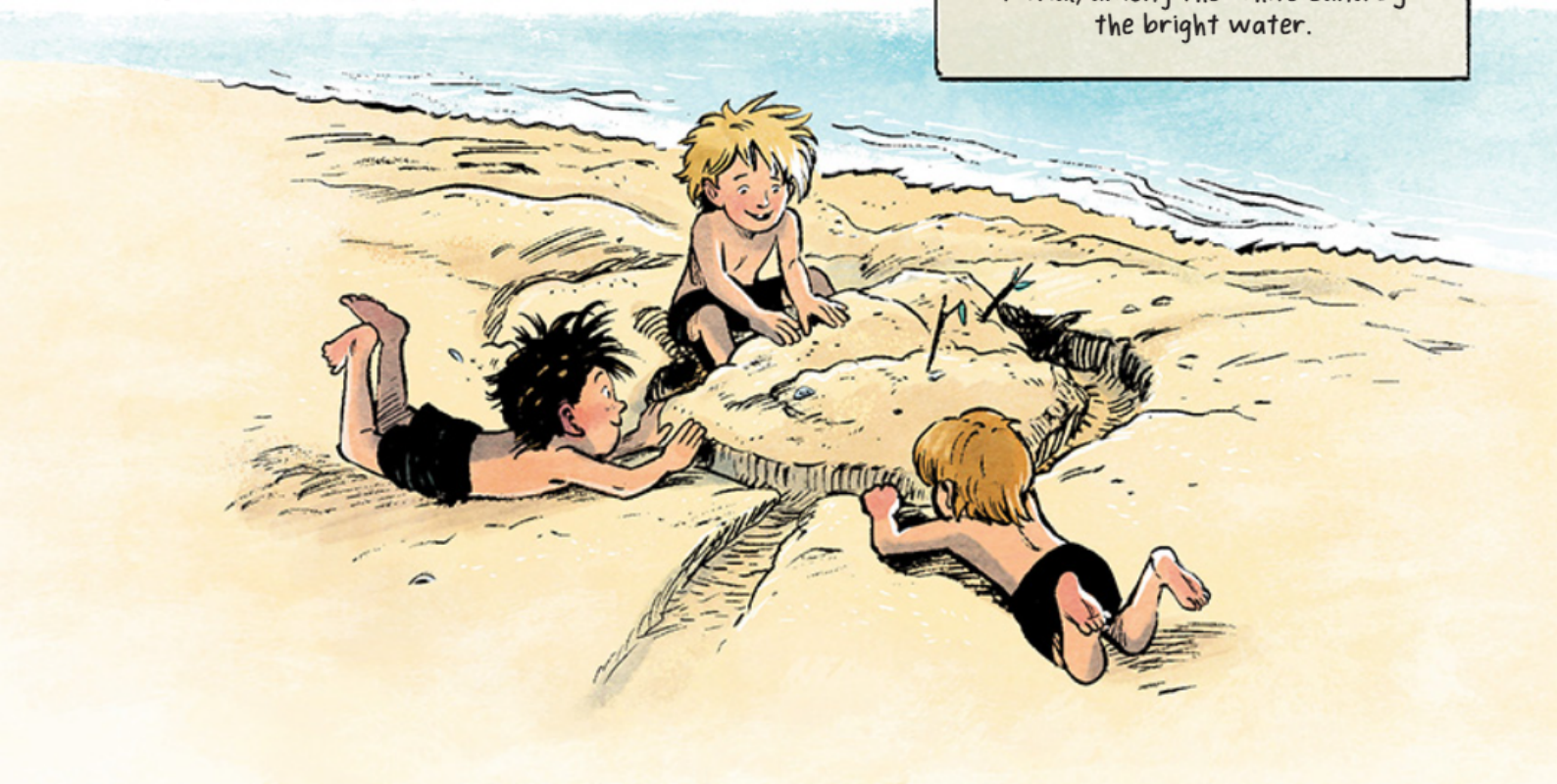


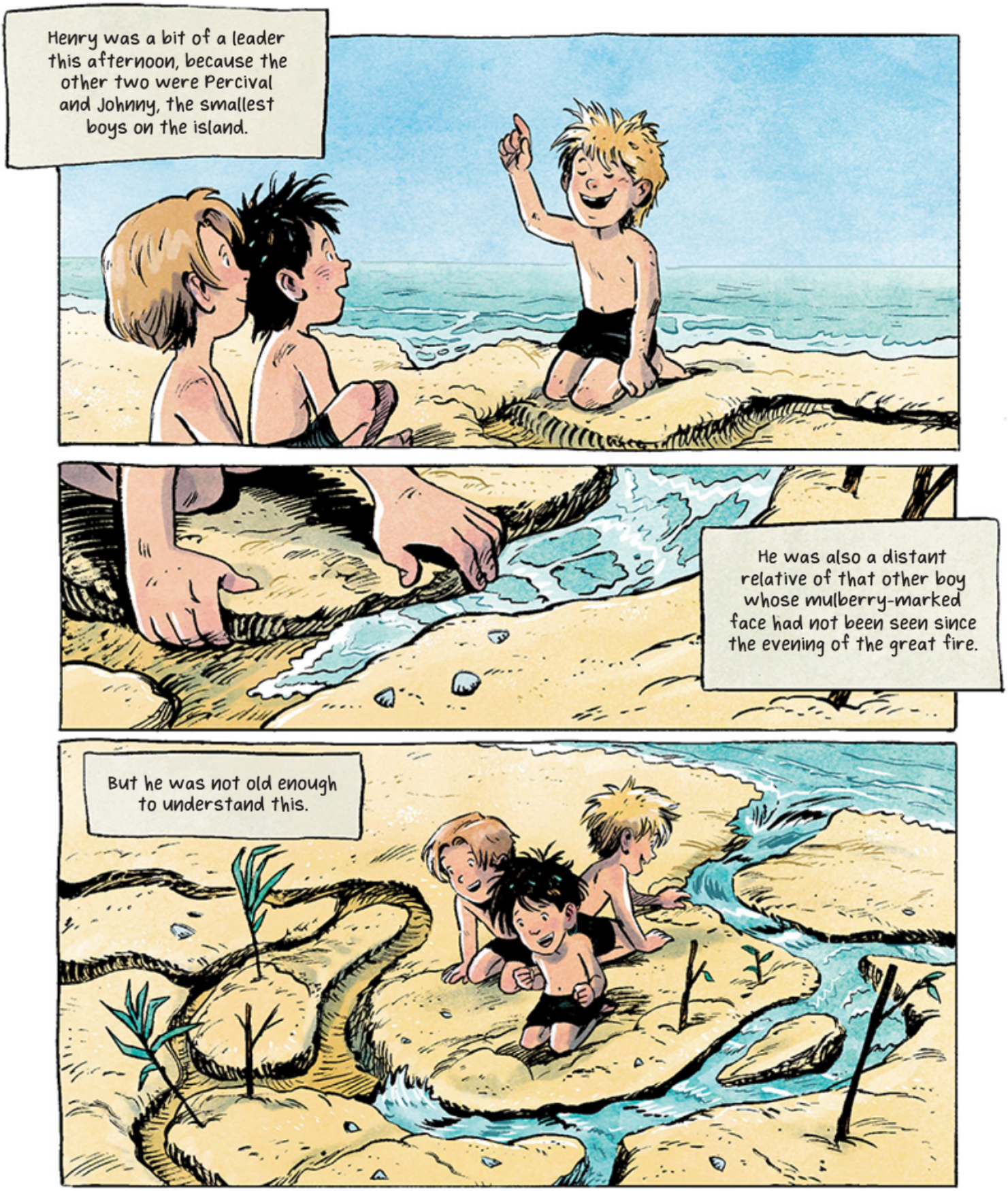

The smaller boys were known now by the generic title of *littluns*.
They ate most of the day, picking fruit where they could reach it.
They cried for their mothers much less often than might have been expected.

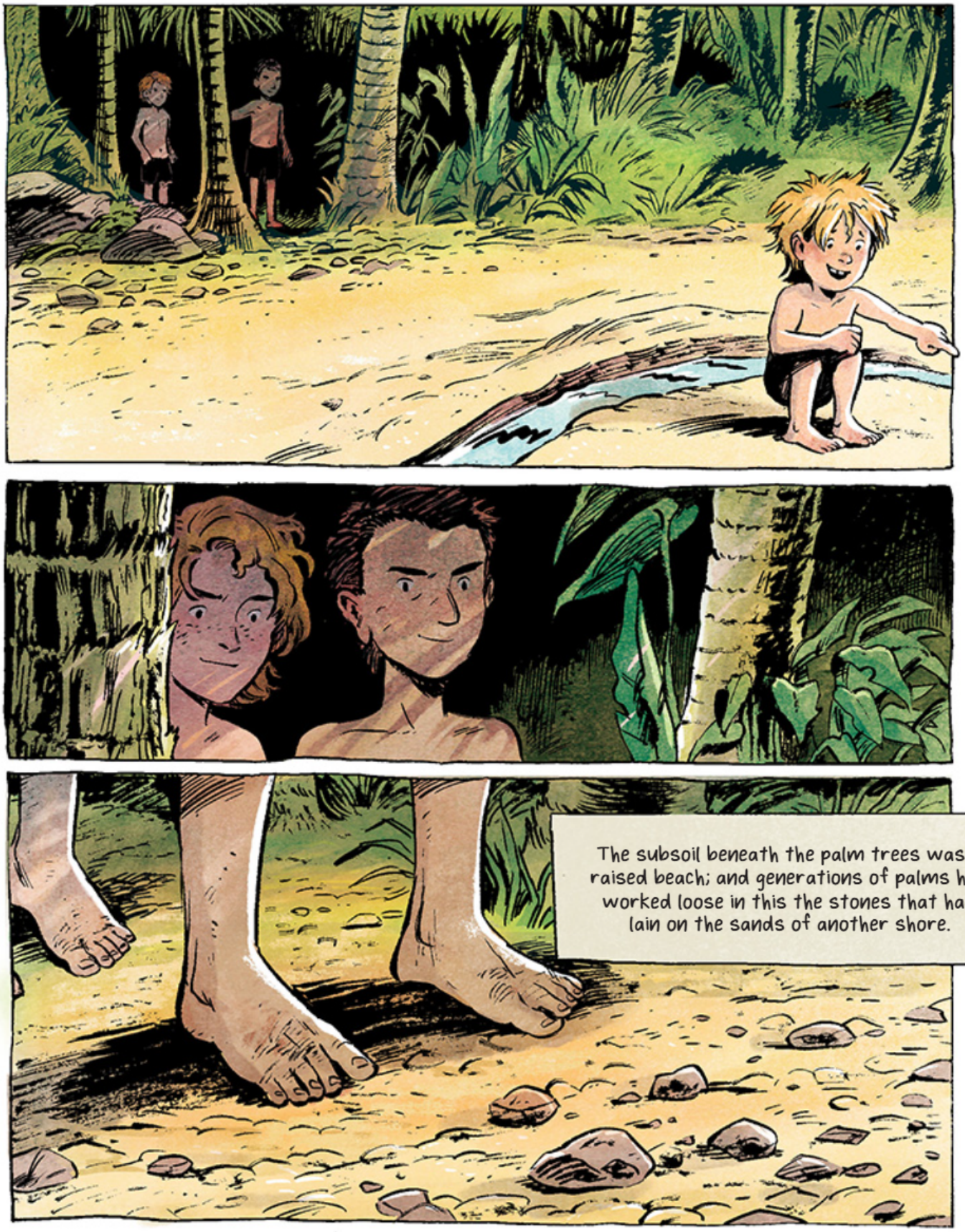
They were used now to stomach-aches and a sort of chronic diarrhoea.

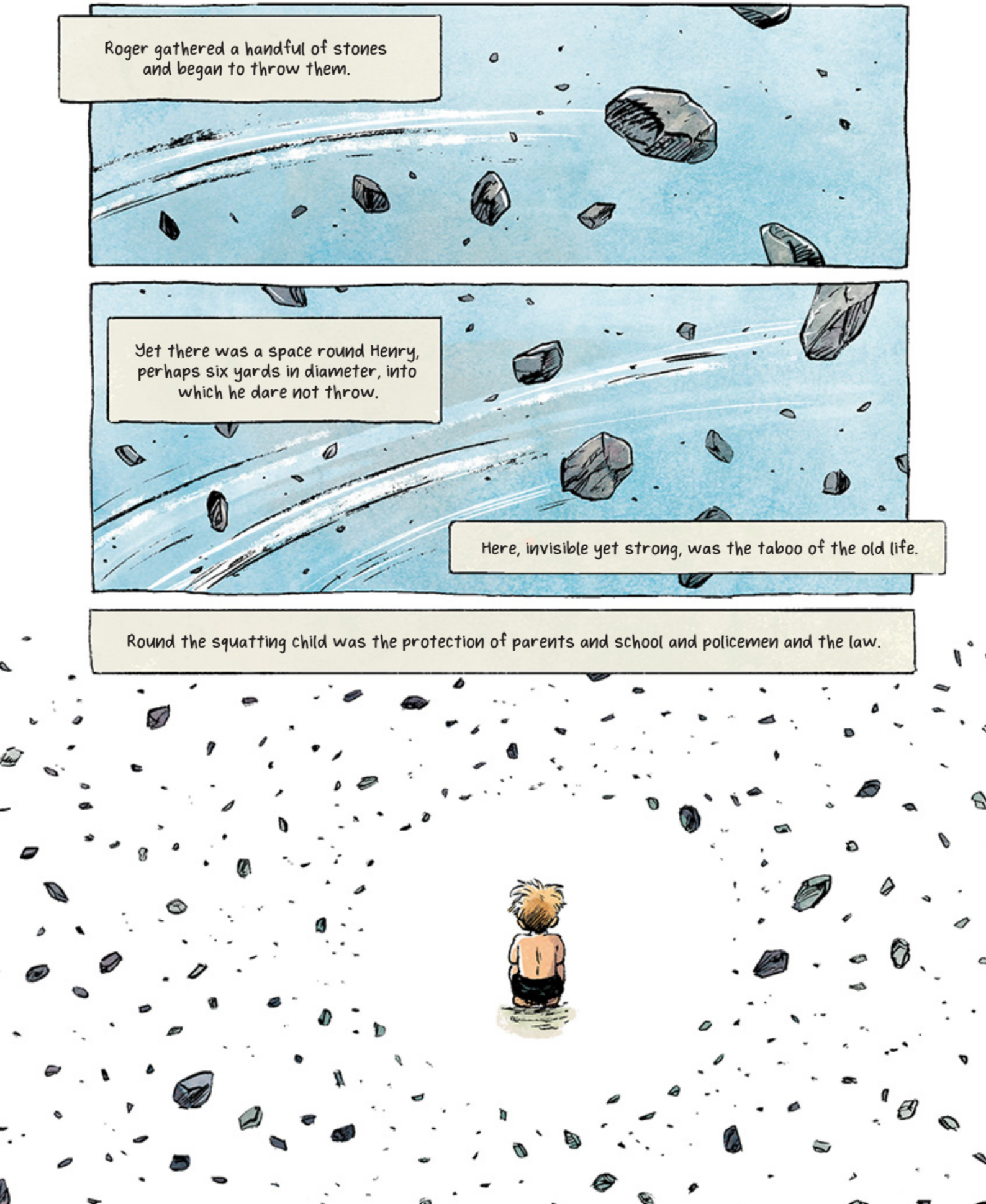
They suffered untold terrors in the dark and huddled together for comfort.

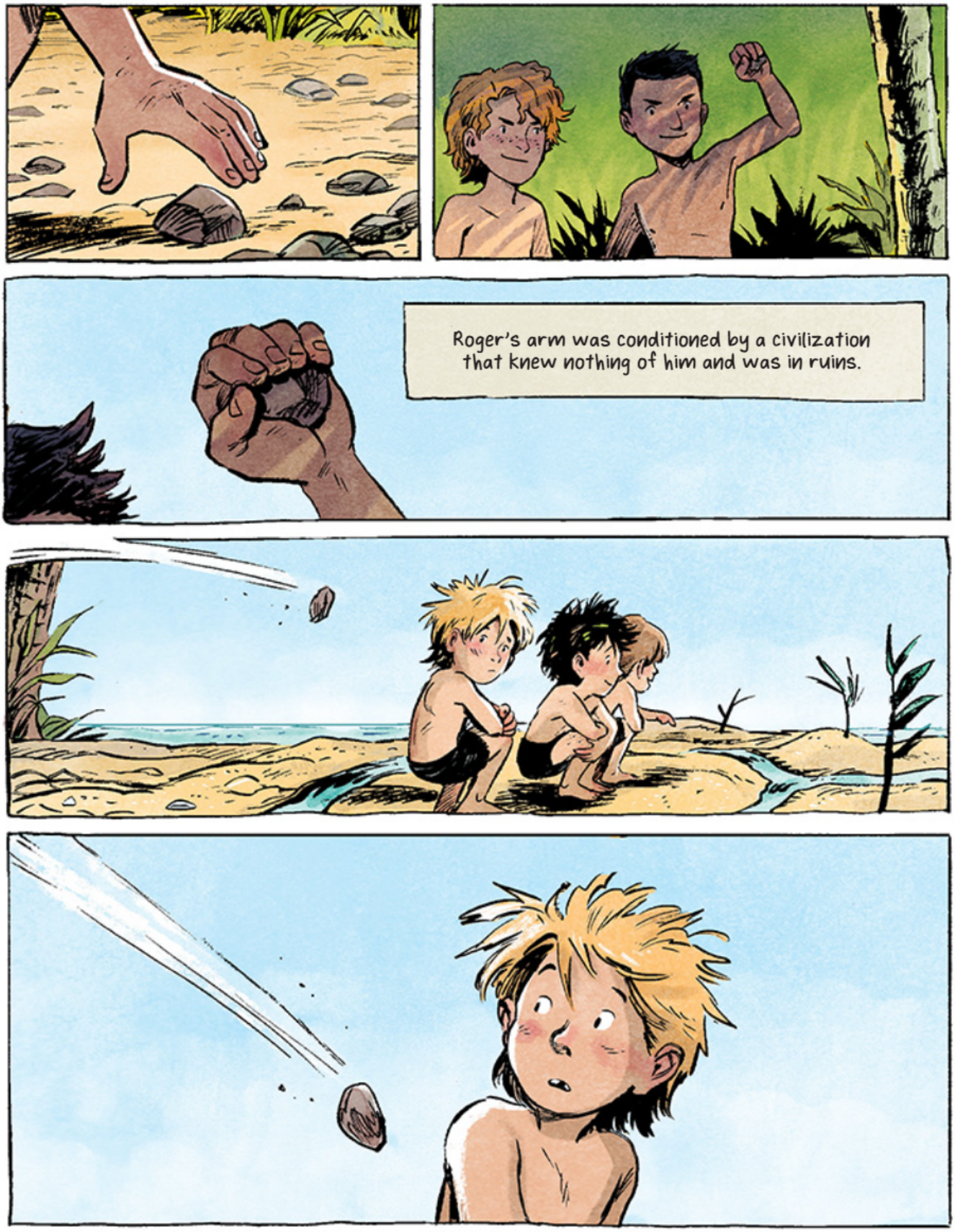

Apart from food and sleep, they found time for play, aimless and trivial, among the white sand by the bright water.

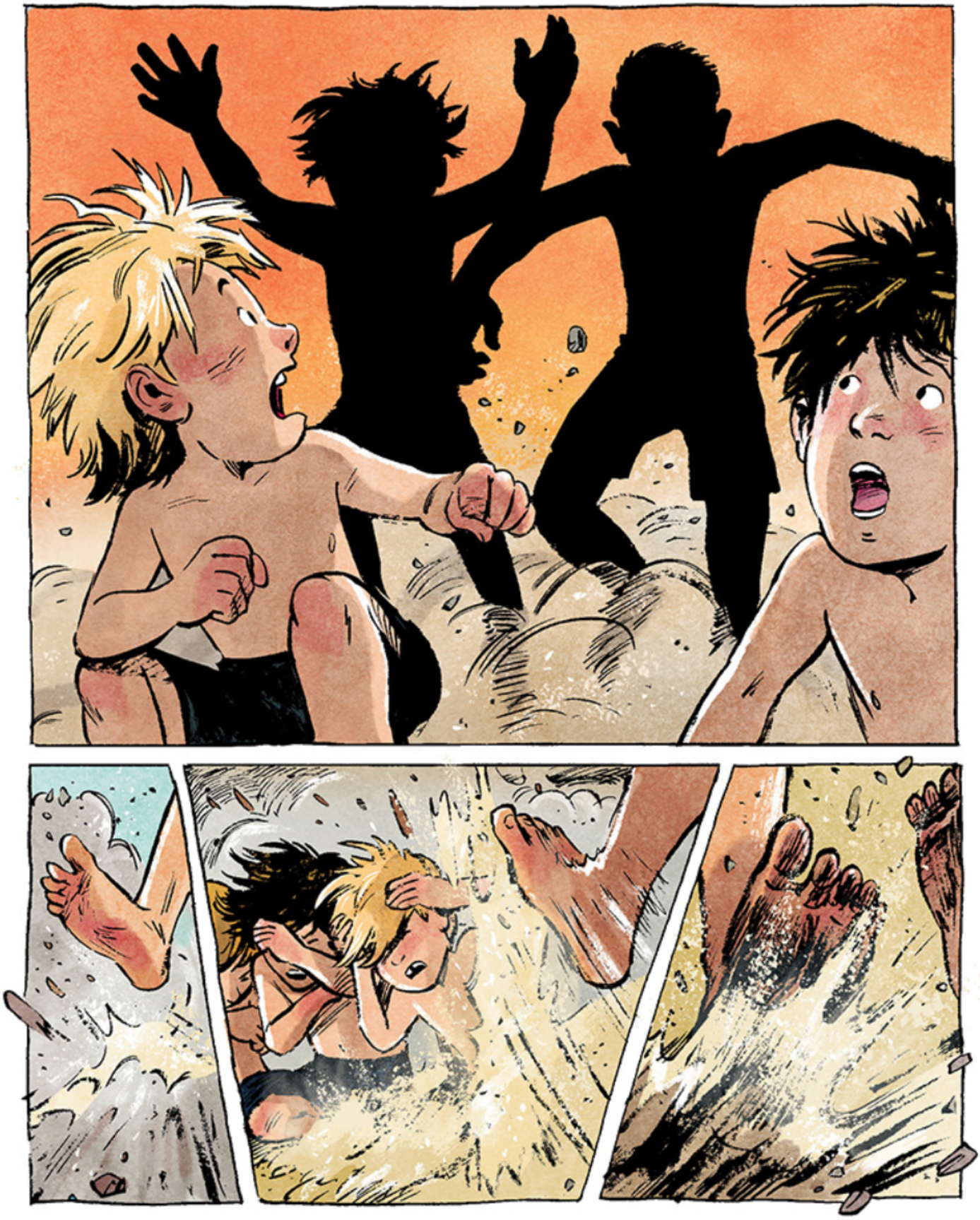


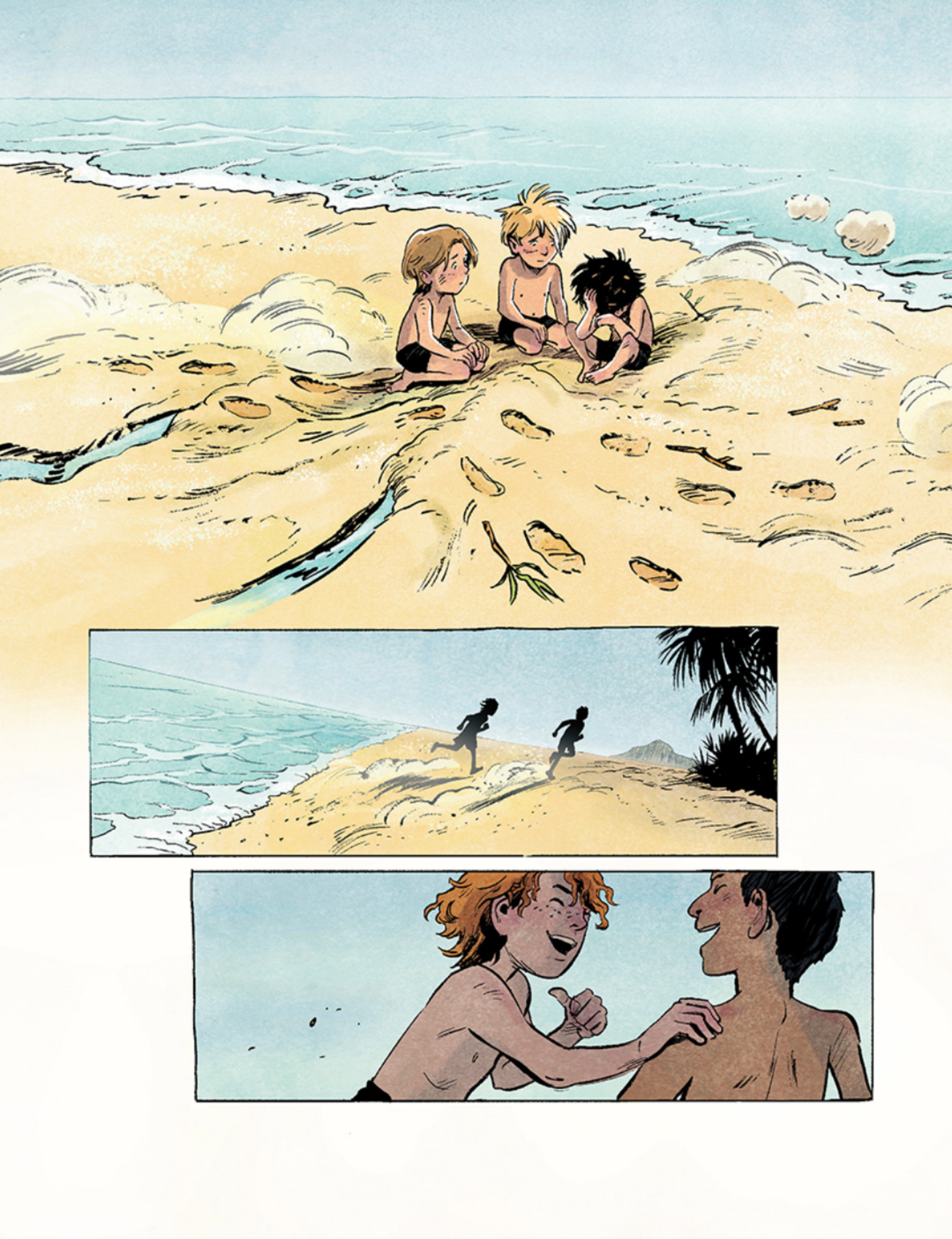

Henry was a bit of a leader this afternoon, because the other two were Percival and Johnny, the smallest boys on the island.
He was also a distant relative of that other boy whose mulberry-marked face had not been seen since the evening of the great fire.
But he was not old enough to understand this.

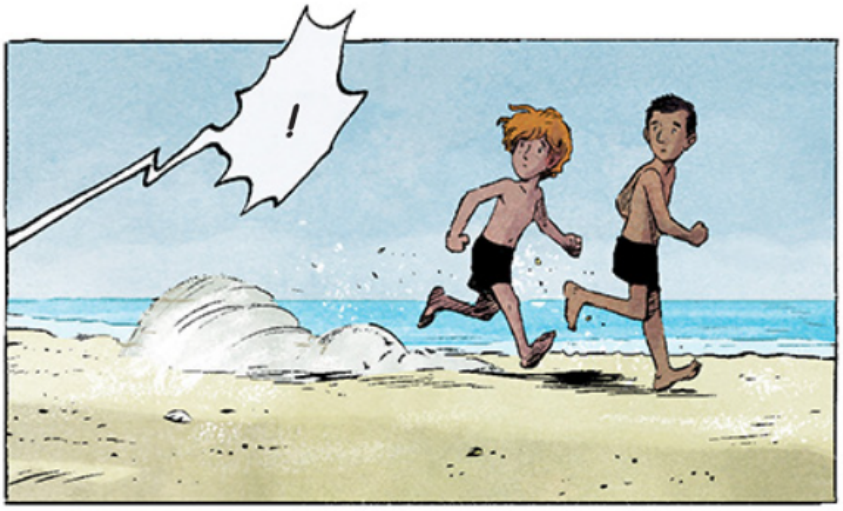

The subsoil beneath the palm trees was a raised beach; and generations of palms had worked loose in this the stones that had lain on the sands of another shore.

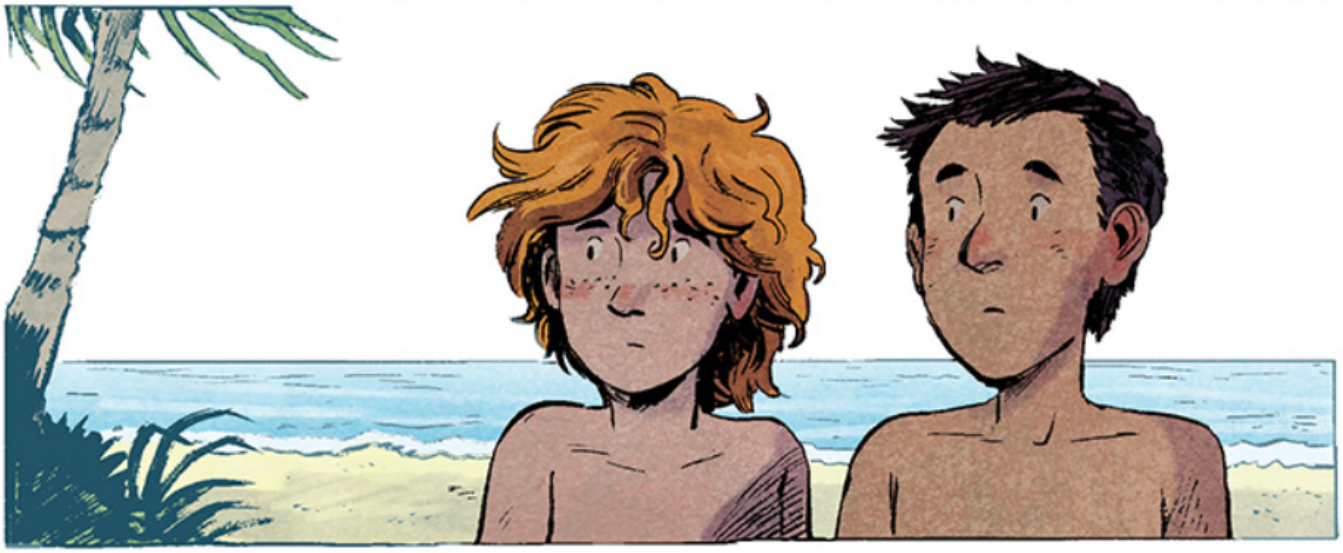

Roger gathered a handful of stones and began to throw them.
Yet there was a space round Henry, perhaps six yards in diameter, into which he dare not throw.
Here, invisible yet strong, was the taboo of the old life.
Round the squatting child was the protection of parents and school and policemen and the law.


Roger's arm was conditioned by a civilization that knew nothing of him and was in ruins.



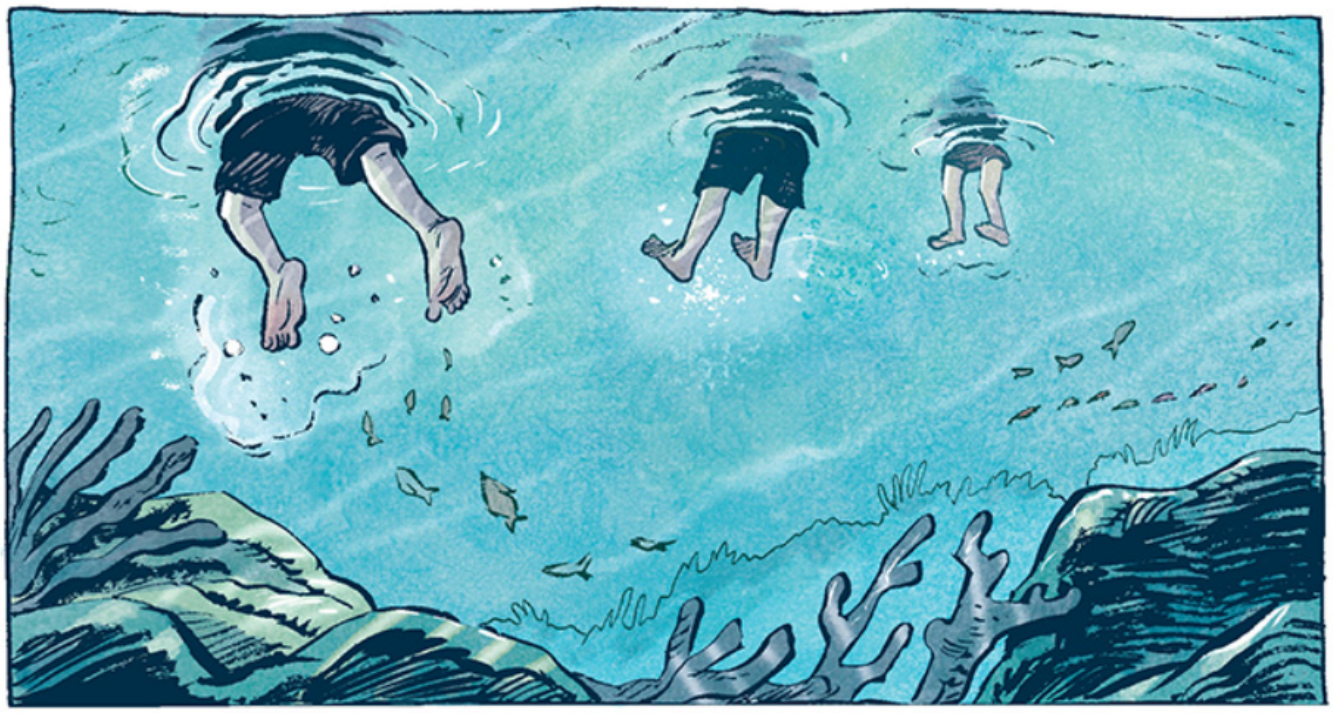


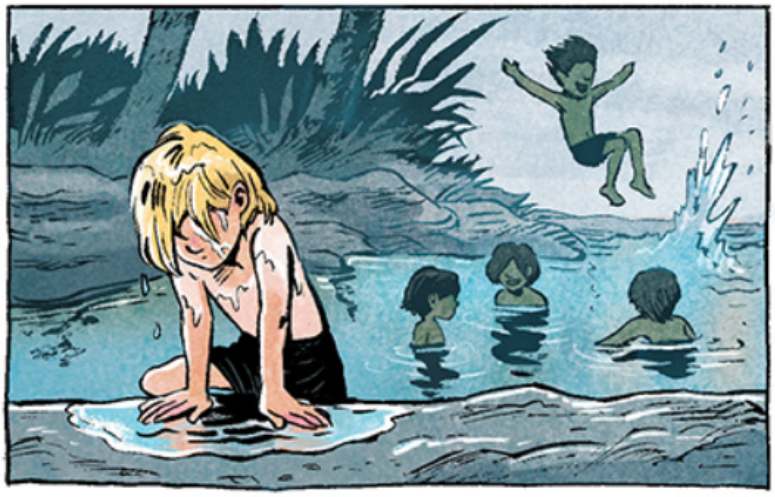


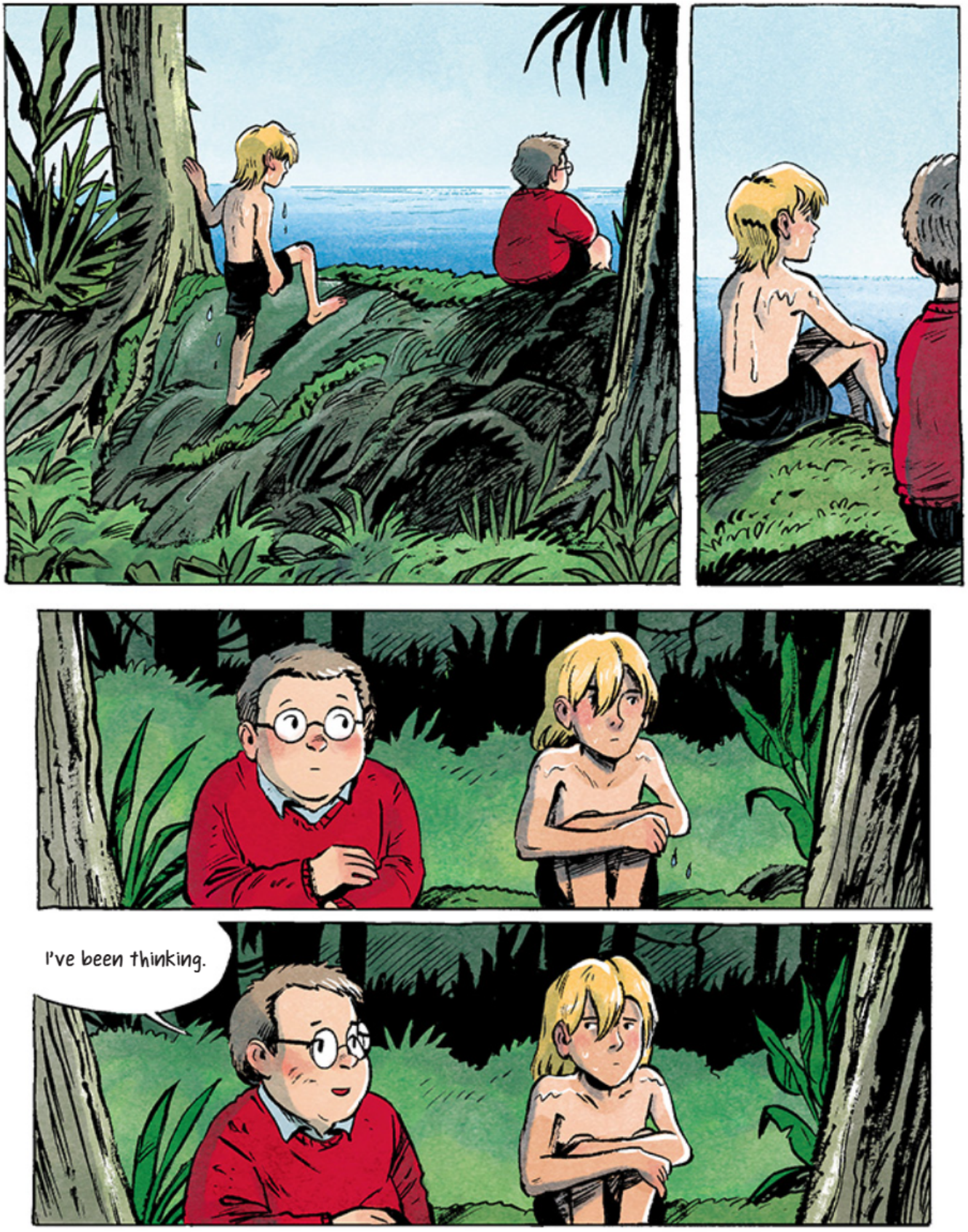


For hunting. Like in the war.
You know – dazzle paint. Like things trying to look like something else . . .

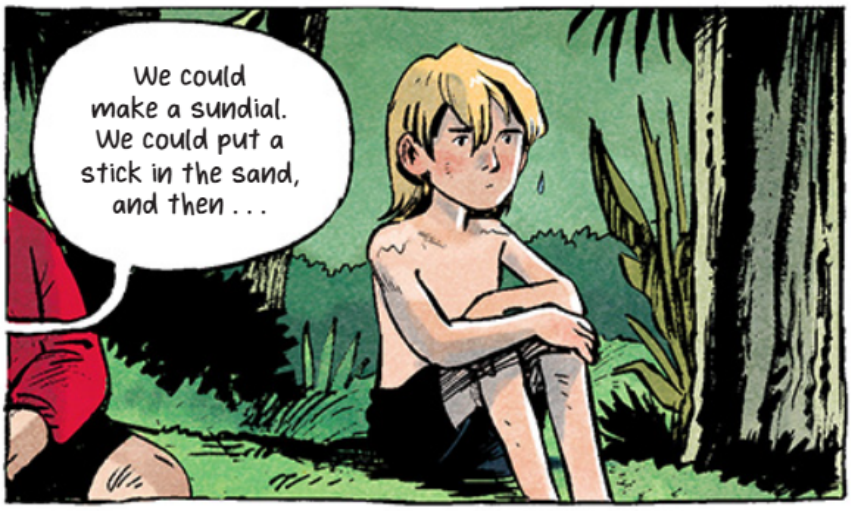
The mask was a thing of its own, behind which Jack hid . . .
. . . liberated from shame and self-consciousness.
Come on!

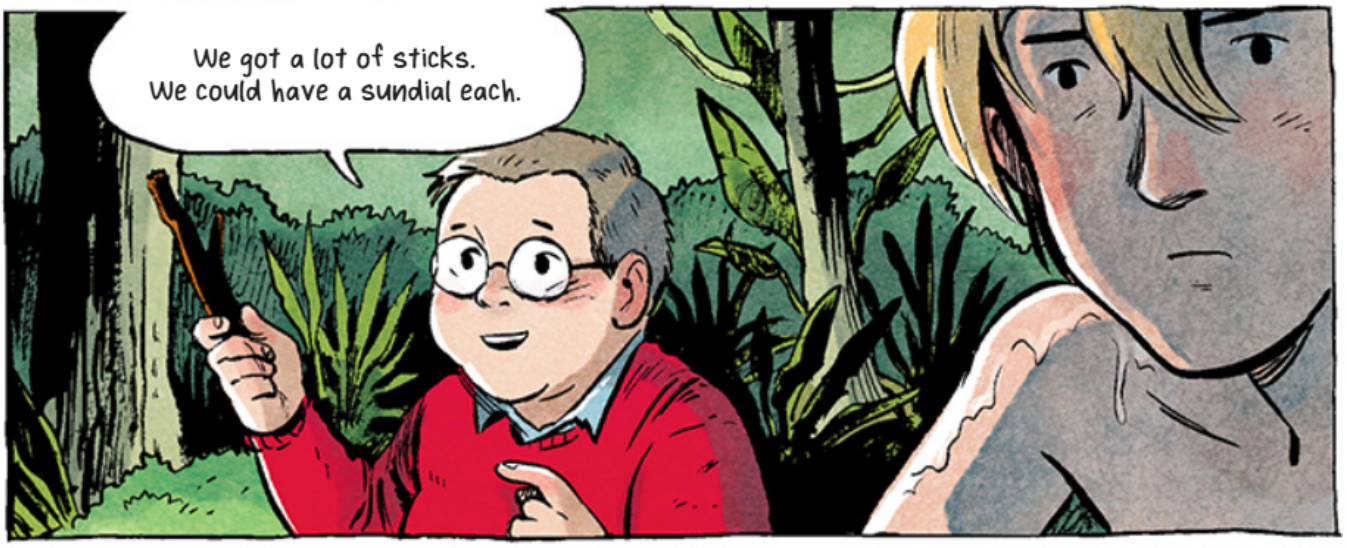




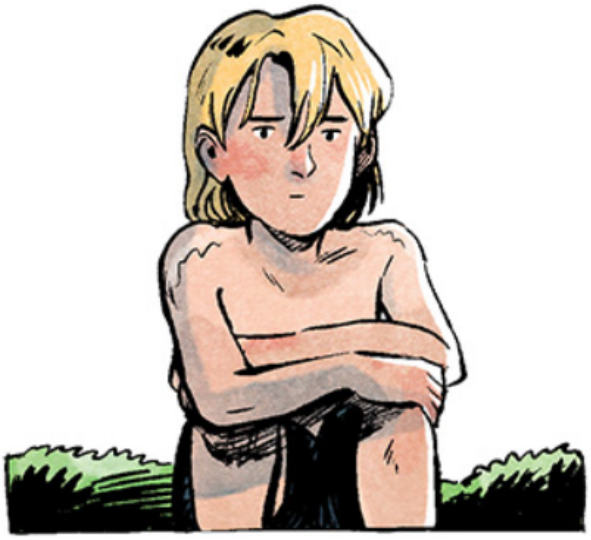

I've been thinking.

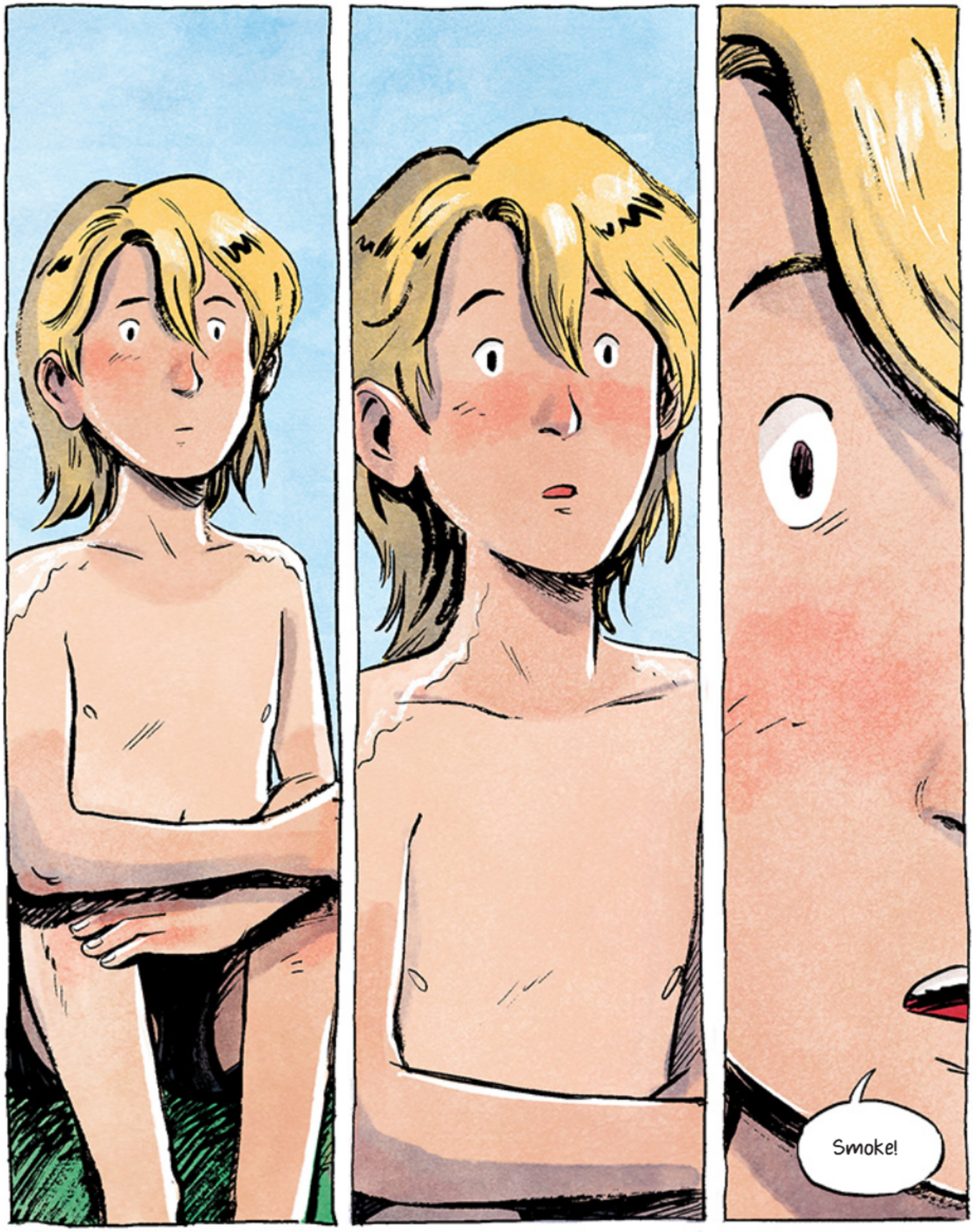
About a clock.

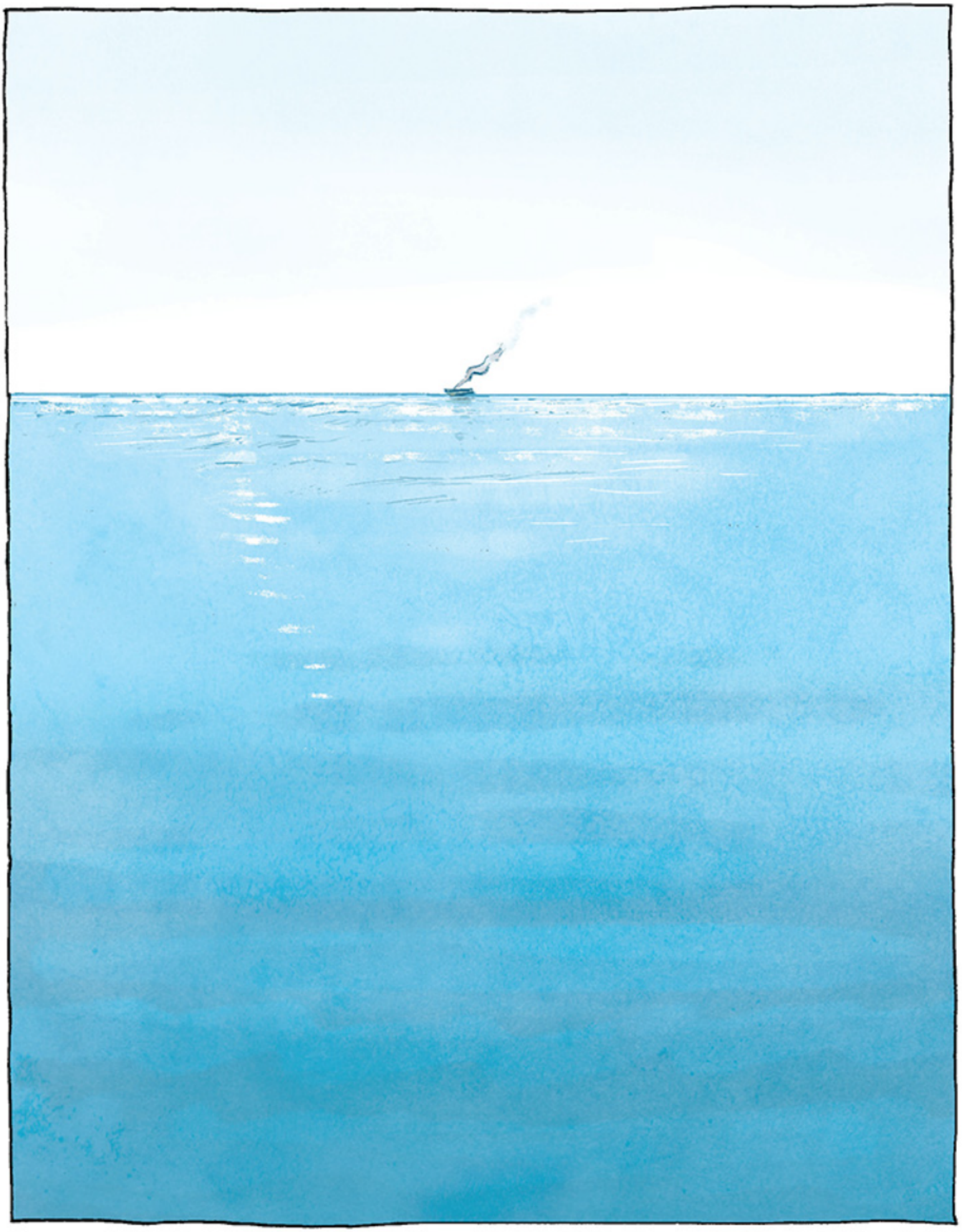

We could make a sundial. We could put a stick in the sand, and then . . .


We got a lot of sticks. We could have a sundial each.

Then we should know what the time was.

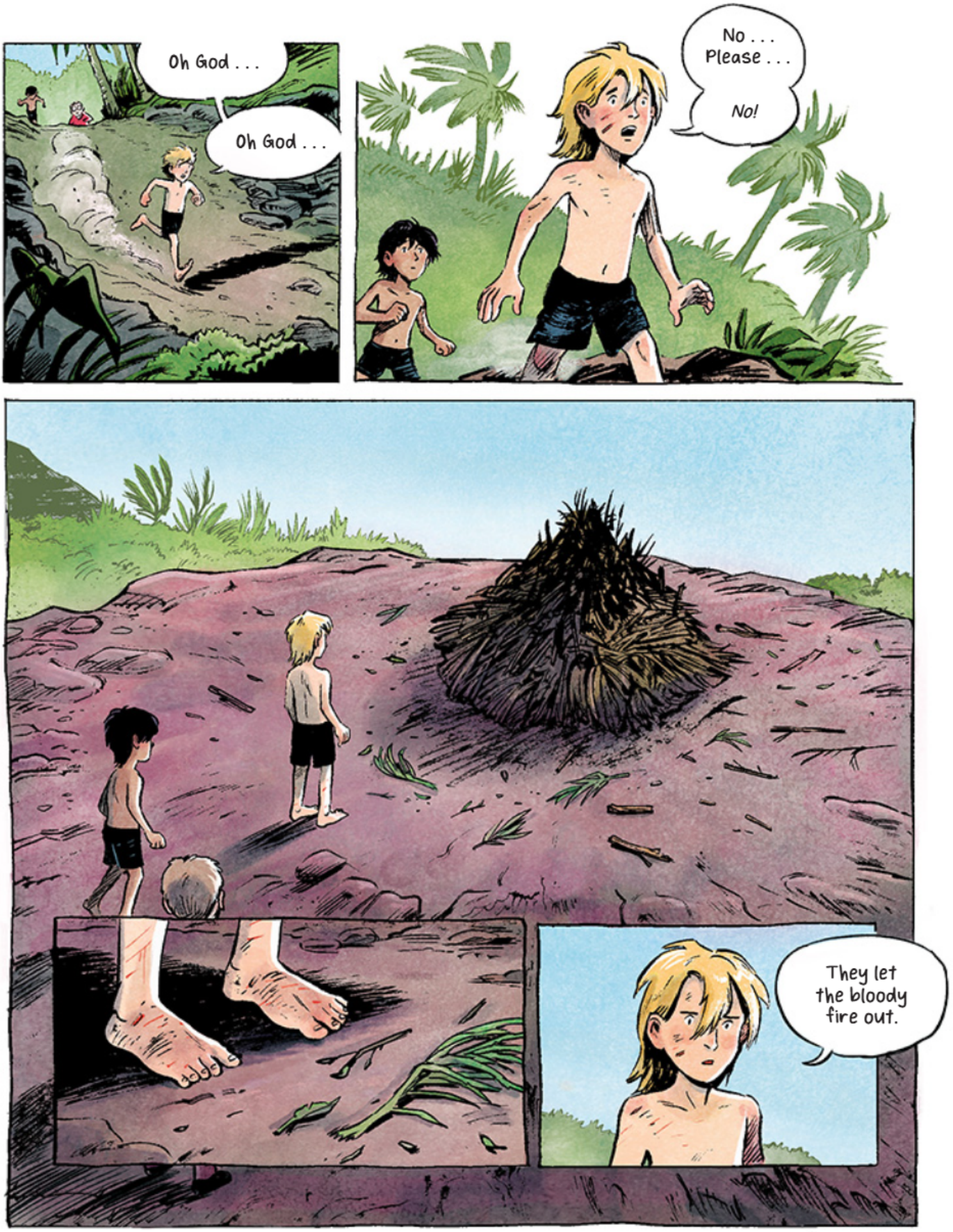



Smoke!



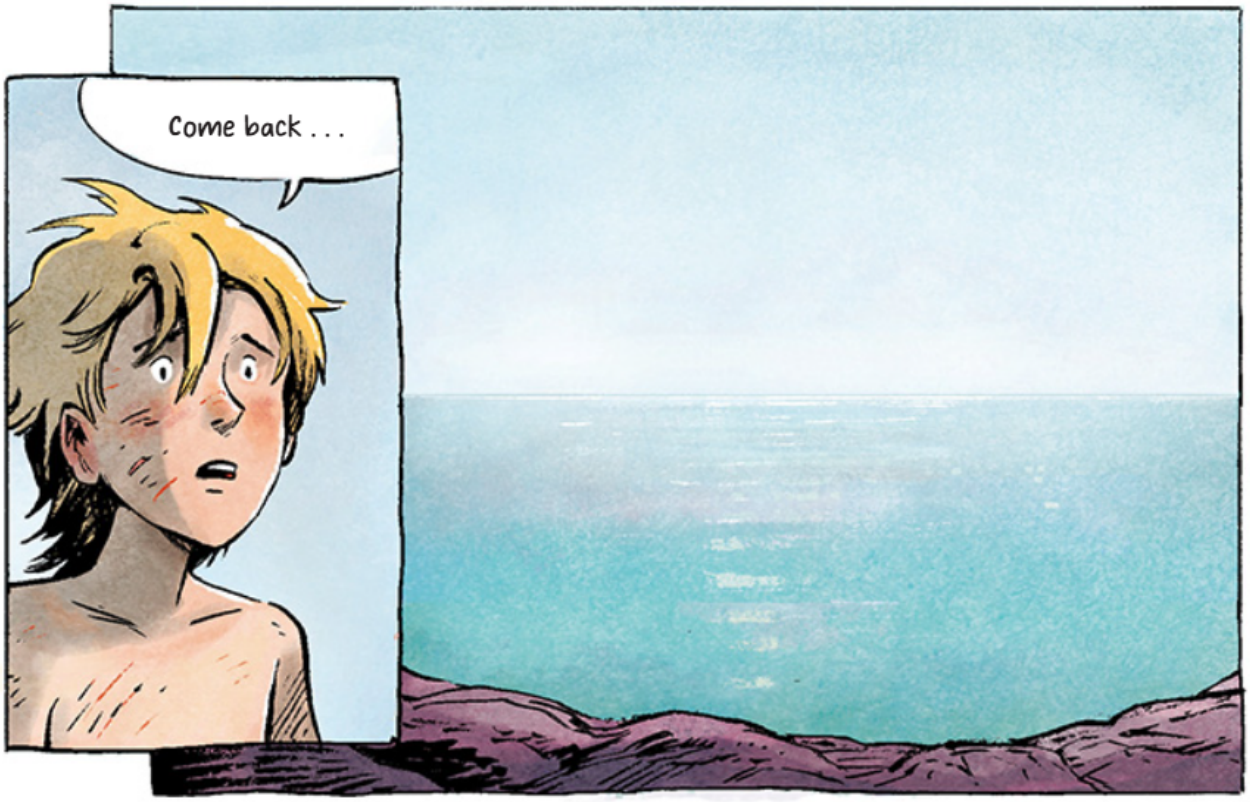
Smoke!
Smoke!
Ralph started to run.
The smoke was a tight little knot on the horizon and was uncoiling slowly.

Ralph!
Is there a signal?
Ralph continued to watch the ship, ravenously.
He was using precious breath to swear.
Ralph! Please! Is there a signal?
Ralph!
Oh God, oh God!


Oh God . . .
Oh God . . .
No . . . Please . . .
No!
They let the bloody fire out.

Come back!
Come back!
come back!

Come back!


Come back . . .

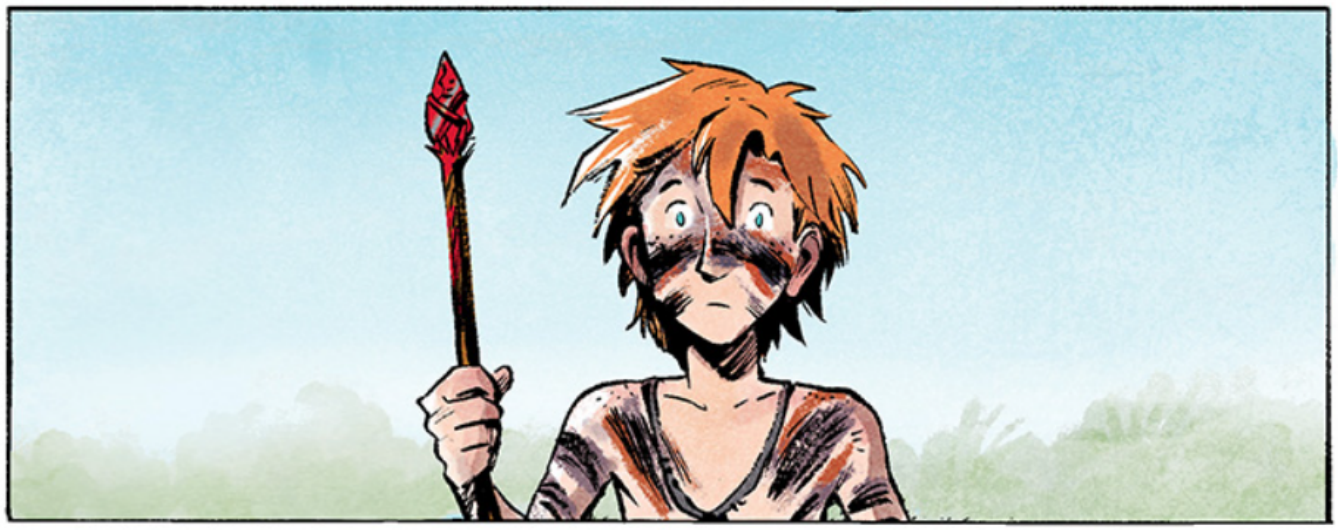
Kill the pig!
Cut her throat!
Spill her blood!
Kill the pig!
Cut her throat!
Spill her blood!

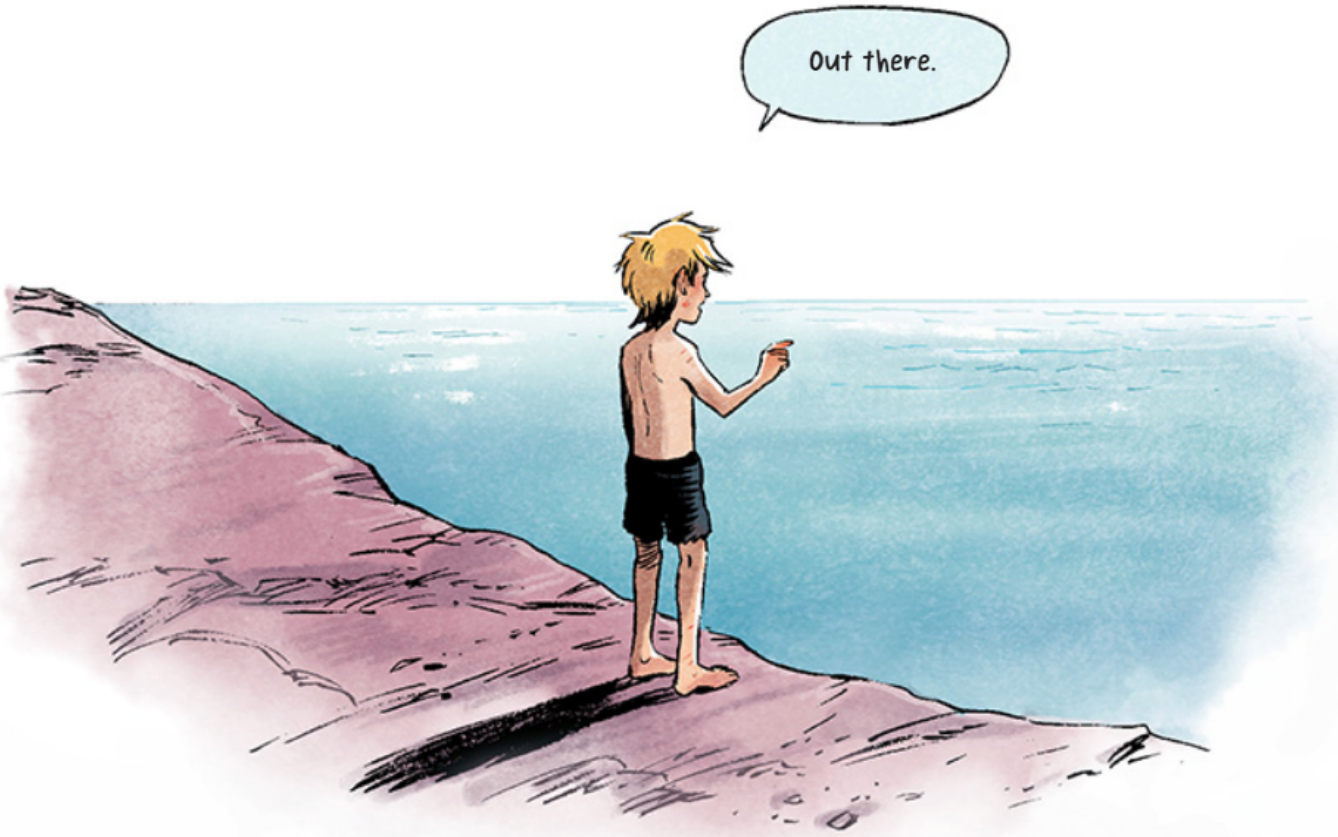
Kill the pig!
Cut her throat!
Spill her blood!
Kill the pig!
Cut her throat!
Spill her blood!

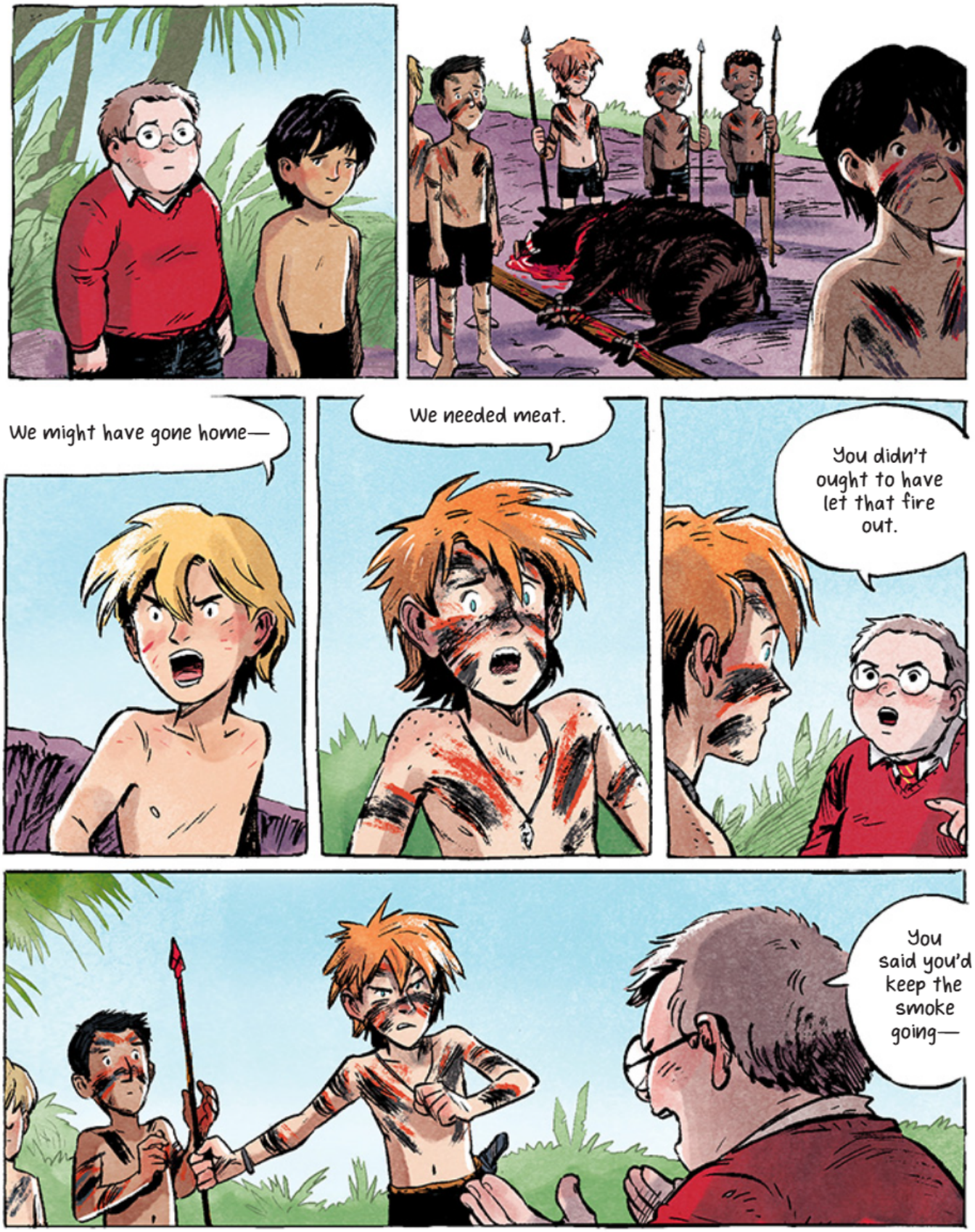
Look! We've killed a pig!
We hit the pig – I fell on top.
I cut the pig's throat!
There was lashings of blood.
You should've seen it!
You let the fire out.
The fire's only been out an hour or two.
We can light it up again.
You should've seen the blood! We got in a circle. We crept up. The pig squealed—

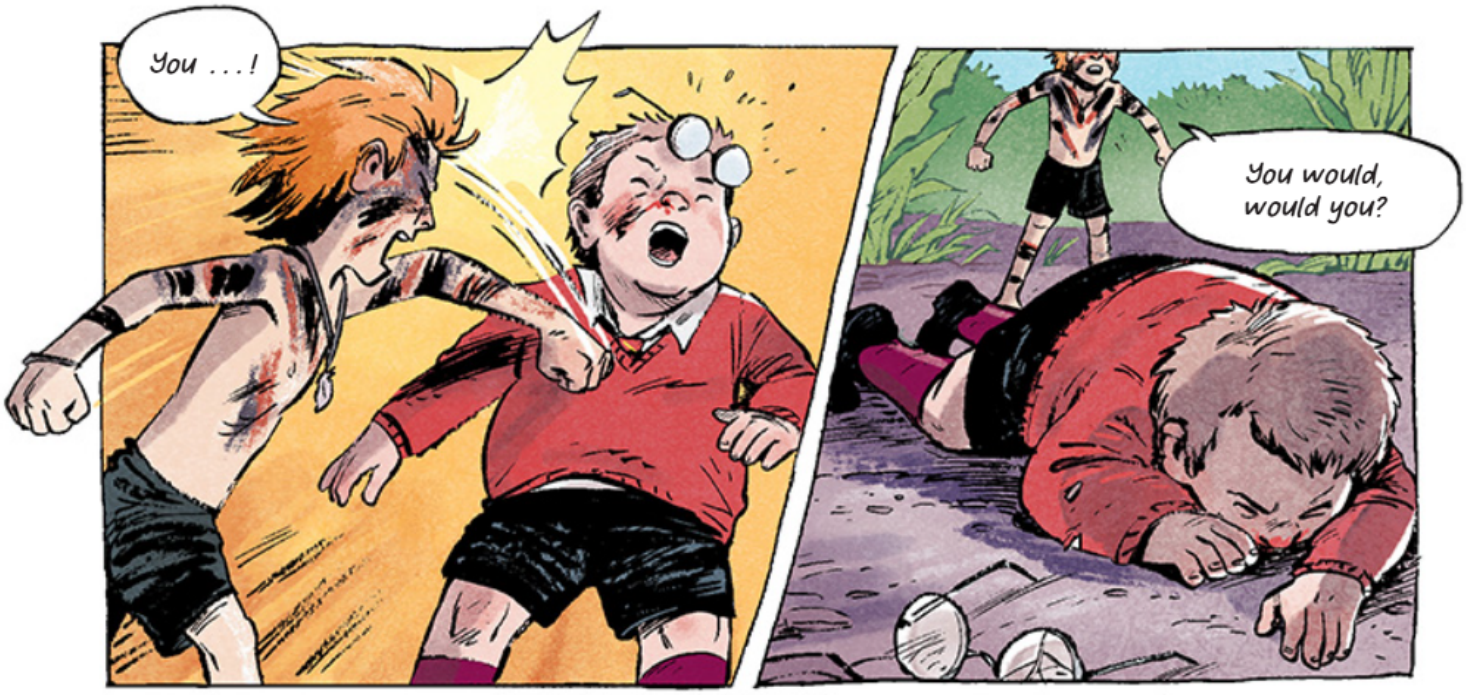
You and your blood, Jack Merridew.
You and your hunting.

There was a ship.

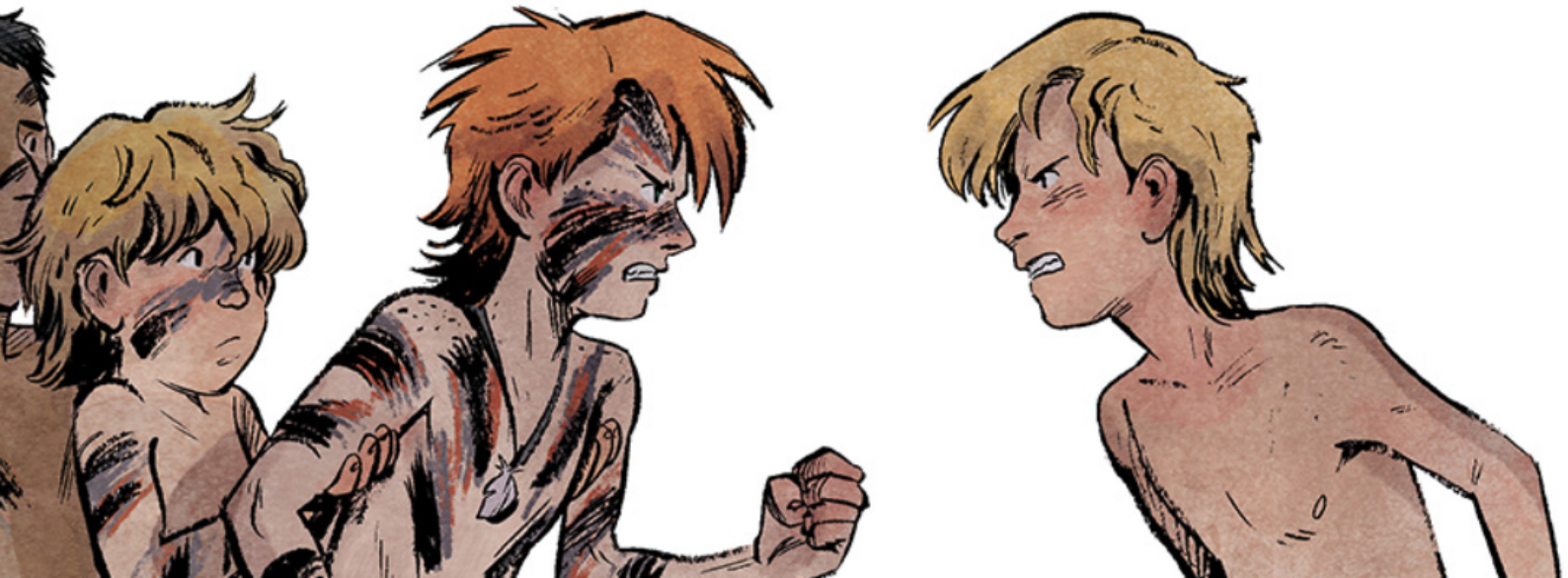


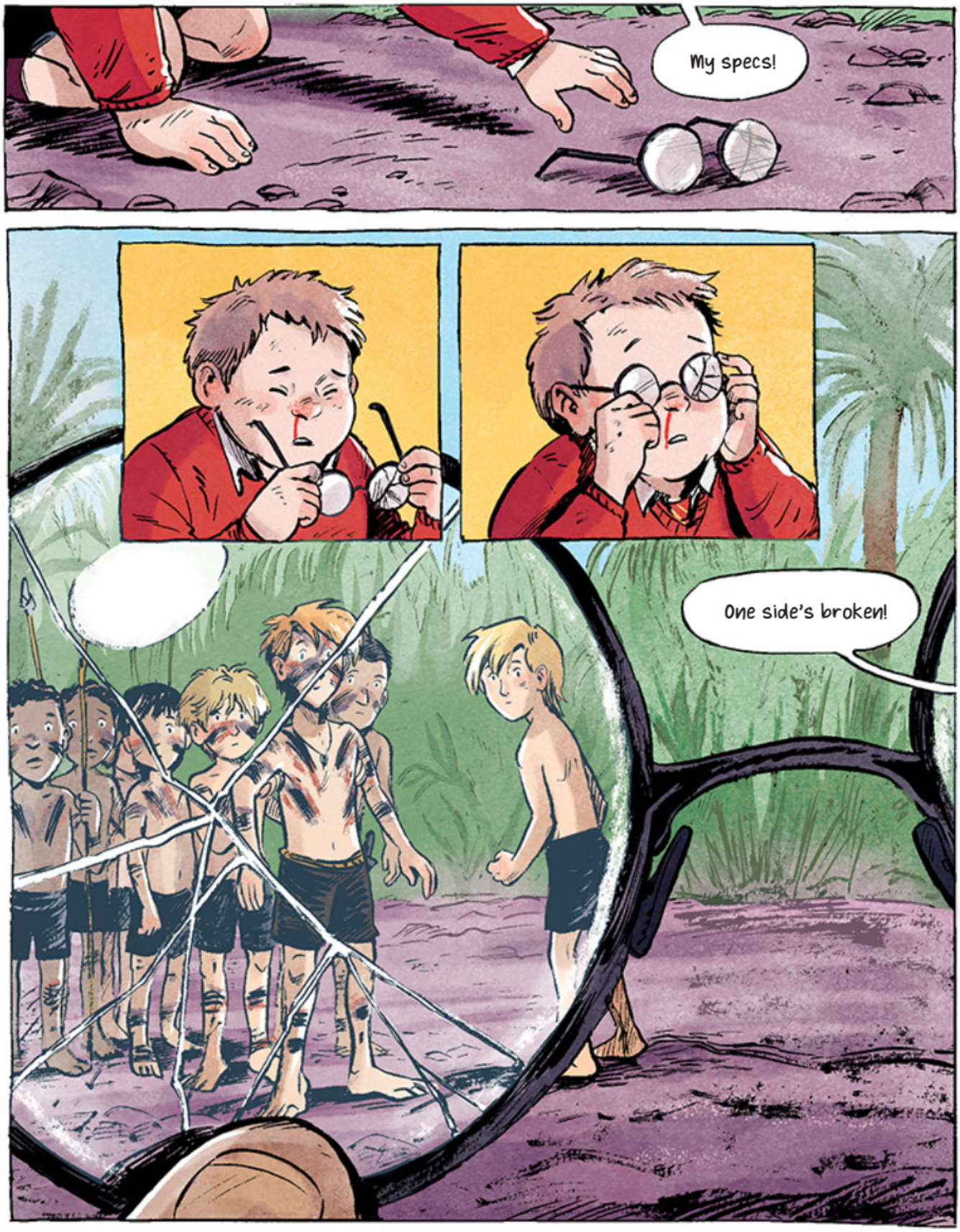

Out there.


We might have gone home—
We needed meat.
You didn't ought to have let that fire out.
You said you'd keep the smoke going—


You . . . !
You would, would you?

That was a dirty trick!

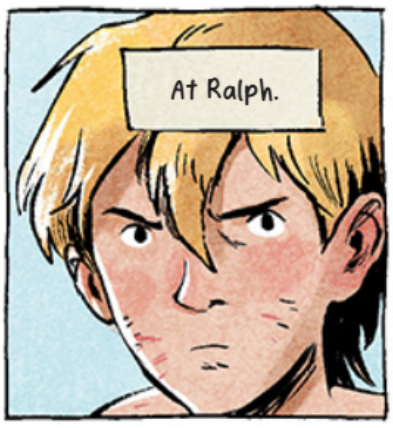



My specs!
One side's broken!

Jack stood facing Ralph.

He looked at Piggy.

At the hunters.


At Ralph.

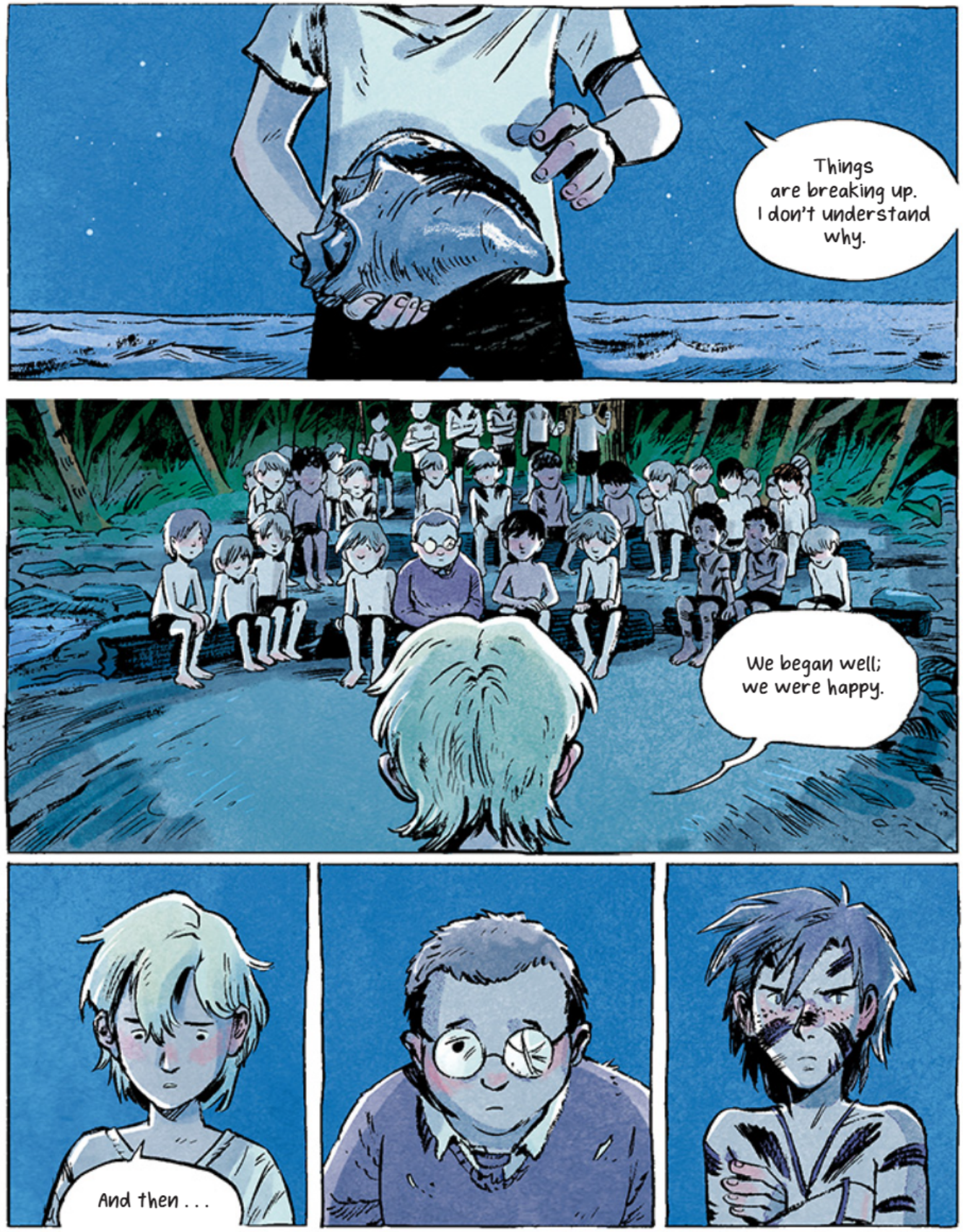
All right, all right!
I apologize.

Light the fire.

CHAPTER 5

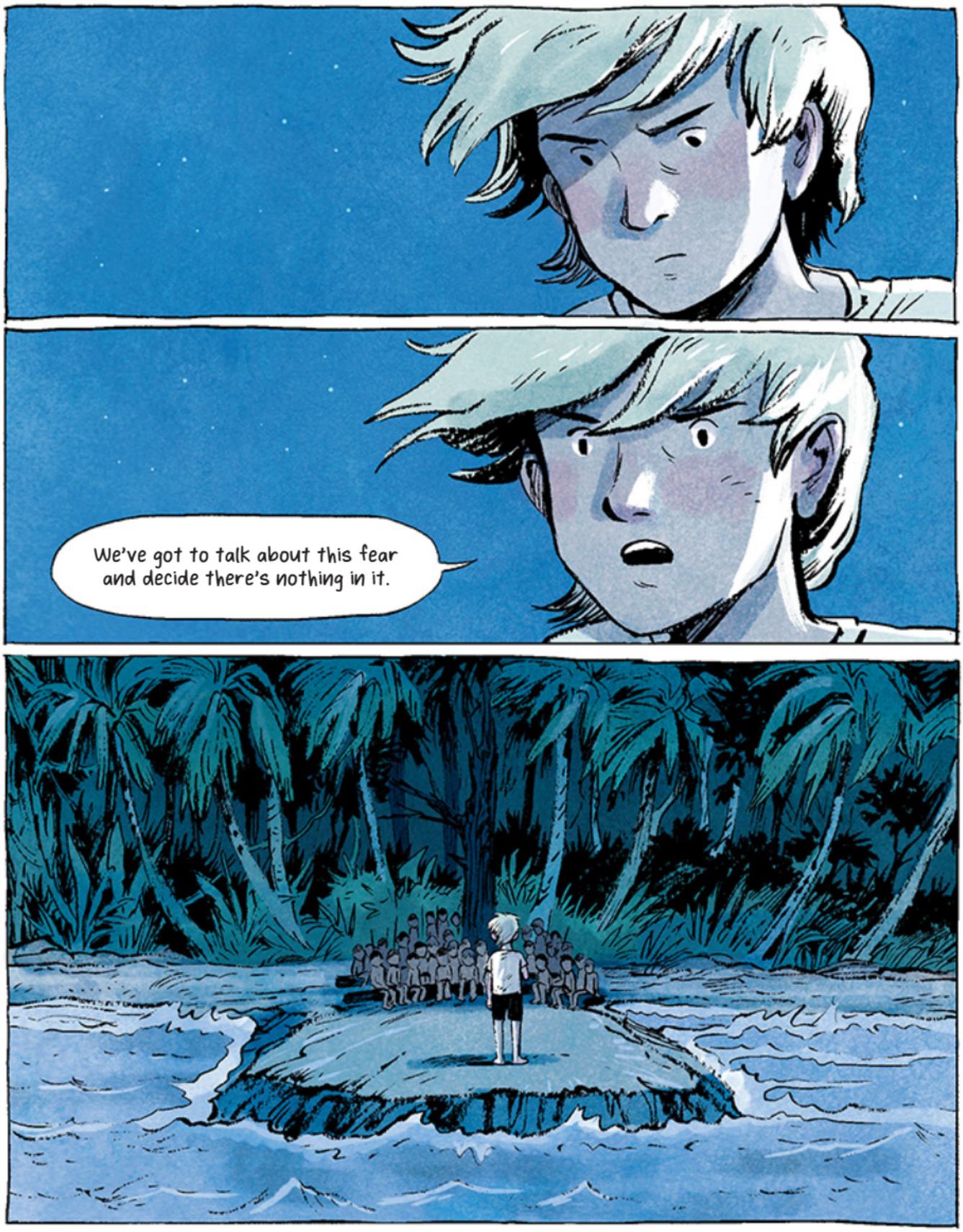
Beast from Water

They had never had an assembly as late before.


Things are breaking up. I don't understand why.
We began well; we were happy.
And then . . .

Look at us! How many are we?
And yet we can't keep a fire going to make smoke.
The fire is the most important thing on the island.
And another thing.
This place is getting dirty.

We chose those rocks right along beyond the bathing-pool as a lavatory. The tide cleans the place up.
You littluns know about that.
We've all got to use the rocks again.
I haven't finished yet!
But you've talked and talked!
I've got the conch.
Then the last thing.


We've got to talk about this fear and decide there's nothing in it.

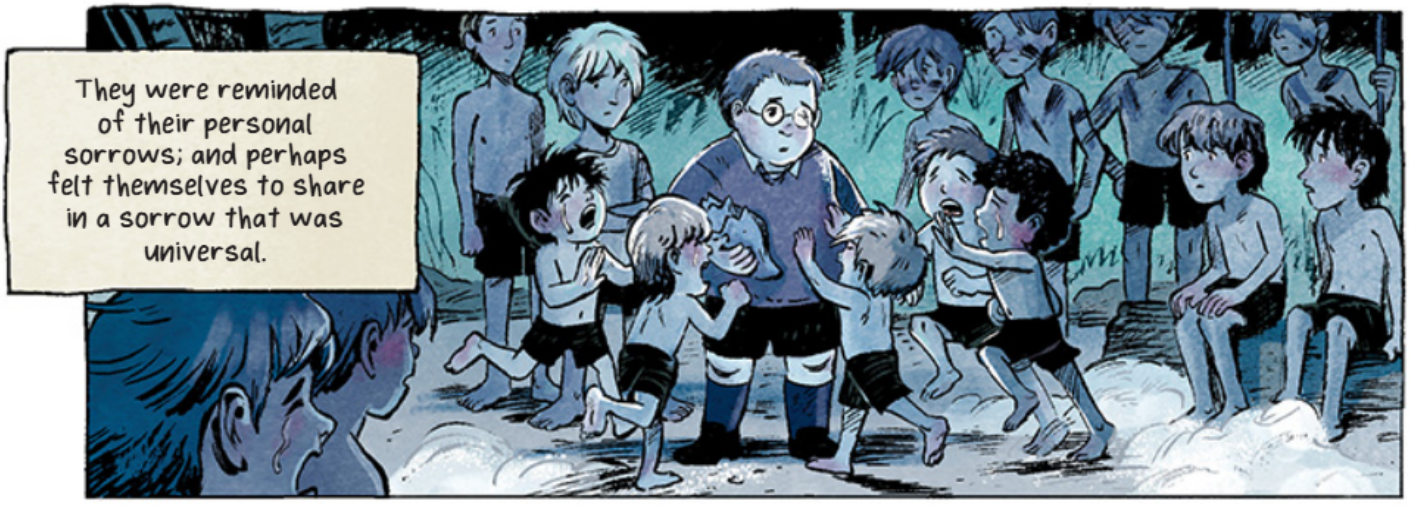
There aren't any beasts to be afraid of on this island.
Of course we're frightened sometimes but we put up with being frightened.
You don't hunt or build or help – you're a lot of cry-babies and sissies. That's what.
I've been all over this island. By myself. If there were a beast I'd have seen it.
I don't agree with all Jack said, but with some.
'Course there isn't a beast in the forest. How could there be?
What would a beast eat?
Pig.
We eat pig.

Daddy said they haven't found all the animals in the sea yet.

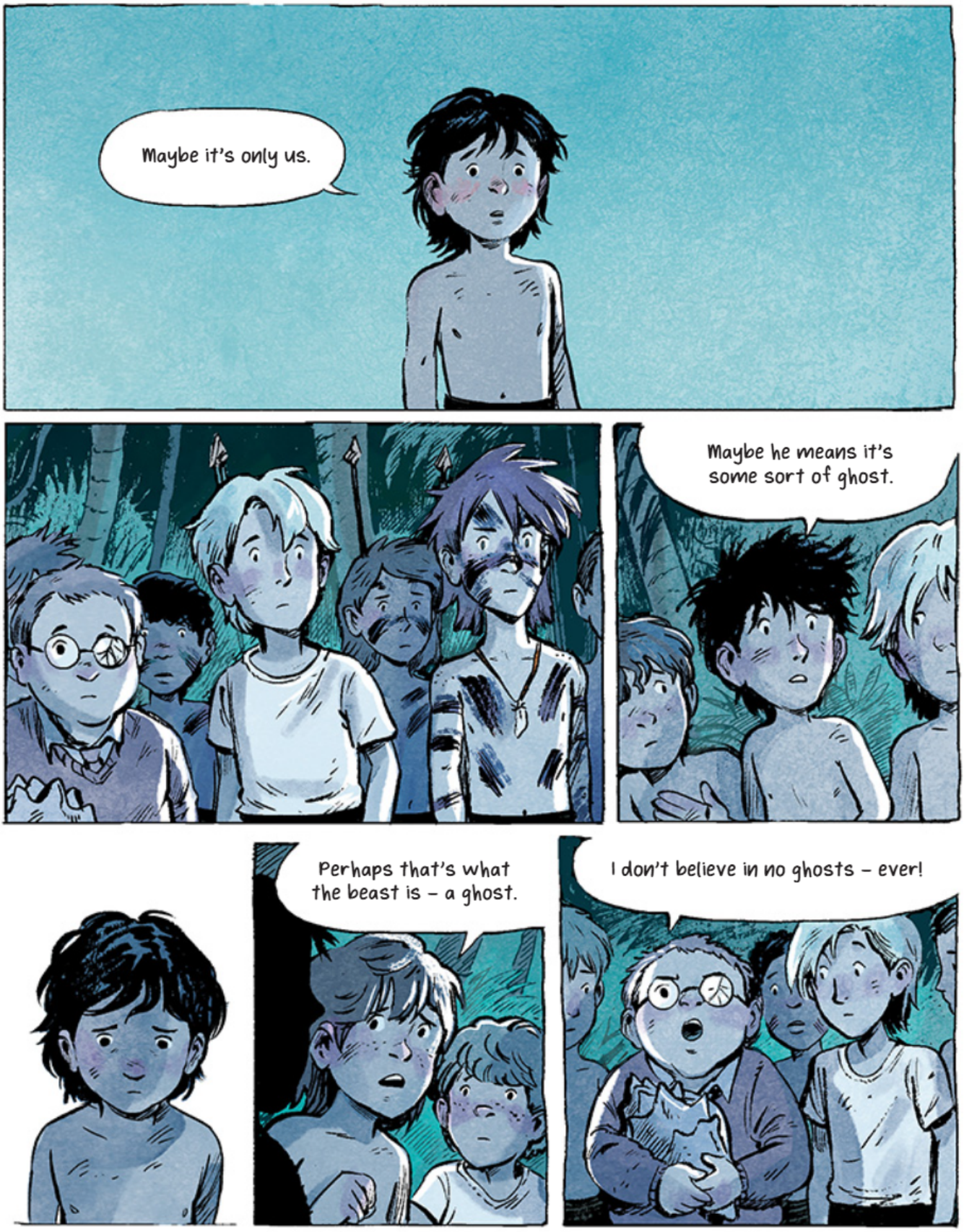
There's things, what d'you call 'em that make ink – squids – that are hundreds of yards long and eat whales whole.

CRASH!

For now the littluns were no longer silent.


They were reminded of their personal sorrows; and perhaps felt themselves to share in a sorrow that was universal.

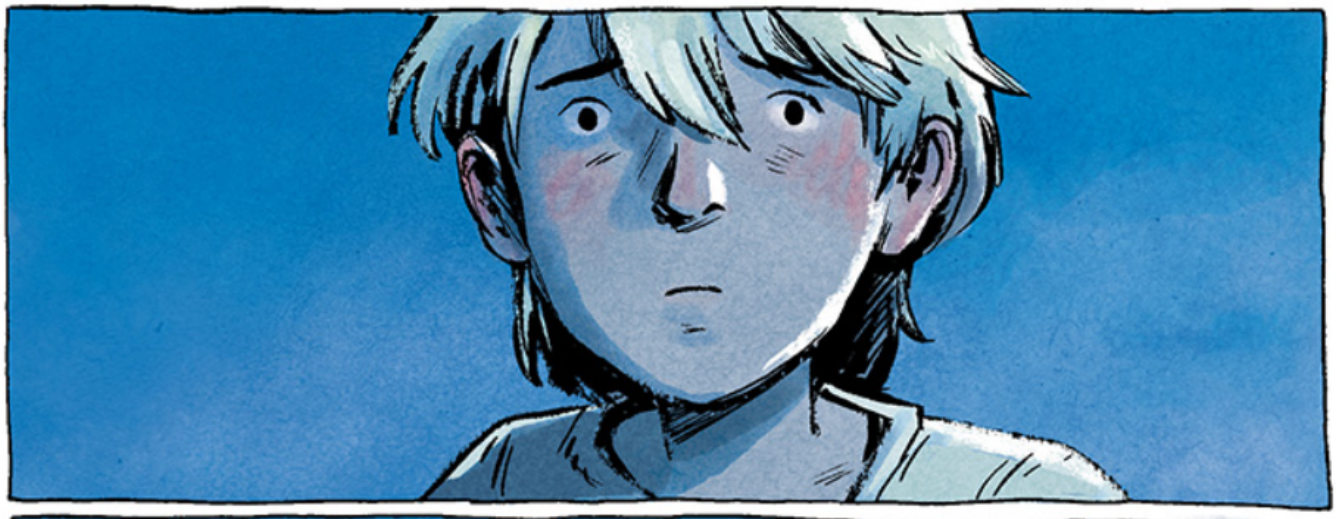
Grown-ups know things. They ain't afraid of the dark. They'd meet and have tea and—
What are we? Humans? Or animals?
What's grown-ups going to think?
Maybe . . .
Maybe there is a beast.
You, Simon? You believe in this?


Maybe it's only us.
Maybe he means it's some sort of ghost.
Perhaps that's what the beast is – a ghost.
I don't believe in no ghosts – ever!

Who cares what you believe!
I got the conch!
Shut up!
You gimme the conch back!
Sit down!
There's too much talking out of turn.

Who cares what you believe!
I got the conch!
Shut up!
You gimme the conch back!
Sit down!
There's too much talking out of turn.

The rules!
You're breaking the rules!
Who cares?
Because the rules are the only thing we've got!
Bollocks to the rules!

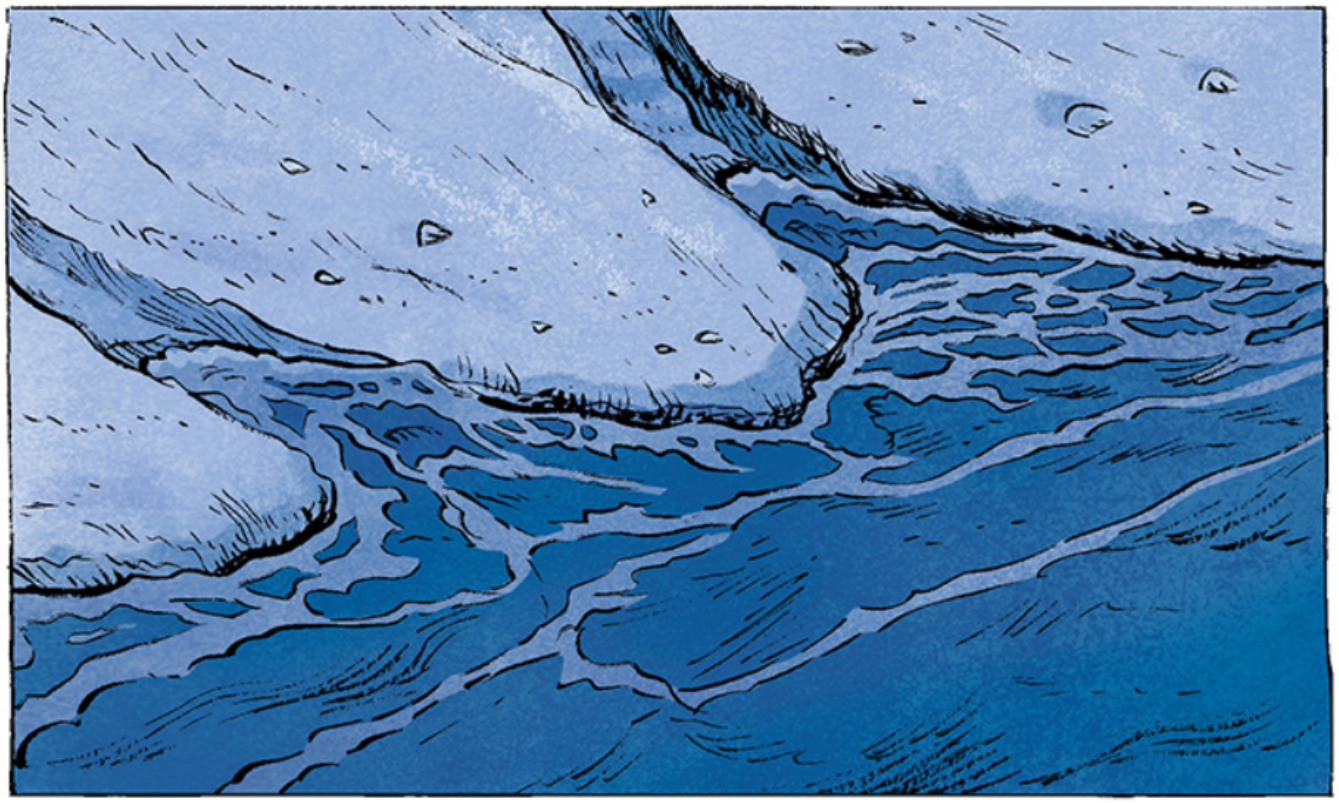


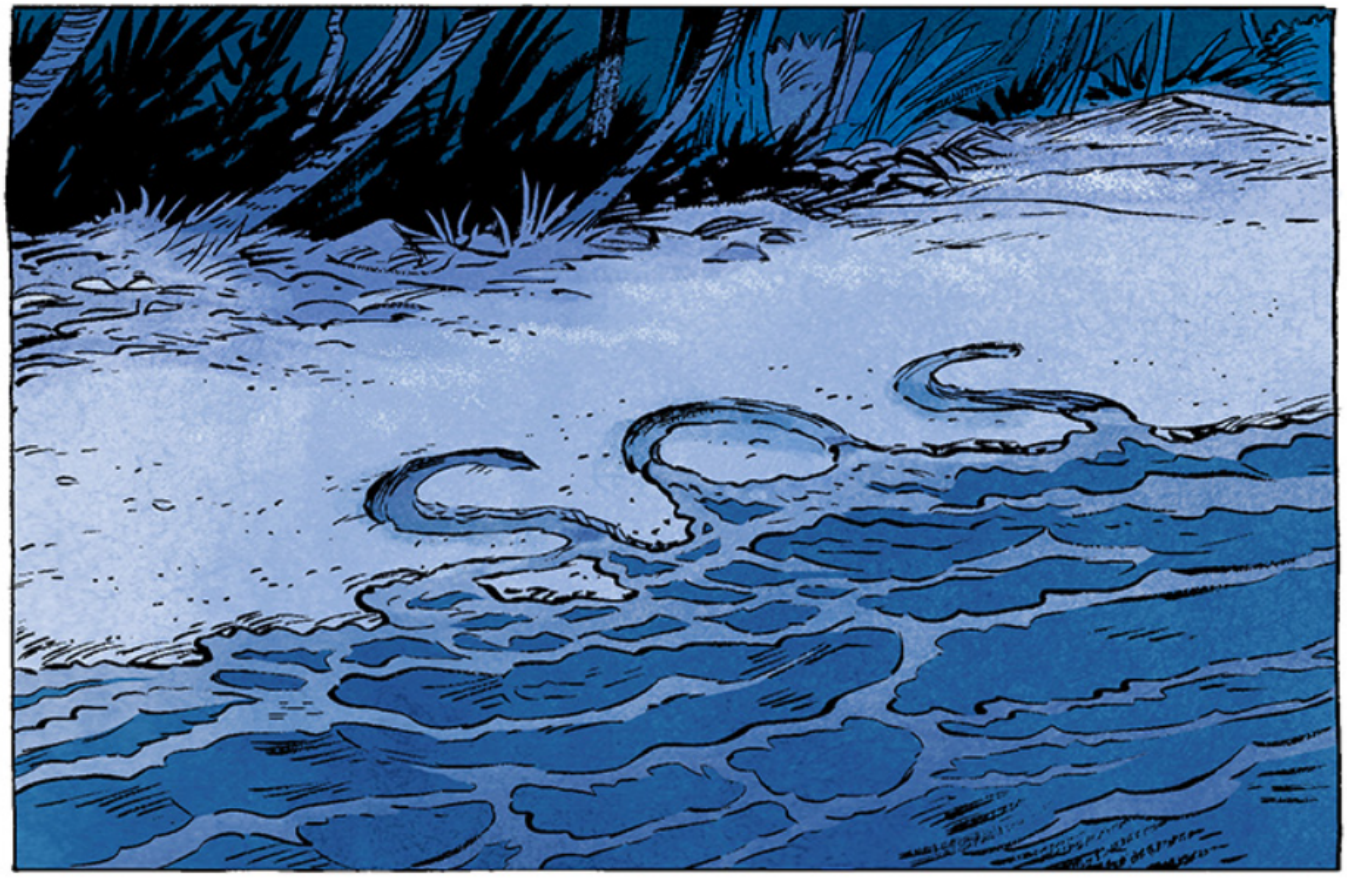
The careful plan of this assembly had broken down.
Fear, beasts, no general agreement that the fire was all-important: and when one tried to get the thing straight the argument sheered off, bringing up fresh, unpleasant matter.

To Ralph, seated, this seemed the breaking-up of sanity.

CHAPTER 6

Beast from Air

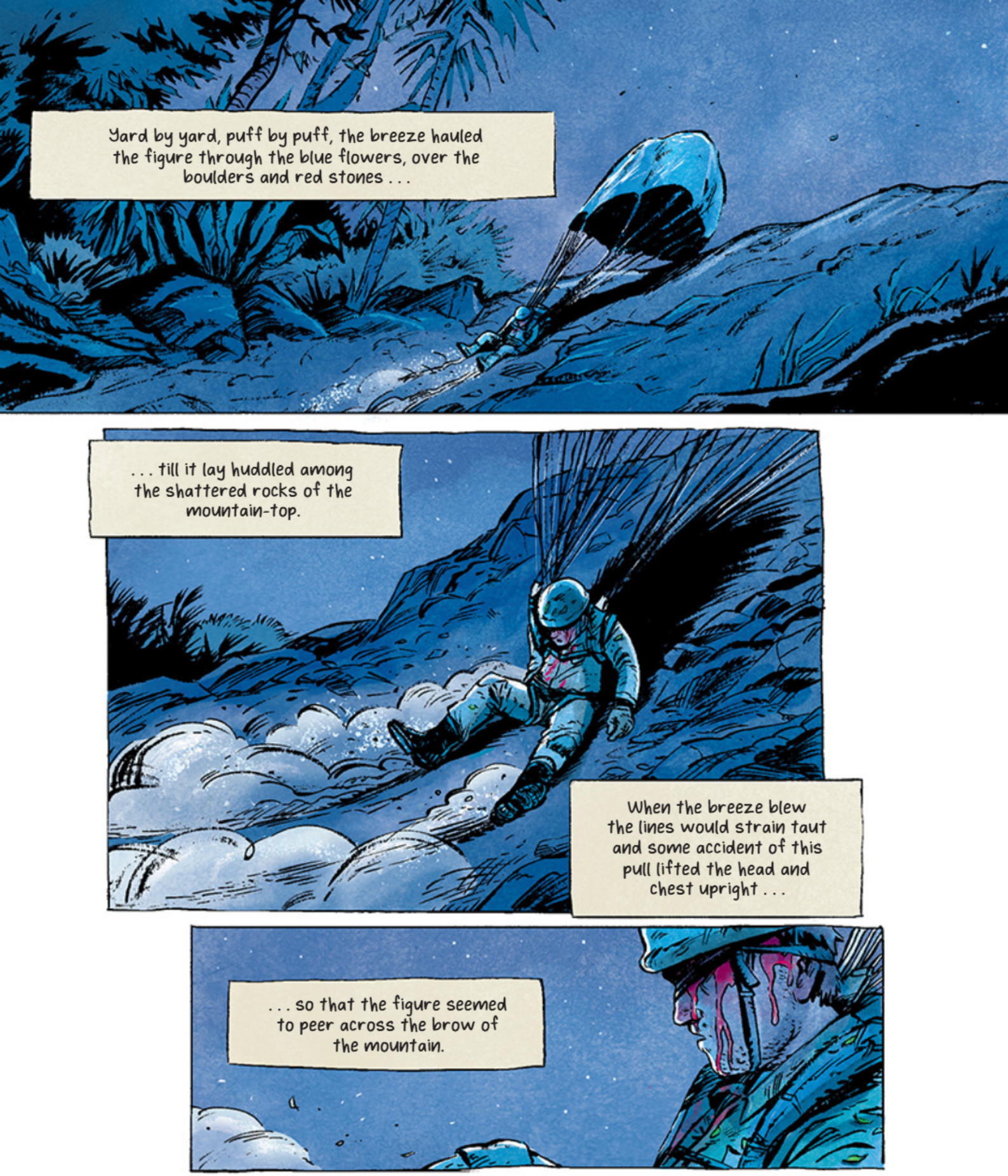


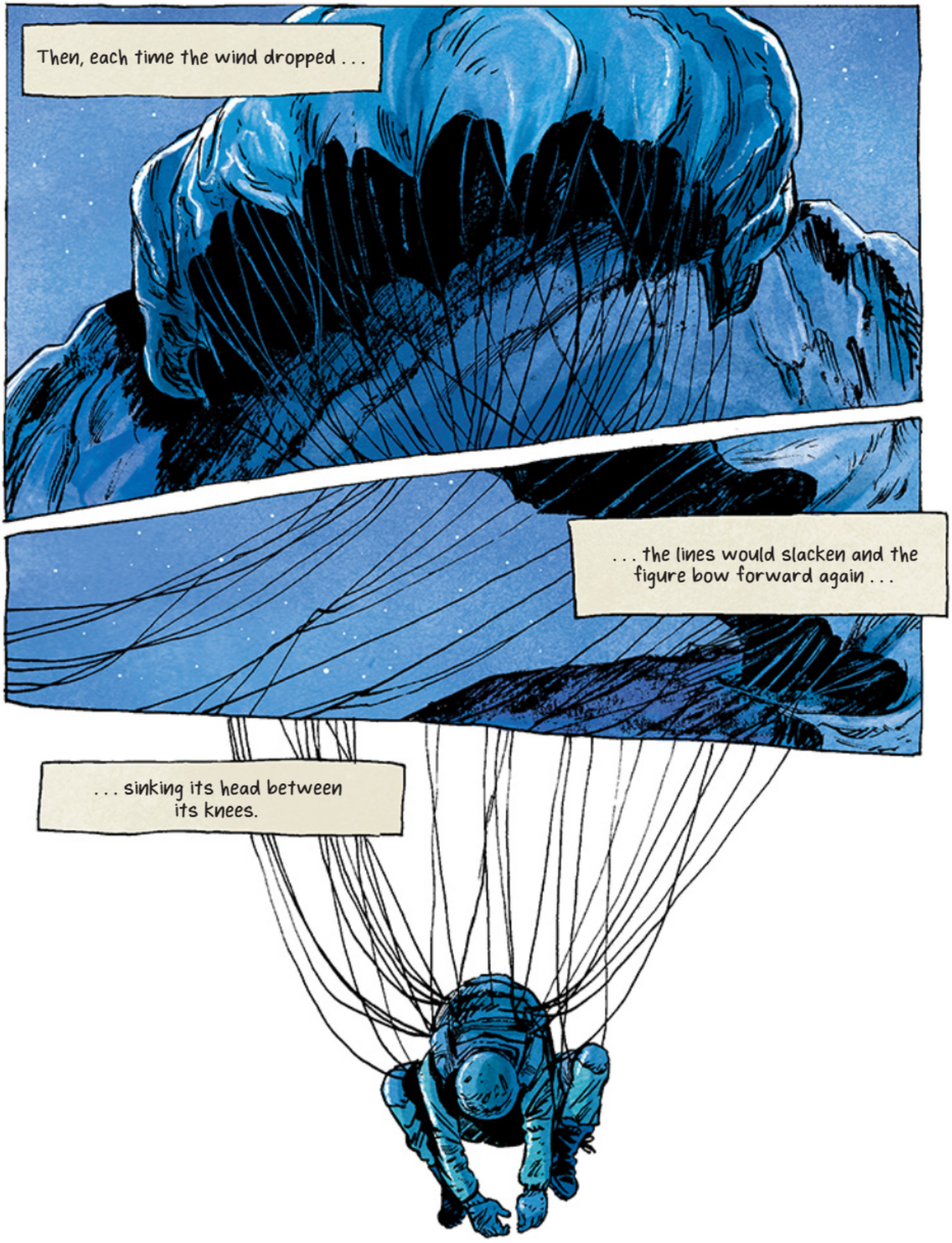

SOS

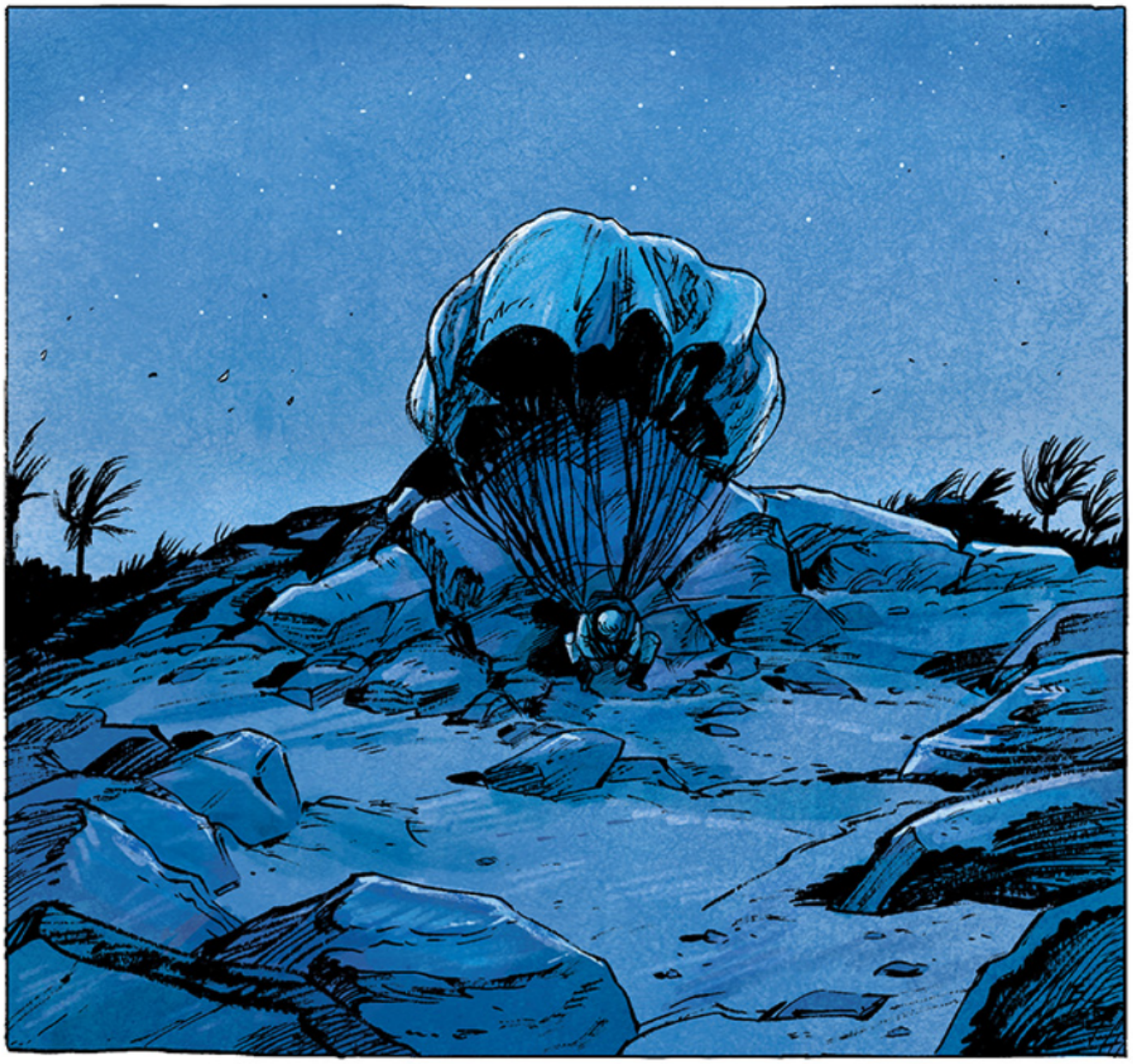
There was no light left save that of the stars.
But a sign came down from the world of grown-ups, though at the time there was no child awake to read it.

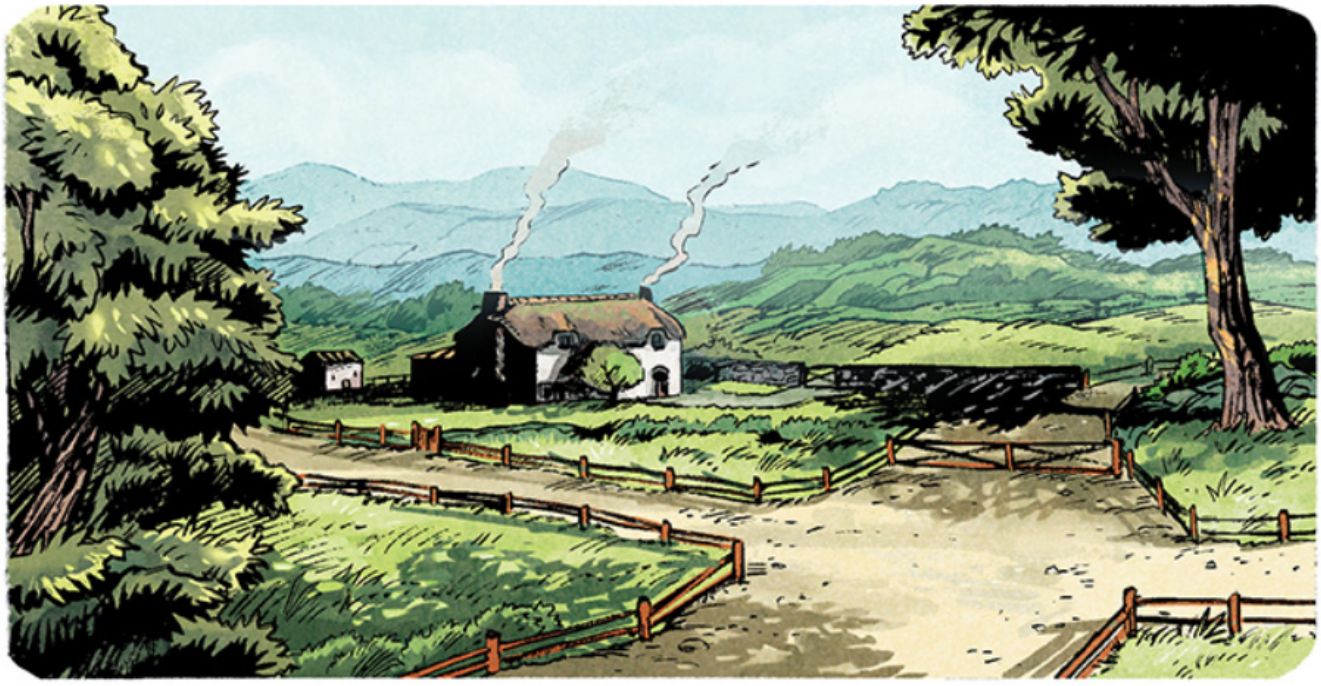
There was a sudden bright explosion . . .
. . . and a corkscrew trail across the sky . . .
. . . then darkness again and stars.

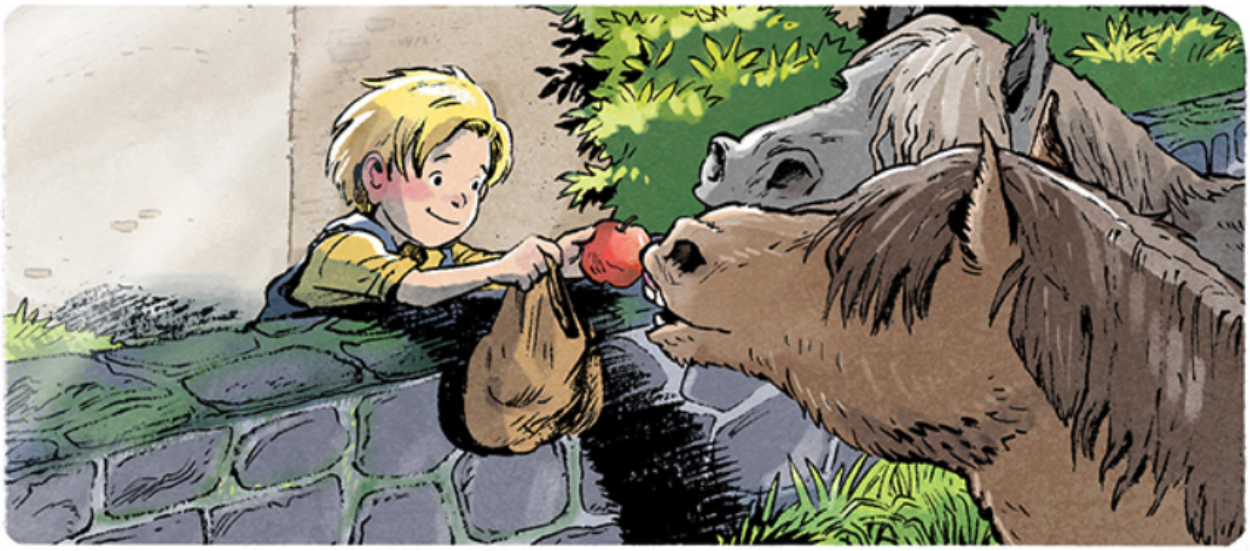
There was a speck above the island . . .
. . . a figure dropping swiftly beneath a parachute . . .
. . . a figure that hung with dangling limbs.

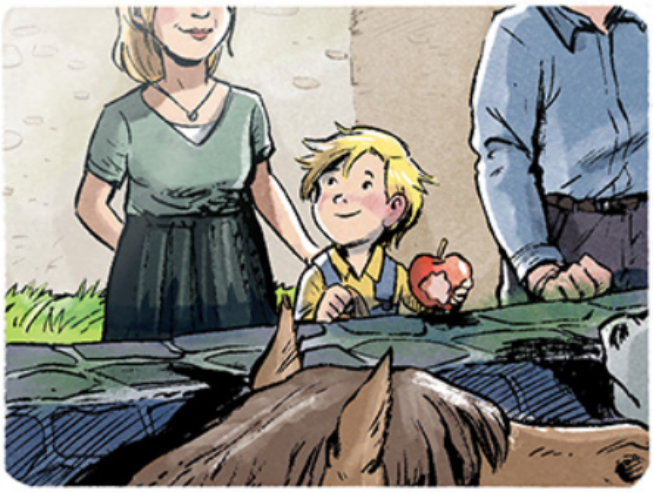

Yard by yard, puff by puff, the breeze hauled the figure through the blue flowers, over the boulders and red stones . . .
. . . till it lay huddled among the shattered rocks of the mountain-top.
When the breeze blew the lines would strain taut and some accident of this pull lifted the head and chest upright . . .
. . . so that the figure seemed to peer across the brow of the mountain.

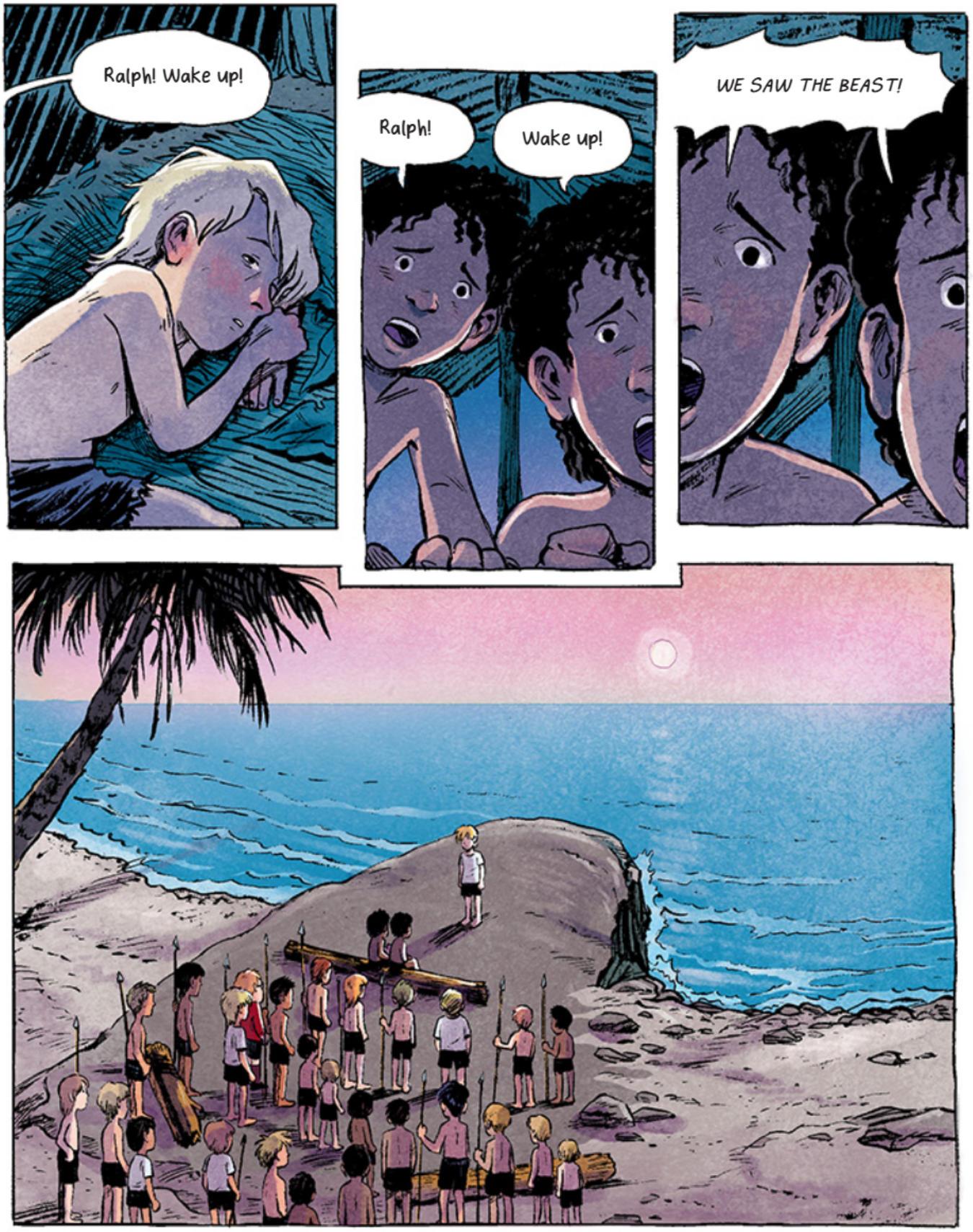

Then, each time the wind dropped . . .
. . . the lines would slacken and the figure bow forward again . . .
. . . sinking its head between its knees.










Ralph! Wake up!
Ralph!
Wake up!
WE SAW THE BEAST!

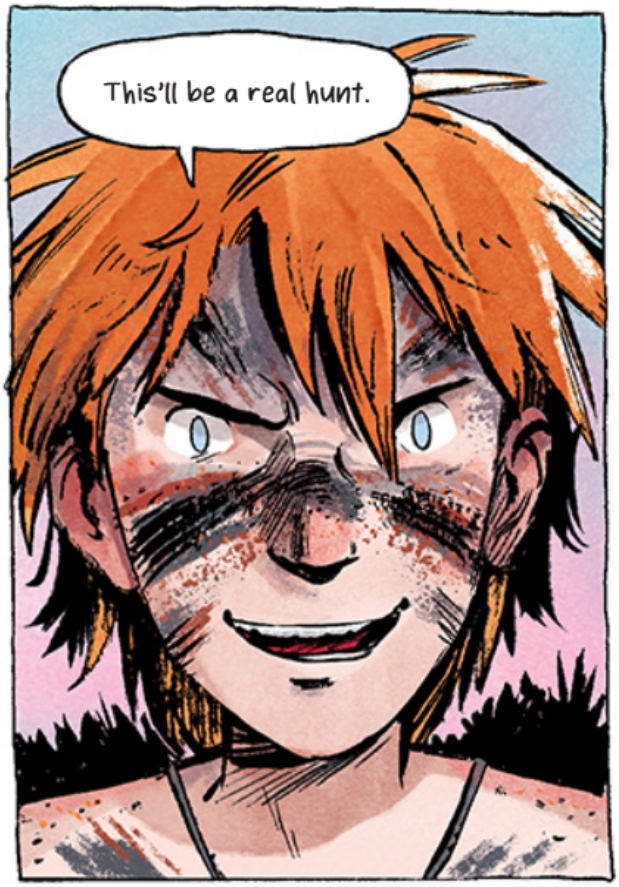
There was something moving behind its head.

The beast moved too—

That was awful. It kind of sat up—

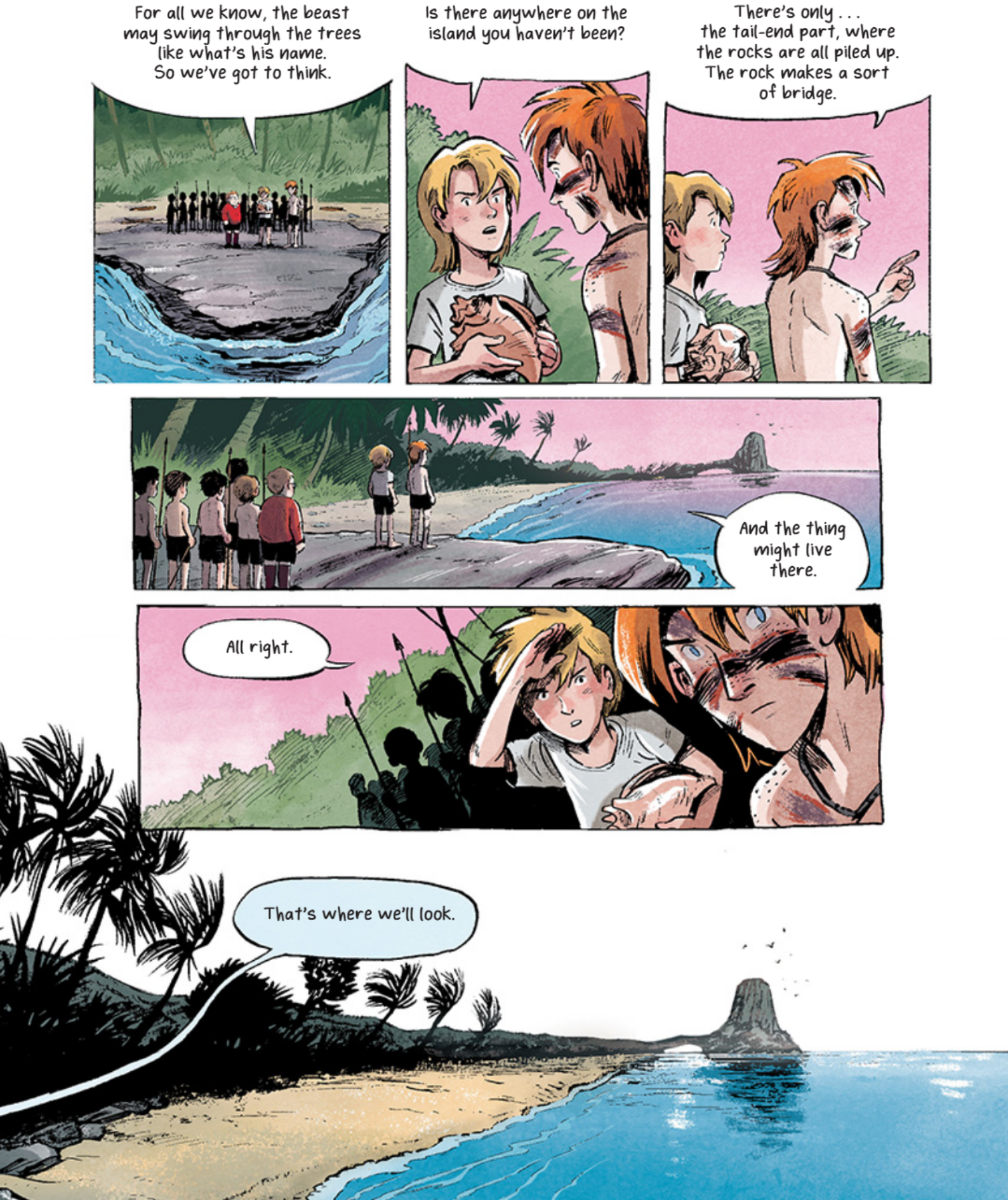
There were eyes—

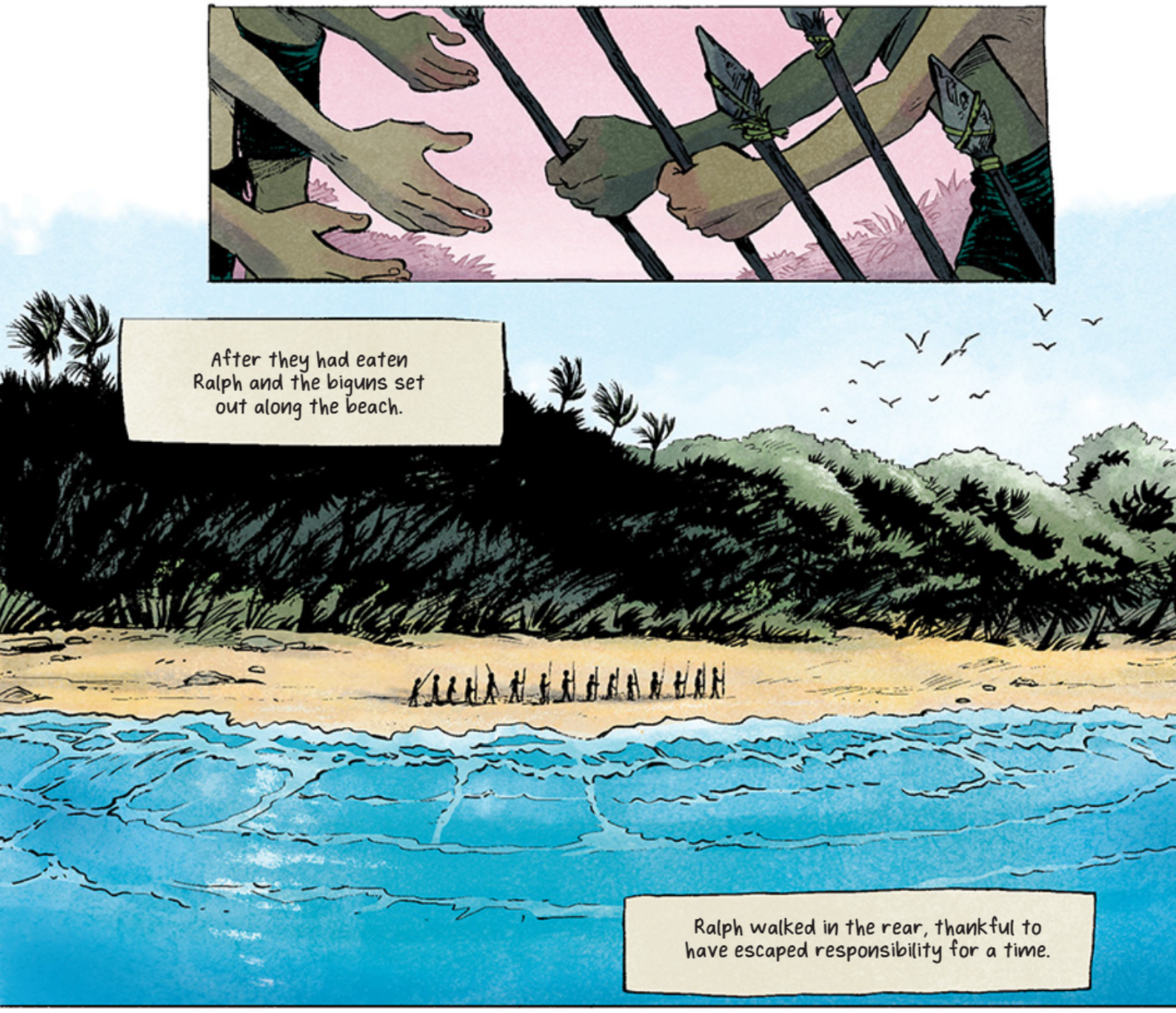
We ran as fast as we could.

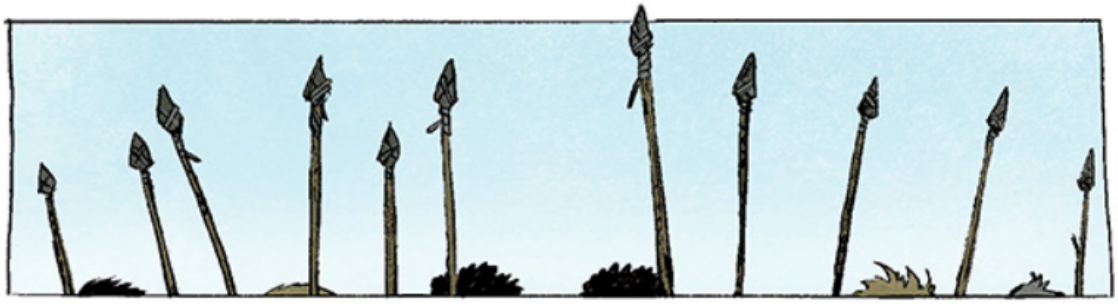

This'll be a real hunt.

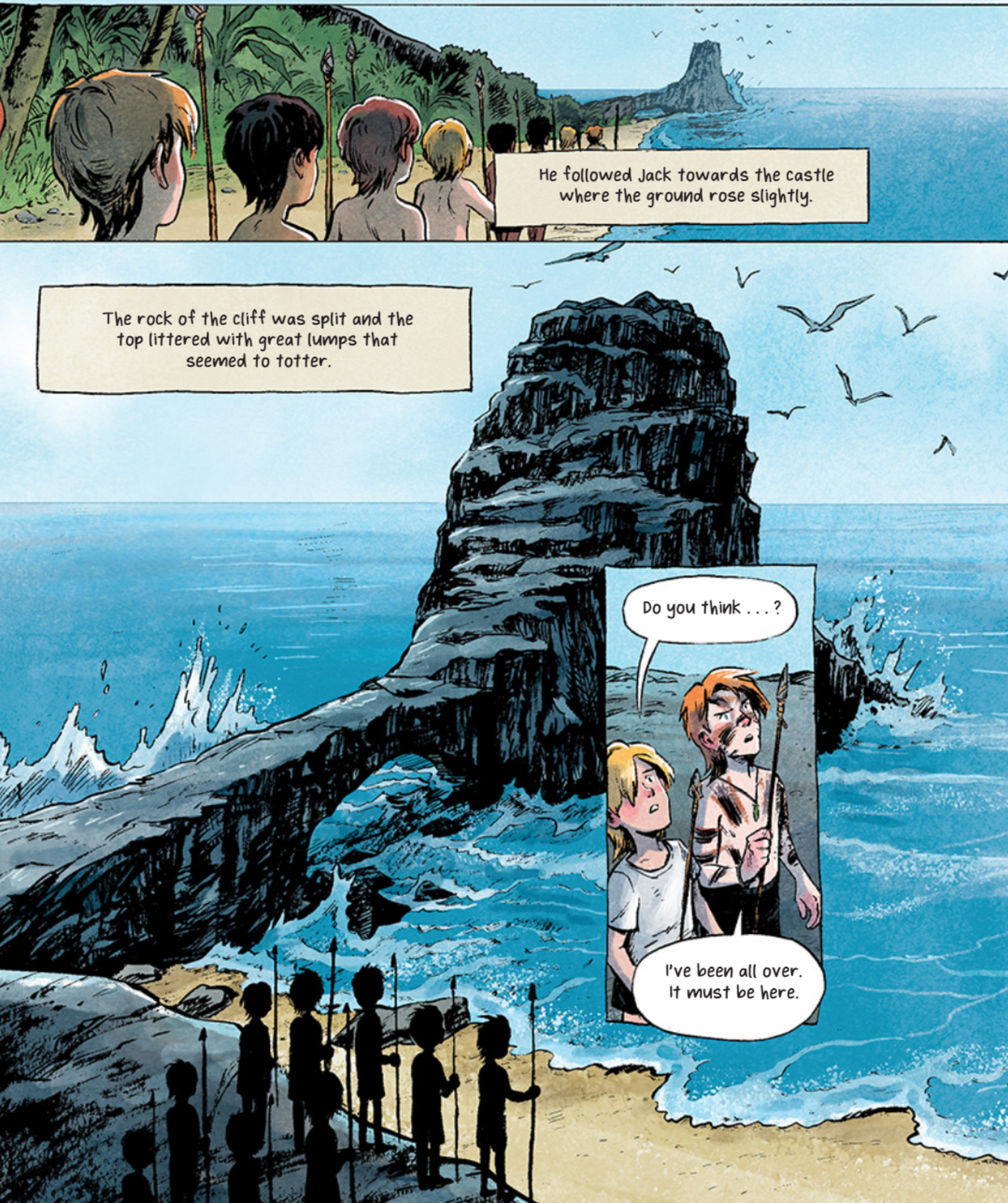
Who'll come?

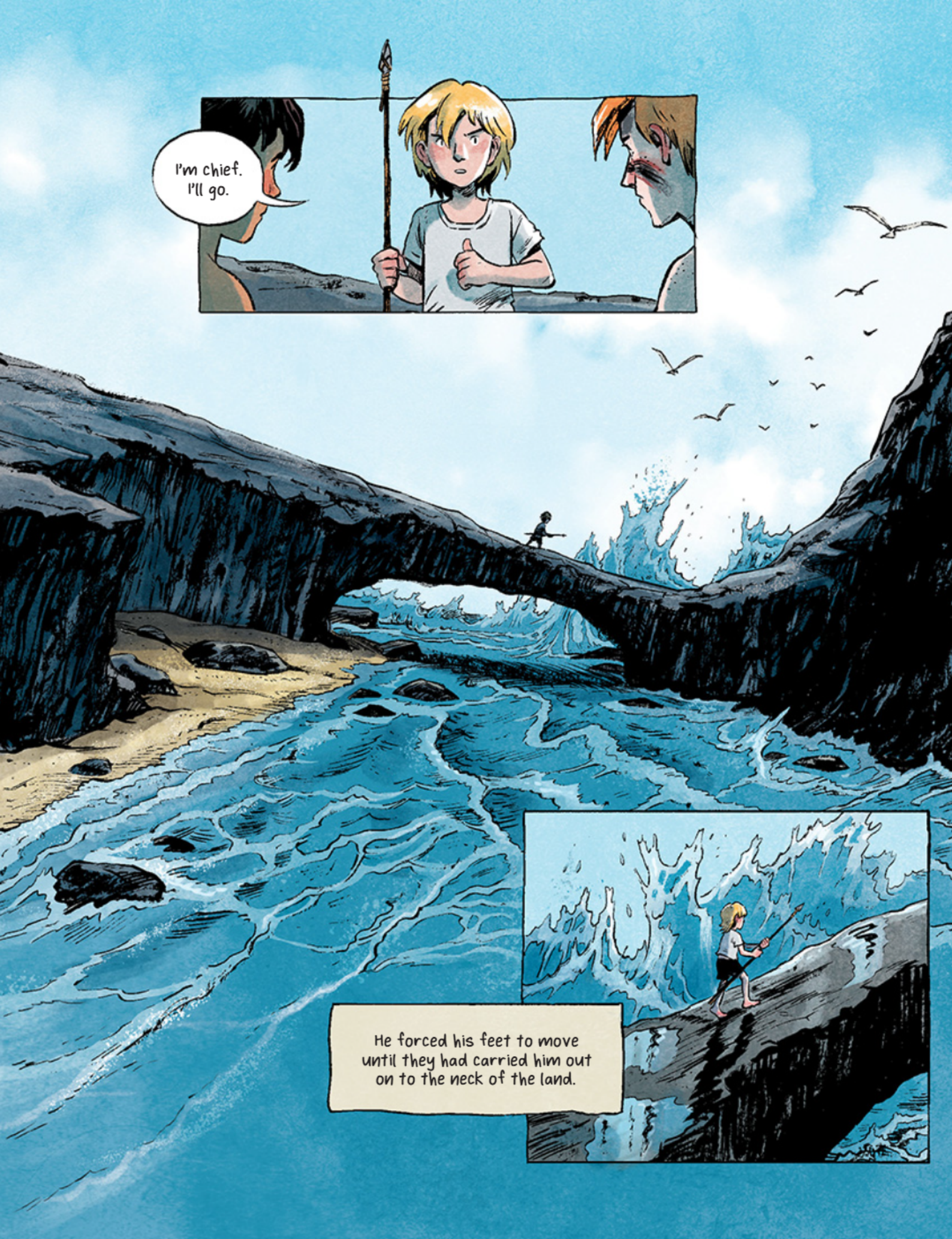
How about us? Suppose the beast comes when you're all away. I can't see proper, and if I get scared—
You're always scared.
I got the conch—
Conch! Conch!
We don't need the conch any more. We know who ought to say things.
It's time some people knew they've got to keep quiet and leave deciding things to the rest of us—
Quiet!
You can't have an ordinary hunt because the beast doesn't leave tracks. If it did you'd have seen them.


For all we know, the beast may swing through the trees like what's his name. So we've got to think.
Is there anywhere on the island you haven't been?
There's only . . . the tail-end part, where the rocks are all piled up. The rock makes a sort of bridge.
And the thing might live there.
All right.
That's where we'll look.

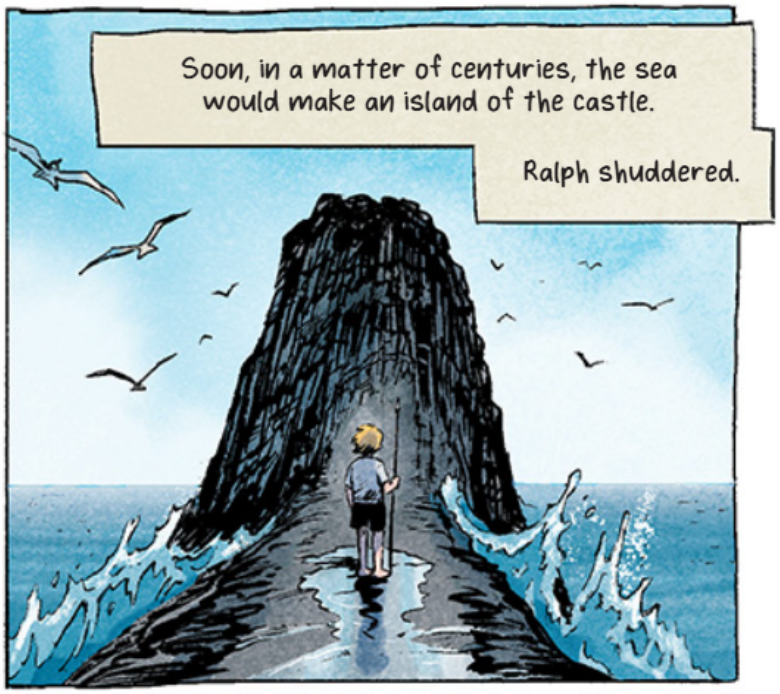

After they had eaten Ralph and the biguns set out along the beach.
Ralph walked in the rear, thankful to have escaped responsibility for a time.

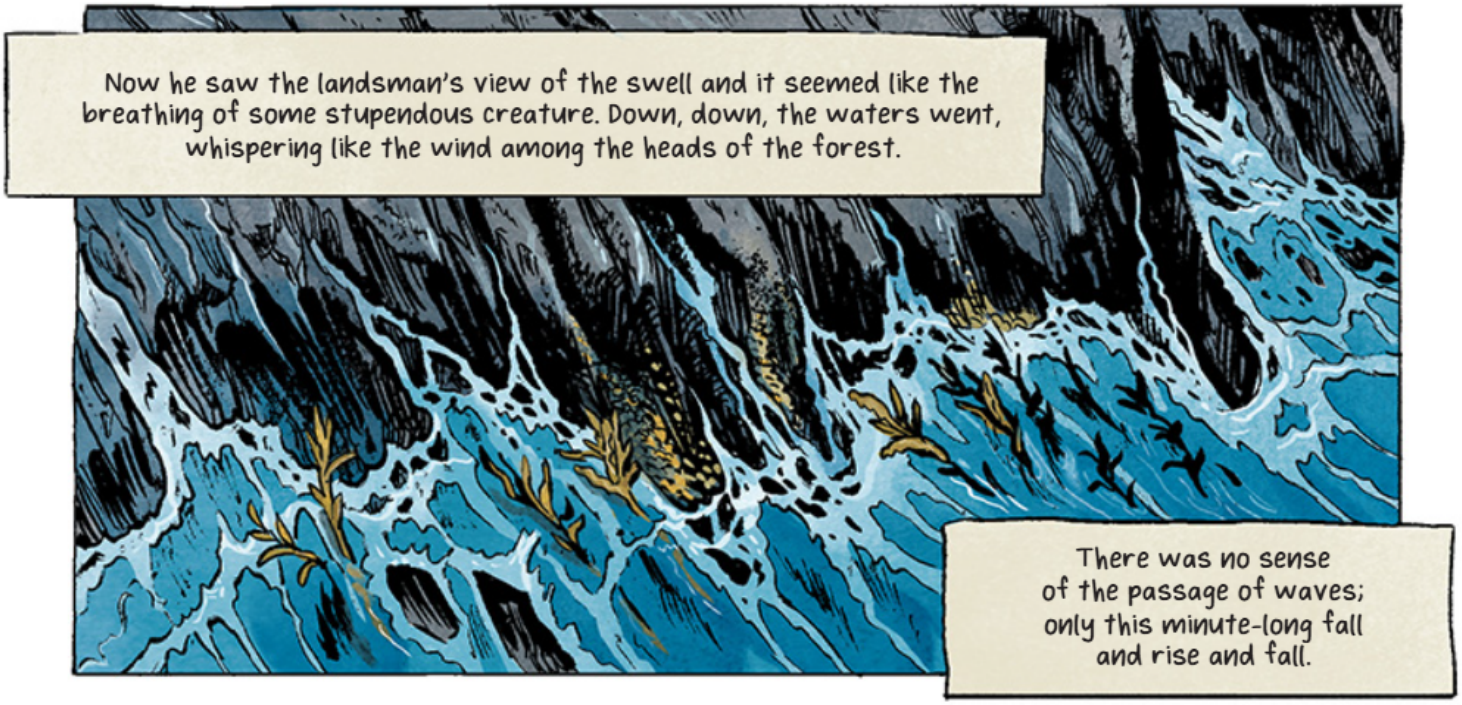


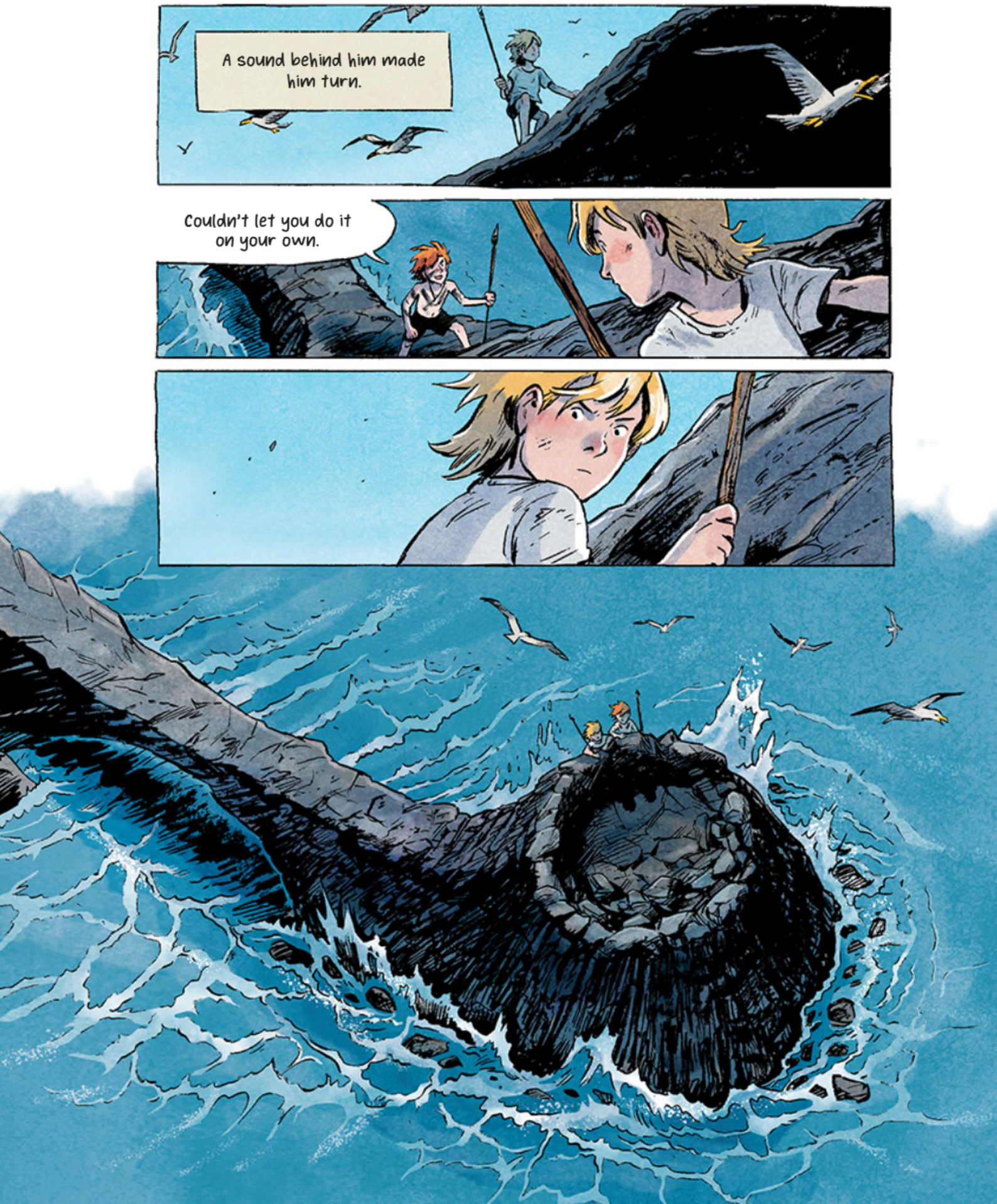

He followed Jack towards the castle where the ground rose slightly.
The rock of the cliff was split and the top littered with great lumps that seemed to totter.
Do you think . . . ?
I've been all over. It must be here.

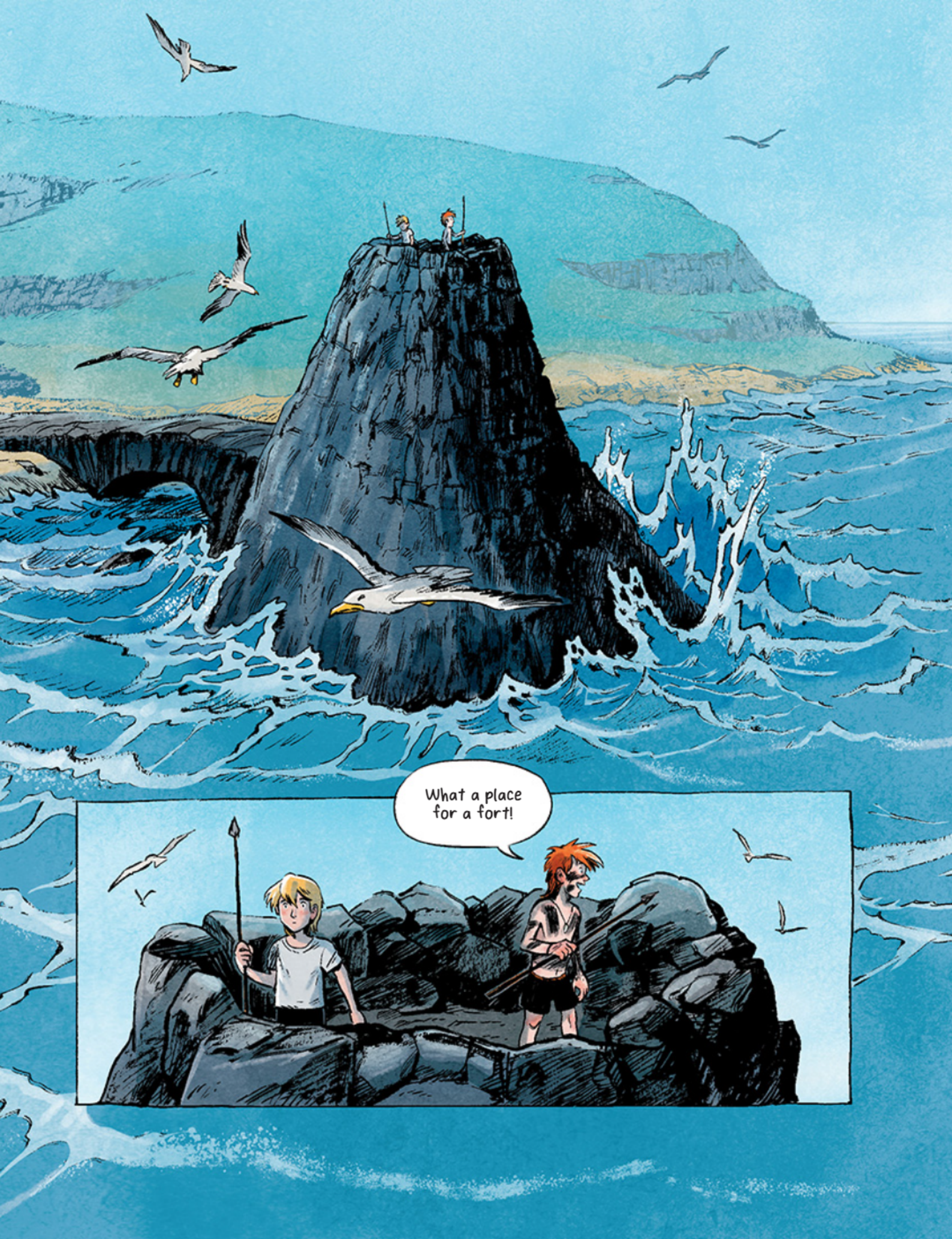

I'm chief. I'll go.
He forced his feet to move until they had carried him out on to the neck of the land.

There was nowhere to hide, even if one did not have to go on. He paused on the narrow neck and looked down.


Soon, in a matter of centuries, the sea would make an island of the castle.
Ralph shuddered.


Now he saw the landsman's view of the swell and it seemed like the breathing of some stupendous creature. Down, down, the waters went, whispering like the wind among the heads of the forest.
There was no sense of the passage of waves; only this minute-long fall and rise and fall.


A sound behind him made him turn.
Couldn't let you do it on your own.


What a place for a fort!

Do you remember? One heave, and – *wheee!*
We'll have to go back and climb the mountain.
That's where they saw the beast.
Why can't we stay here for a bit?
We've got to make certain.
The others, waiting in the grass, saw Jack and Ralph unharmed and broke cover into the sunlight.
They forgot the beast in the excitement of exploration.

They swarmed across the bridge and soon were climbing and shouting.

Stop it! Stop it!

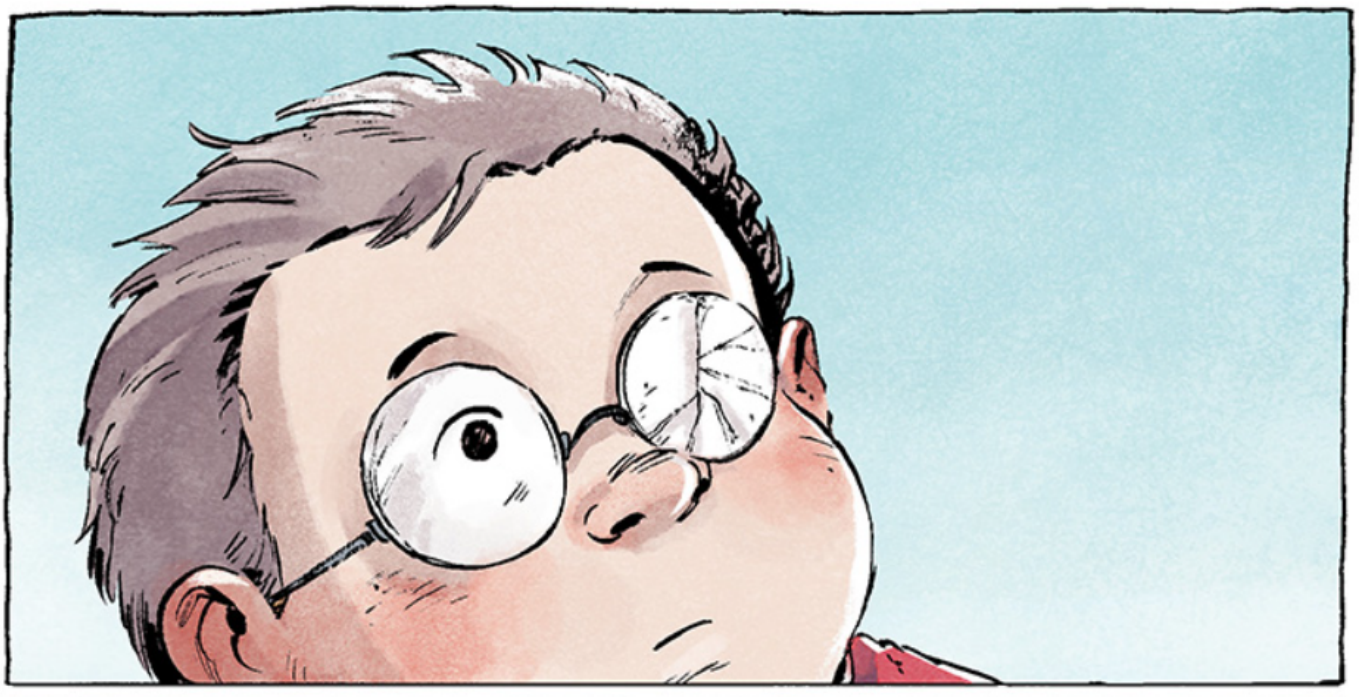
Let's stay here!
Let's have a fort.

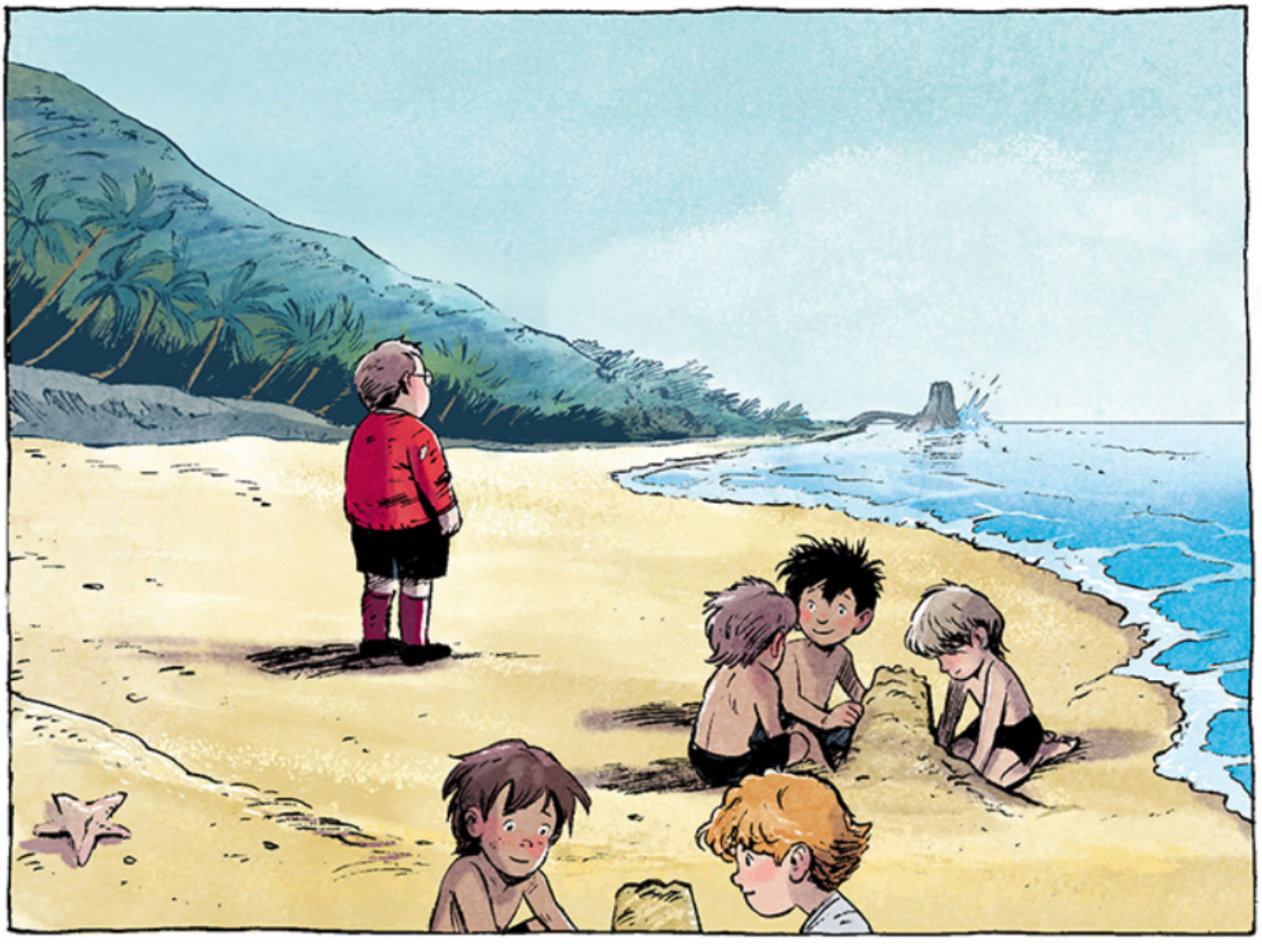
I say we'll go on!

Jack! Come on!

But Jack was not there. A knot of boys, making a great noise that he had not noticed, were heaving and pushing at a rock.

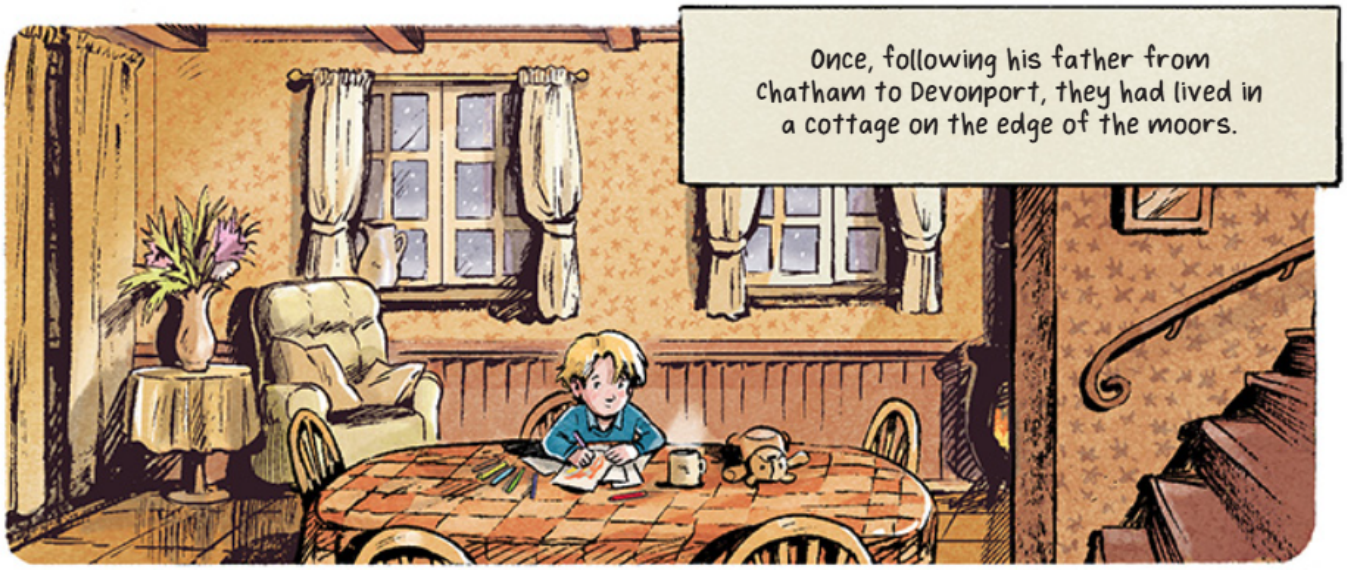
As he turned, the base cracked and the whole mass toppled into the sea so that a thunderous plume of spray leapt half-way up the cliff.

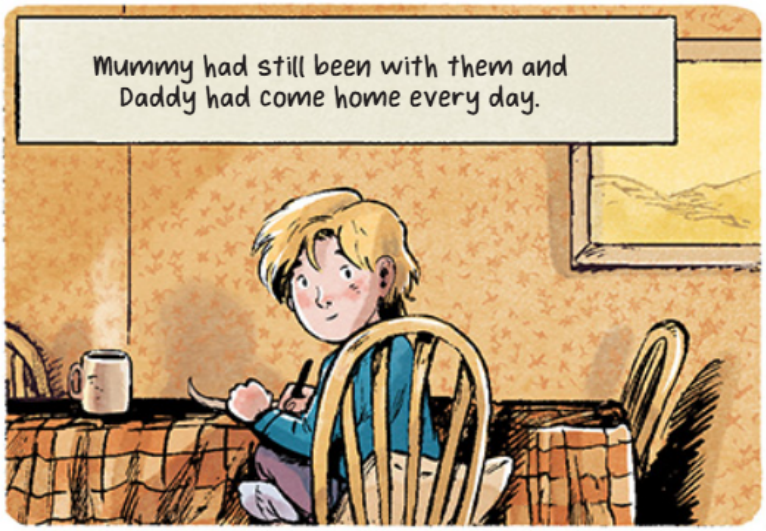


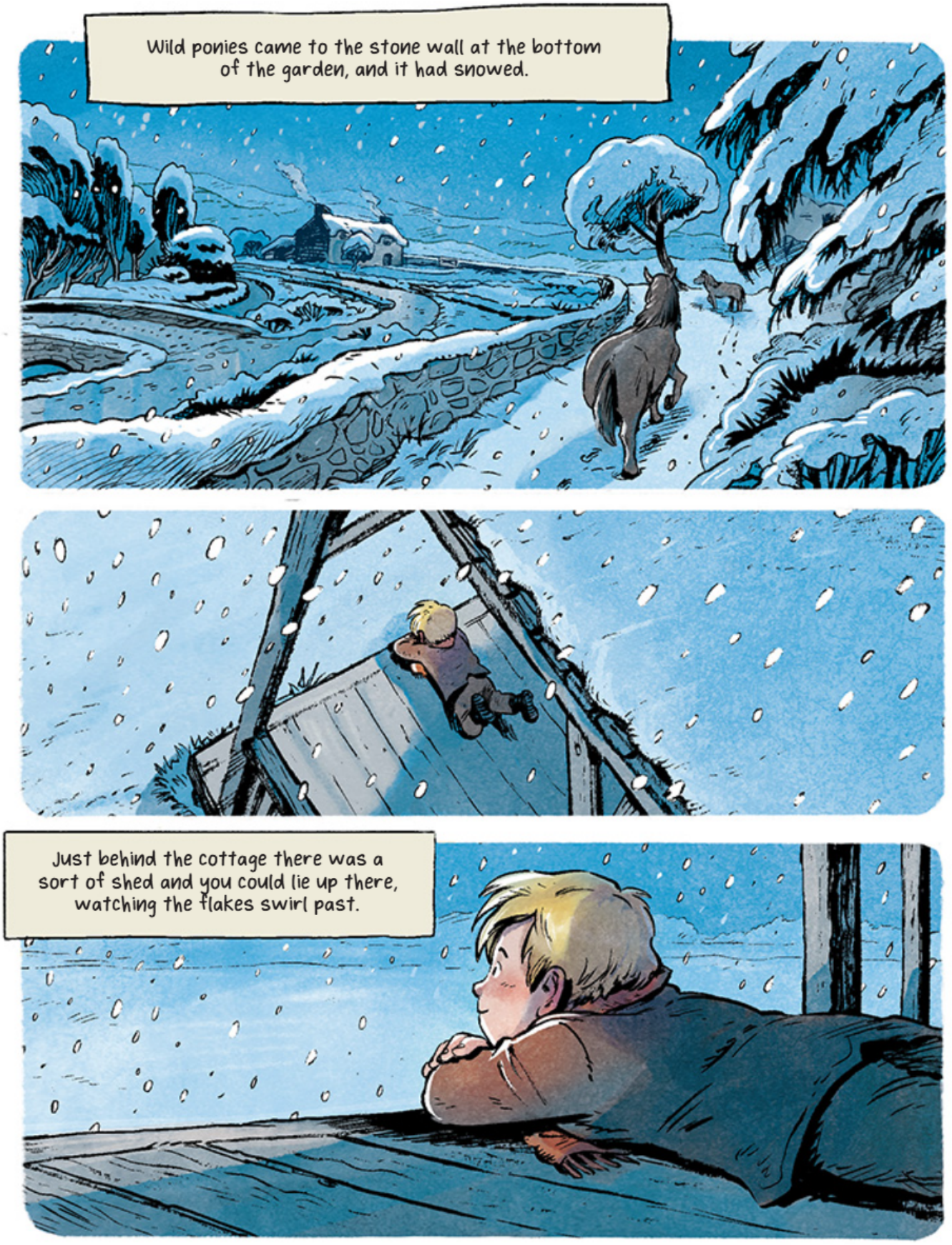


CHAPTER 7

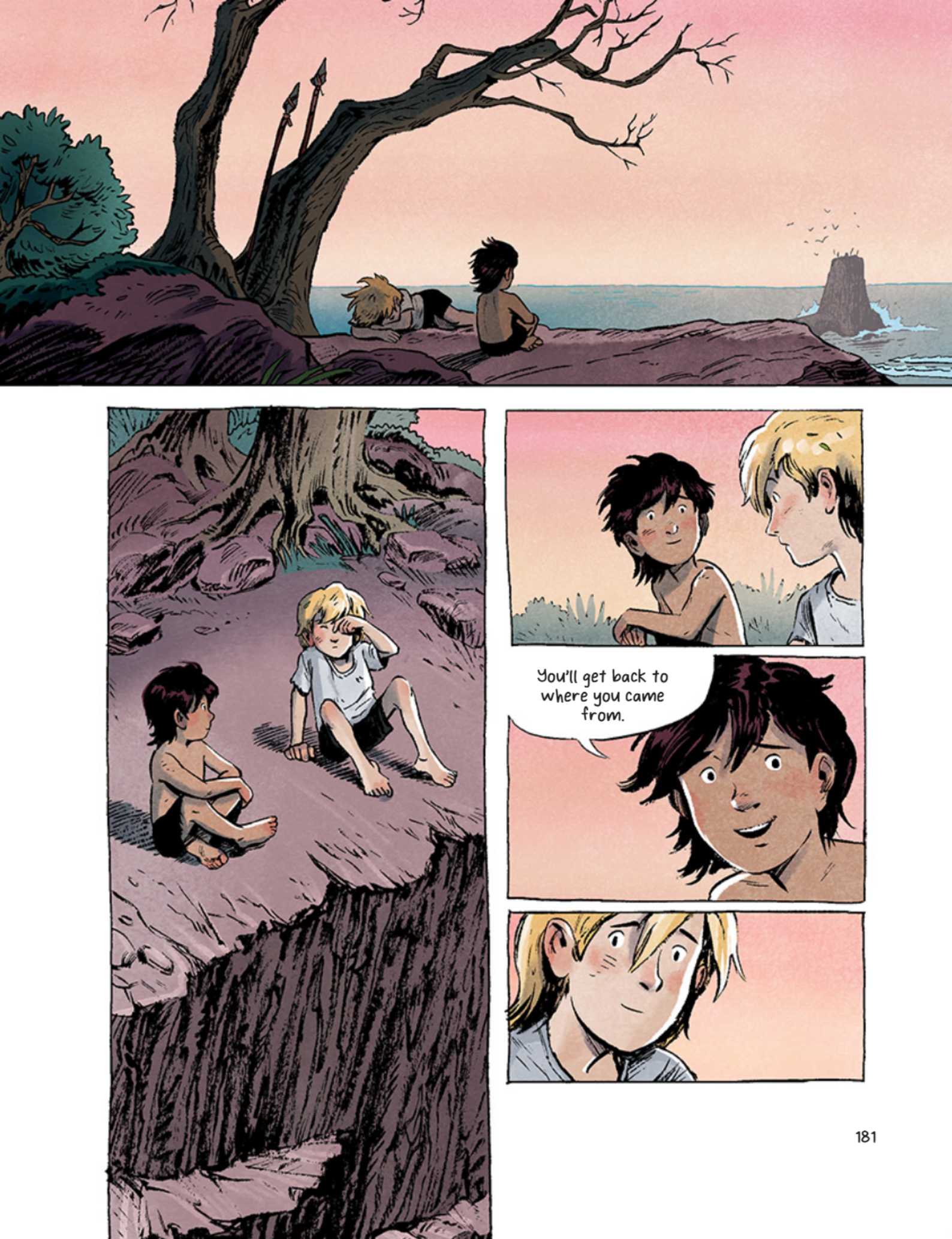
Shadows and Tall Trees

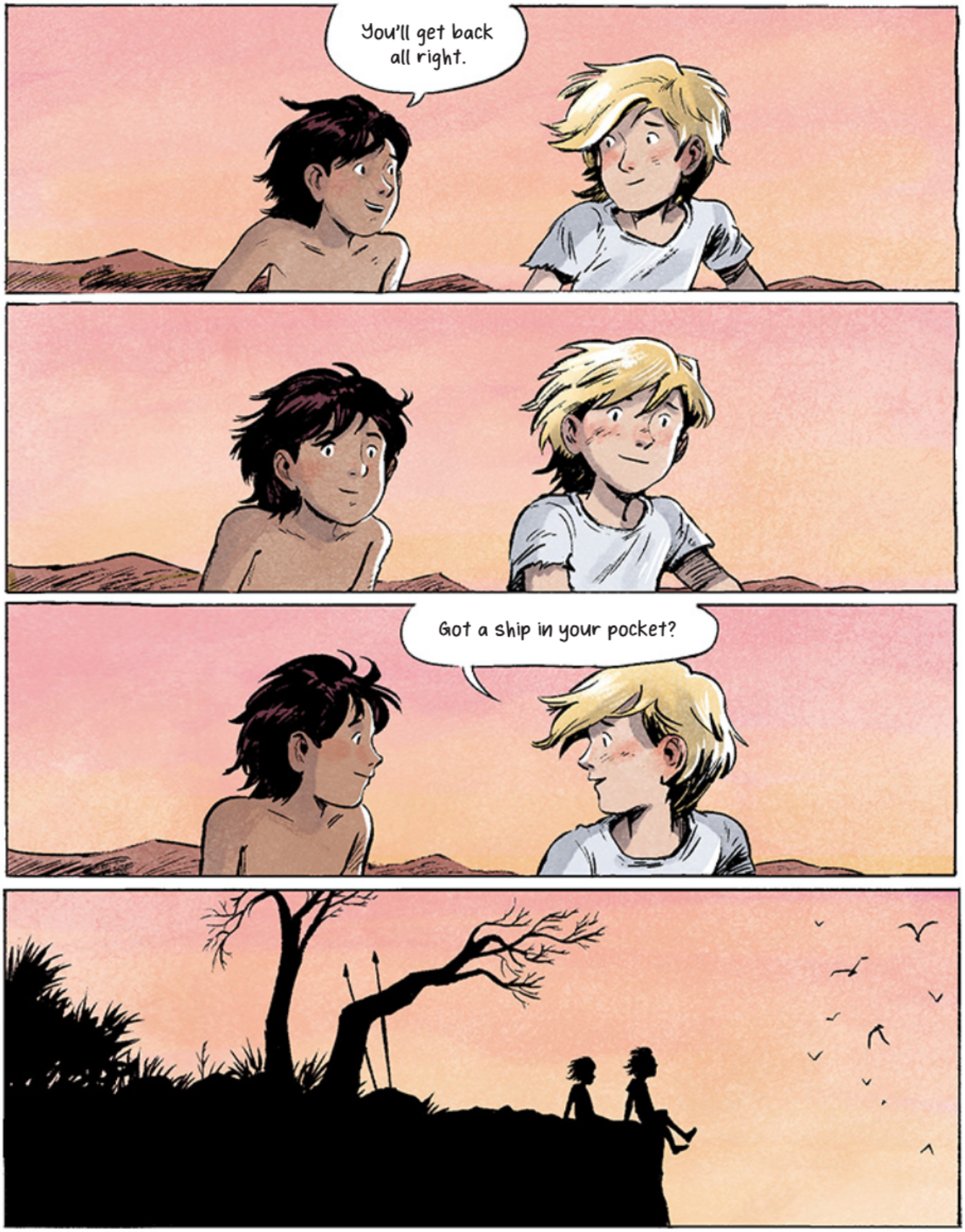

Once, following his father from Chatham to Devonport, they had lived in a cottage on the edge of the moors.

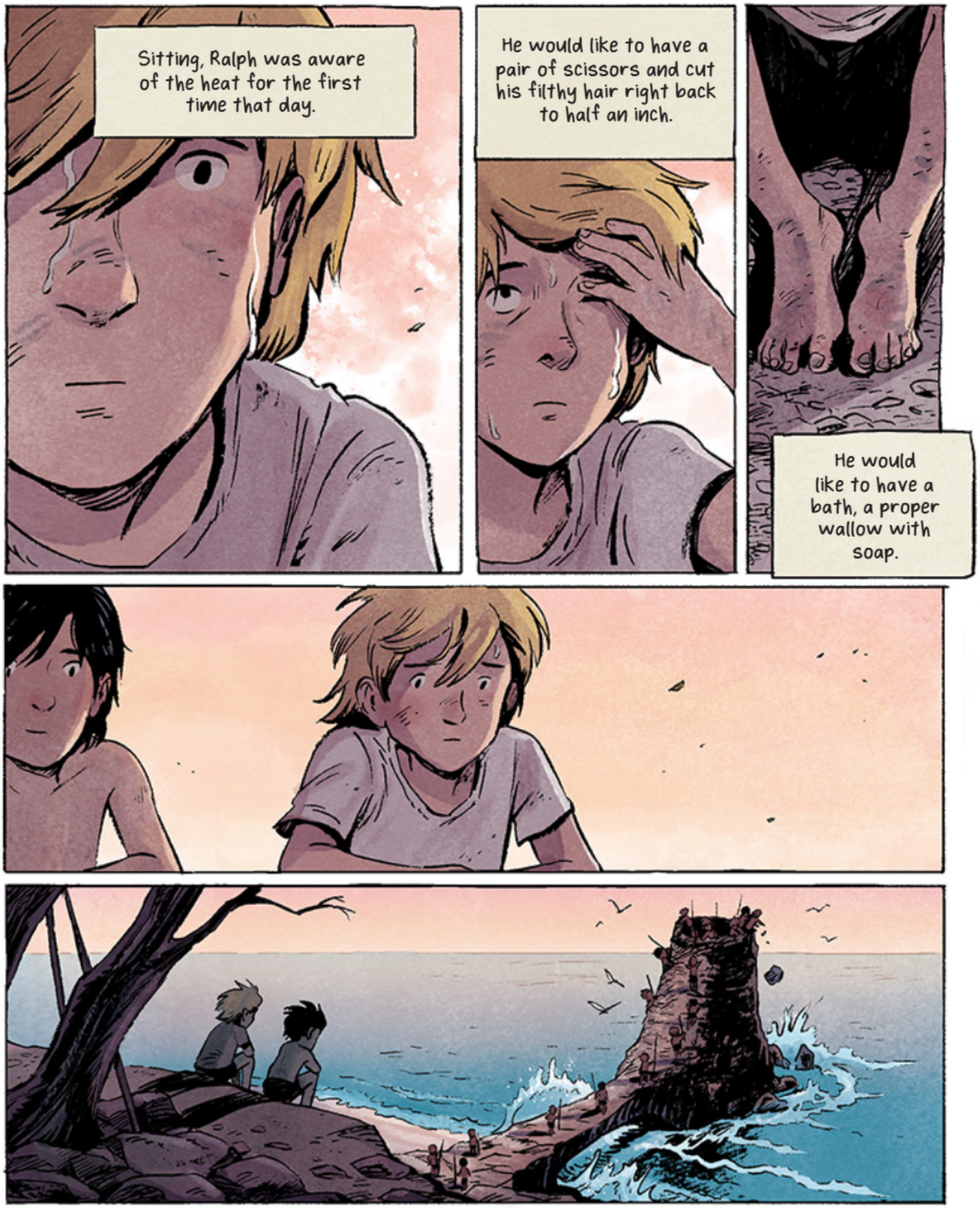

Mummy had still been with them and Daddy had come home every day.


Wild ponies came to the stone wall at the bottom of the garden, and it had snowed.
Just behind the cottage there was a sort of shed and you could lie up there, watching the flakes swirl past.

When you went to bed there was a bowl of cornflakes with sugar and cream.
And the books . . .
They stood on the shelf by the bed, leaning together with always two or three laid flat on top because he had not bothered to put them back properly.
He could have reached up and touched them, could feel the weight and slow slide with which *The Mammoth Book for Boys* would come out and slither down.
Everything was all right.

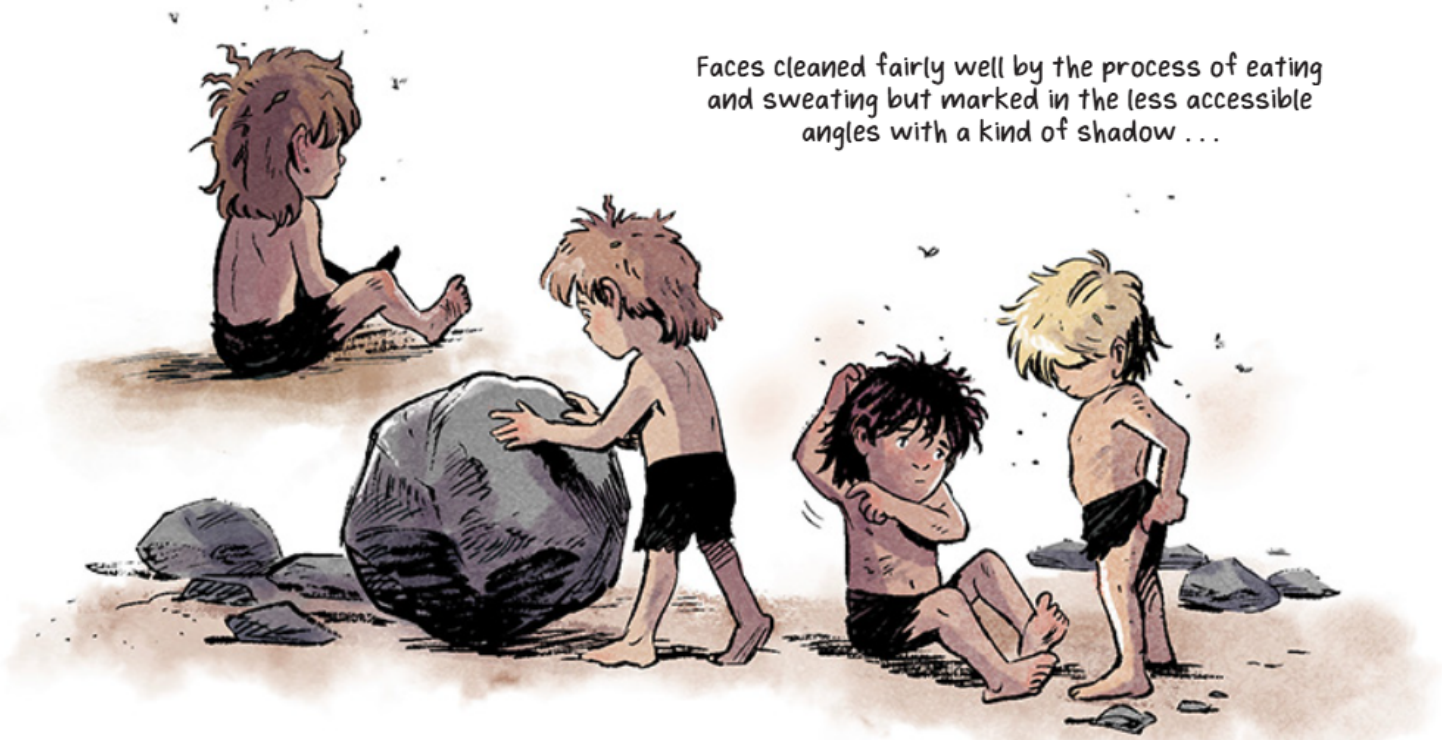

You'll get back to where you came from.


You'll get back all right.
Got a ship in your pocket?


Sitting, Ralph was aware of the heat for the first time that day.
He would like to have a pair of scissors and cut his filthy hair right back to half an inch.
He would like to have a bath, a proper wallow with soap.

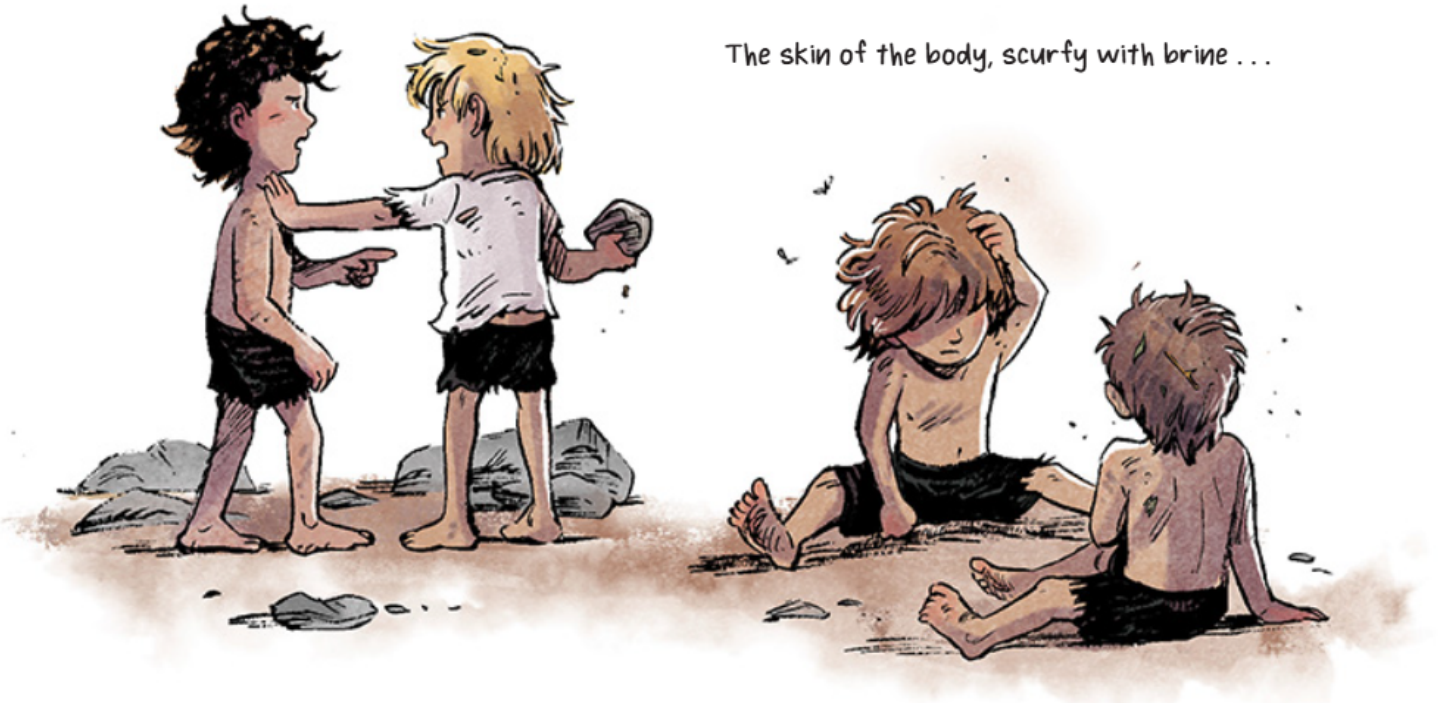
Hair, much too long, tangled here and there,
knotted round a dead leaf or a twig . . .

Faces cleaned fairly well by the process of eating
and sweating but marked in the less accessible
angles with a kind of shadow . . .



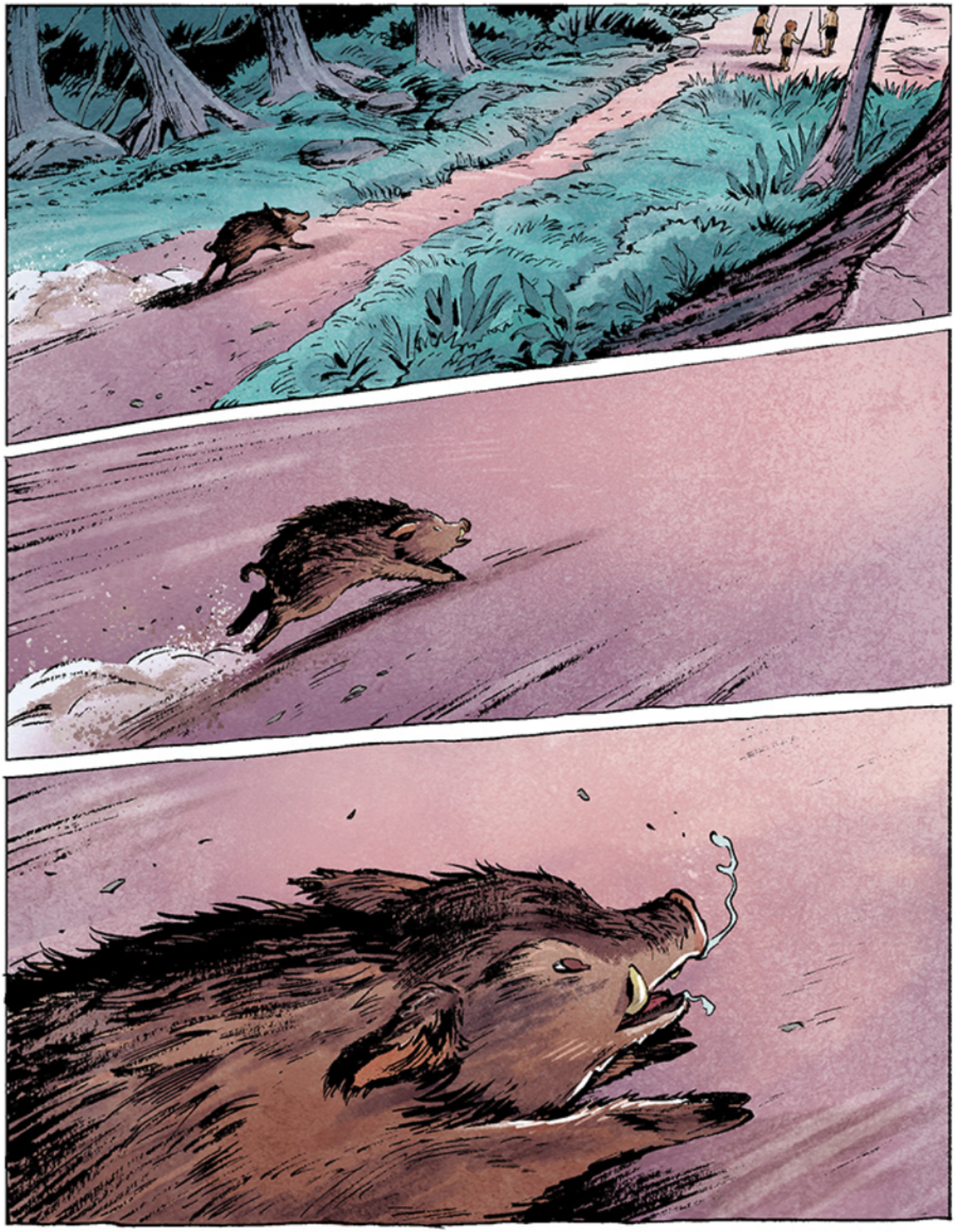
Clothes, worn away, stiff like his own . . .

The skin of the body, scurfy with brine . . .



He discovered with a little fall of the heart that these
were the conditions he took as normal now . . .

. . . and that he did not mind.



I hit him!
I wounded him!
Right on his snout—
Wheee!
I hit him!
I hit him!

Kill the pig!
Kill him!
Kill him!

Kill him! Kill him!
Kill the pig!
Cut his throat!
Kill the pig!
Bash him in!
Stop it! You're hurting!
The desire to squeeze and hurt was over-mastering.
Jack's arm came down; the heaving circle cheered and made pig-dying noises.
Then they lay quiet, panting, listening to Robert's frightened snivels.
Oh, my bum.

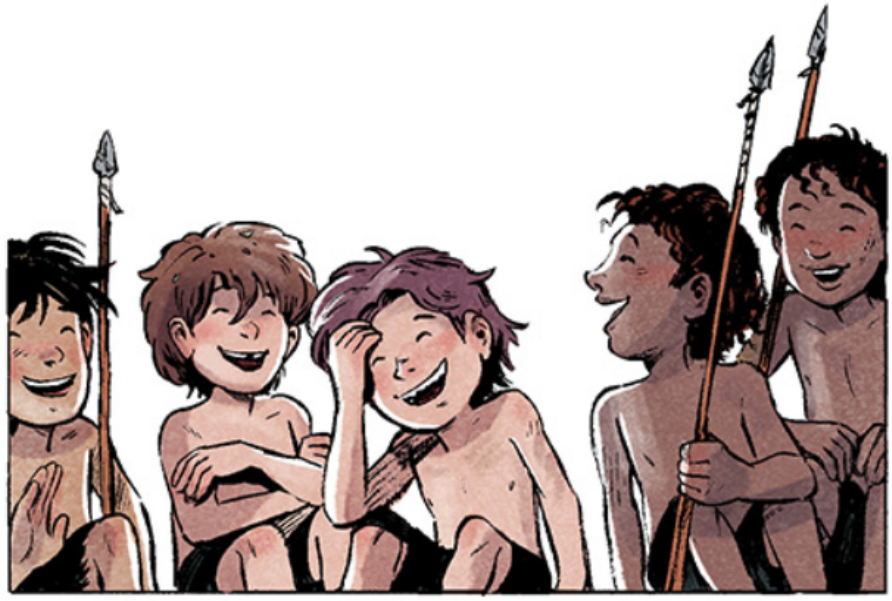
That was a good game.

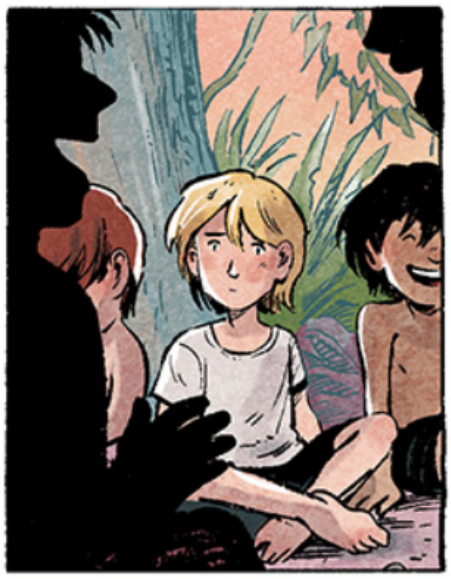
We ought to have a drum, then we could do it properly.

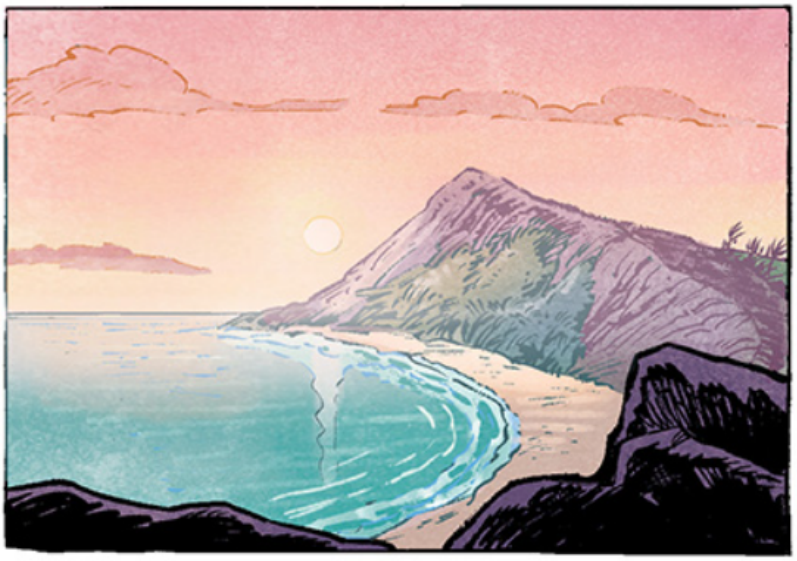
You could get someone to dress up as a pig and then he could act – you know, pretend to knock me over and all that.

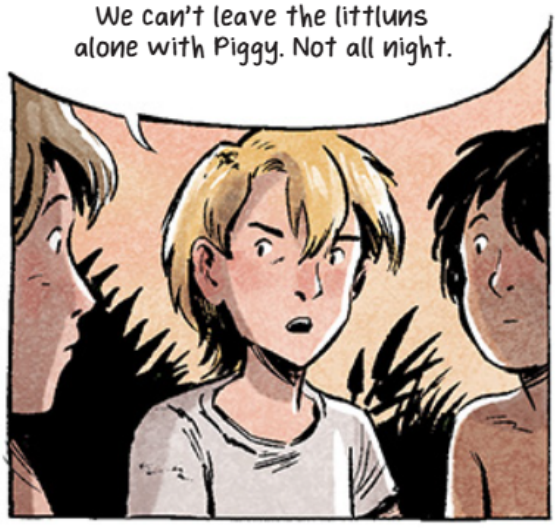
You want a real pig, because you've got to kill him.

Use a littlun.







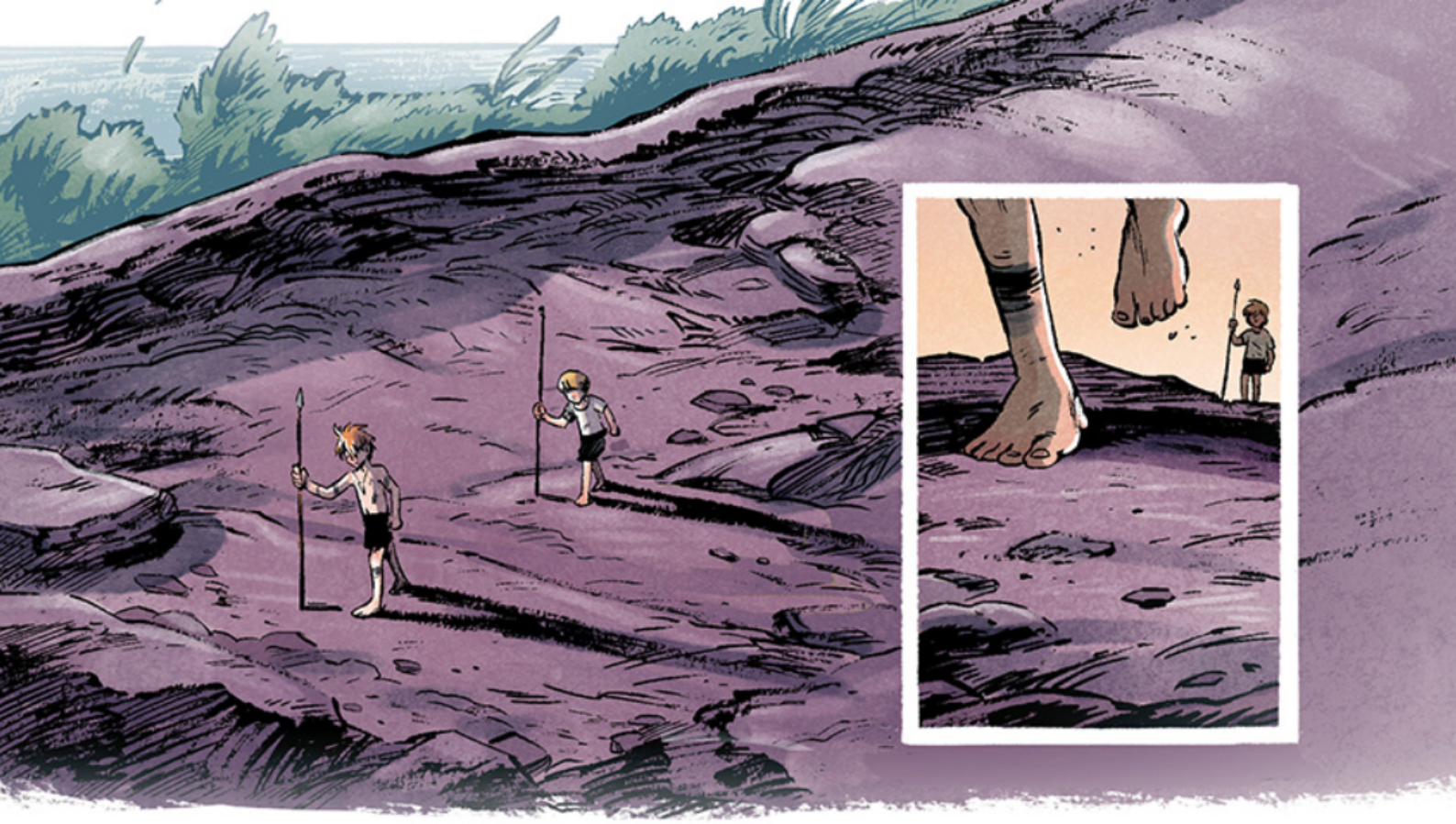

We can't leave the littluns alone with Piggy. Not all night.

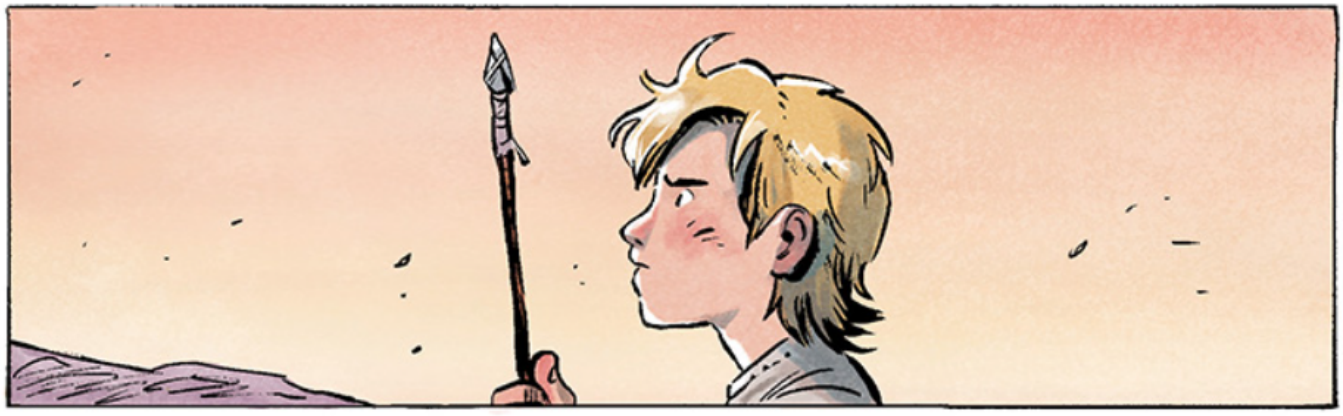
Don't you want to go to the mountain?
We were going to look for the beast.

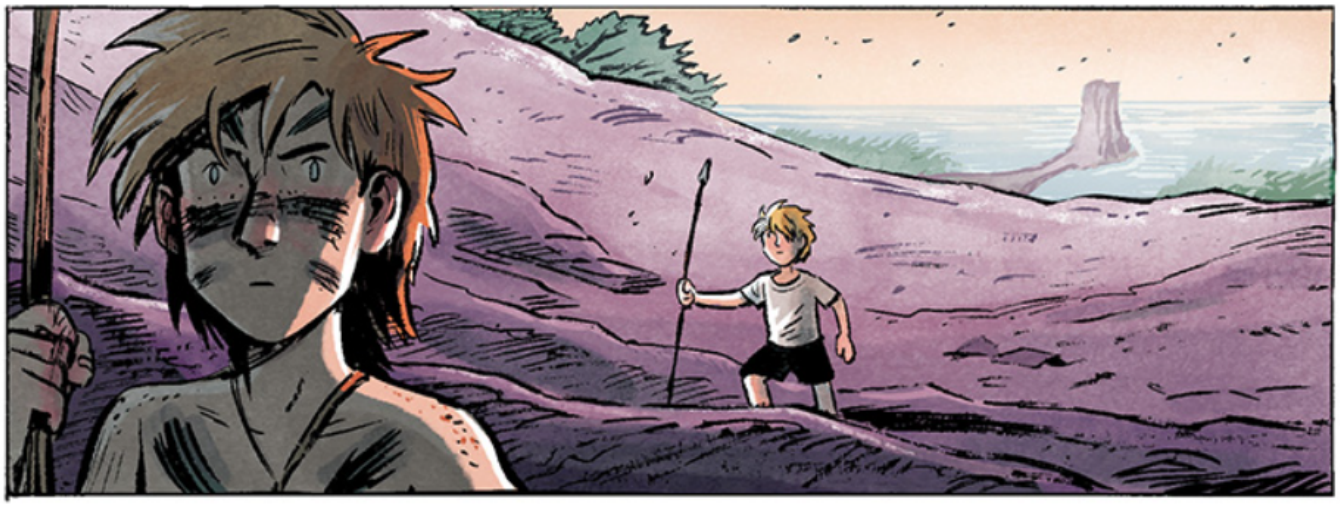
There won't be enough light.

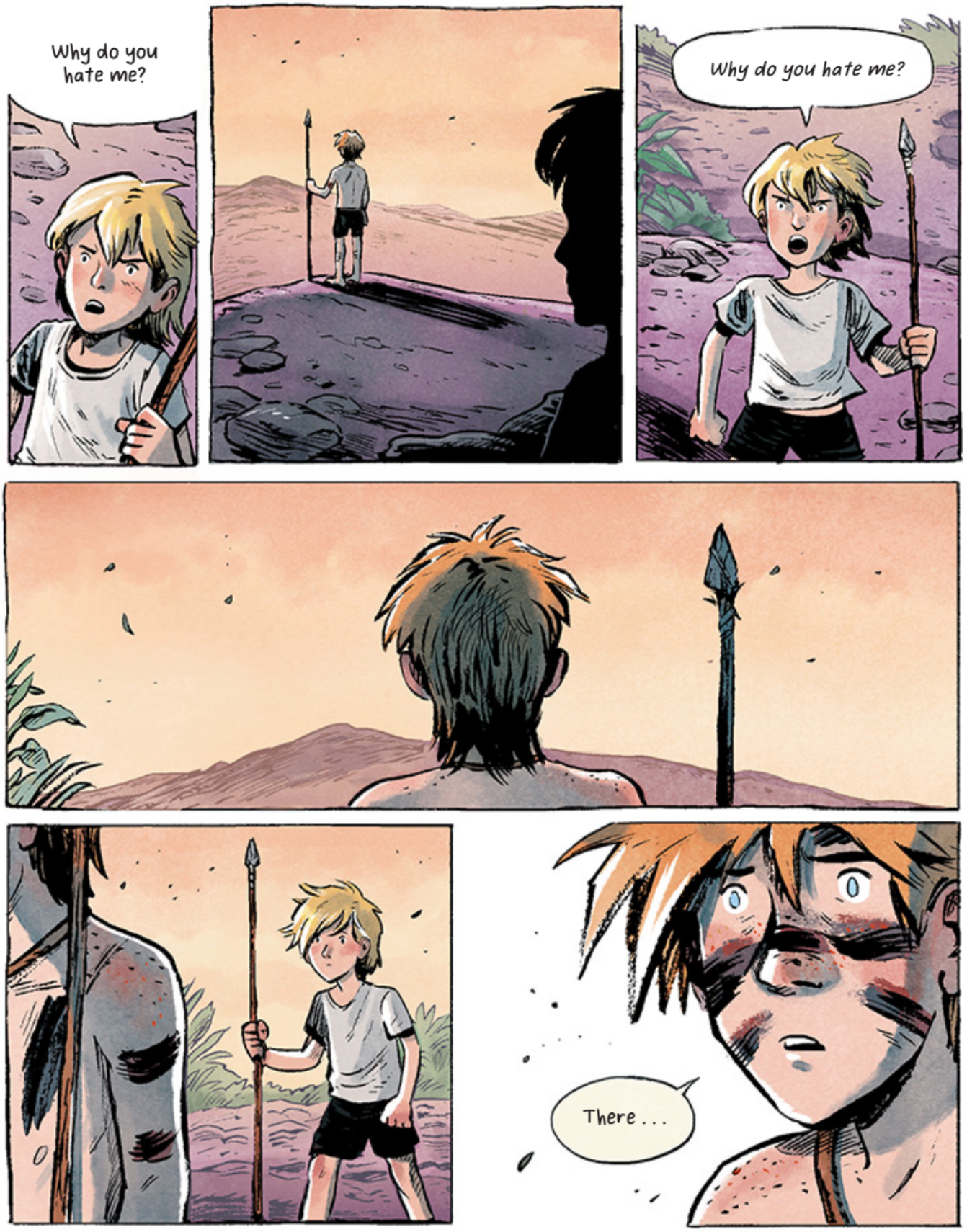
If you're frightened of course . . .

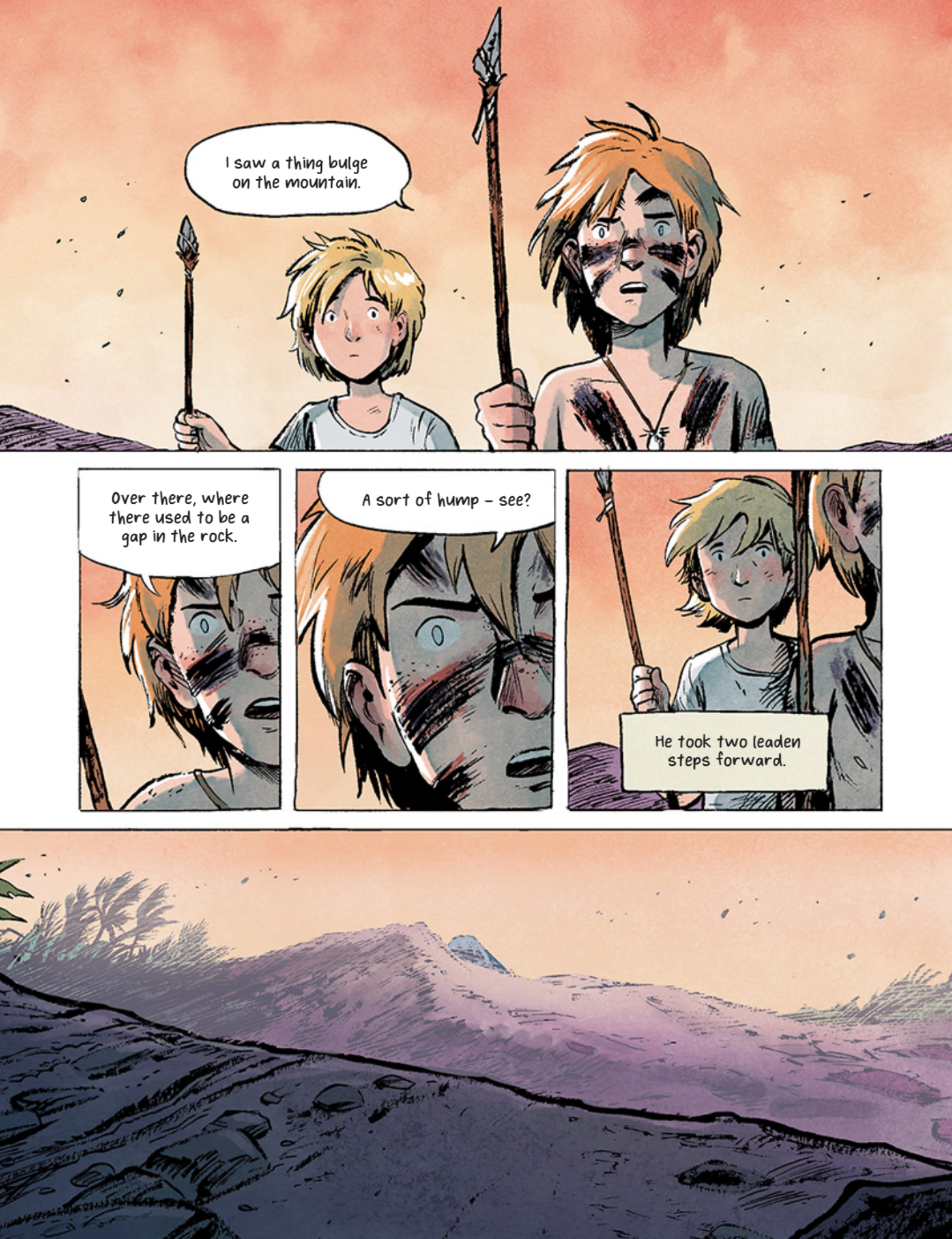
Who went first on the Castle Rock?!
Well then . . .
I'm going up the mountain to look for the beast – now.
Coming?







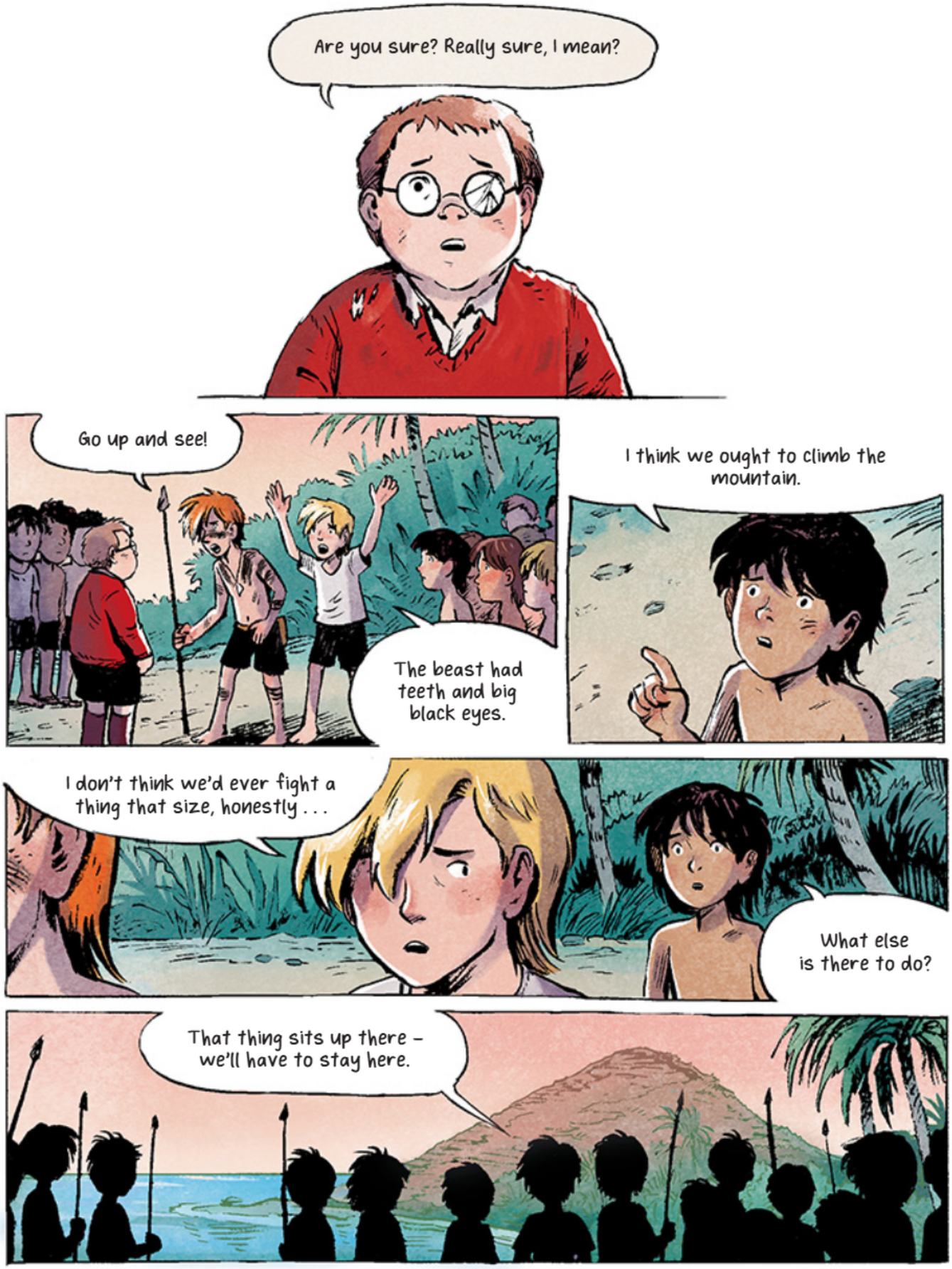

Why do you hate me?
Why do you hate me?
There . . .


I saw a thing bulge on the mountain.
Over there, where there used to be a gap in the rock.
A sort of hump – see?
He took two leaden steps forward.

Before them, something like a great ape was sitting asleep with its head between its knees.
Then the wind roared in the forest, there was confusion in the darkness and the creature lifted its head . . .
. . . holding towards them the ruin of a face.

CHAPTER 8

Gift for the Darkness


Are you sure? Really sure, I mean?
Go up and see!
The beast had teeth and big black eyes.
I think we ought to climb the mountain.
I don't think we'd ever fight a thing that size, honestly . . .
What else is there to do?
That thing sits up there – we'll have to stay here.

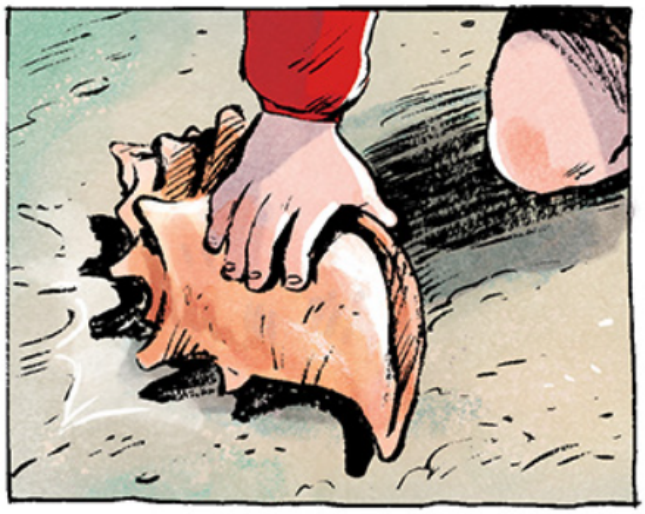
What about my hunters?

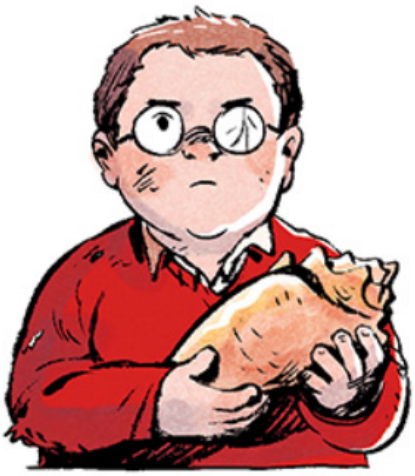
Boys armed with sticks.

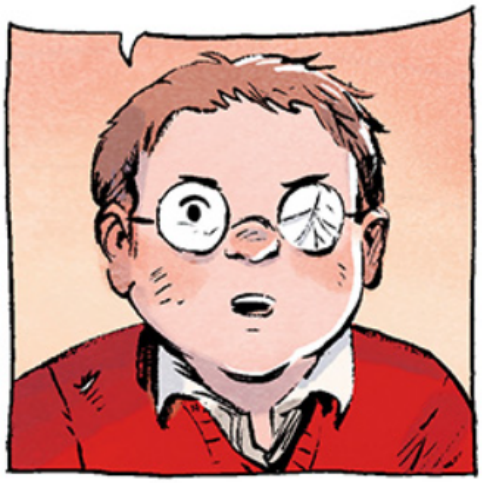
Now you done it. You been rude about his hunters.

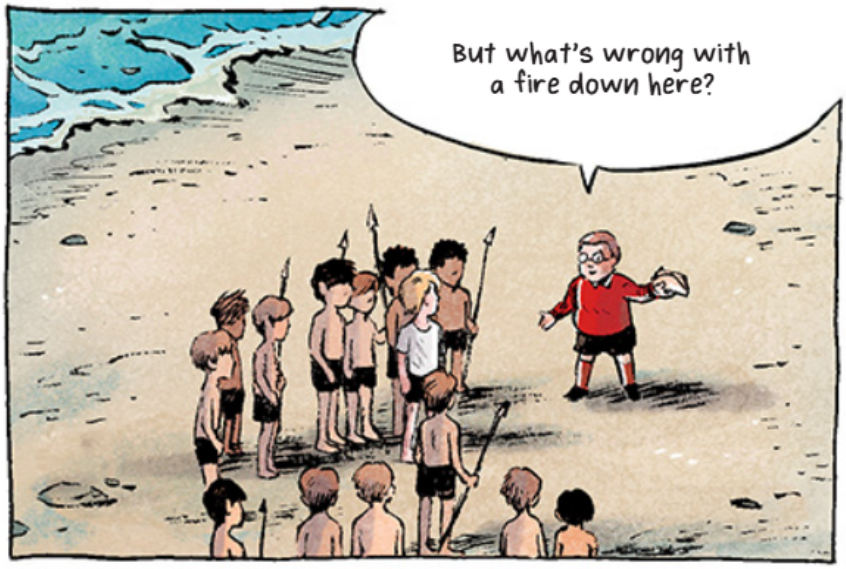
You listen! I've got the conch.

Ralph thinks you're cowards, running away from the boar and the beast.
He isn't a proper chief. He's a coward himself!
He just gives orders and expects people to obey for nothing. All this talk—
I'm not going to play any longer. Not with you.
I'm going off by myself. He can catch his own pigs. Anyone who wants to hunt when I do can come too.
Jack!
NO!






We got no fire on the mountain.

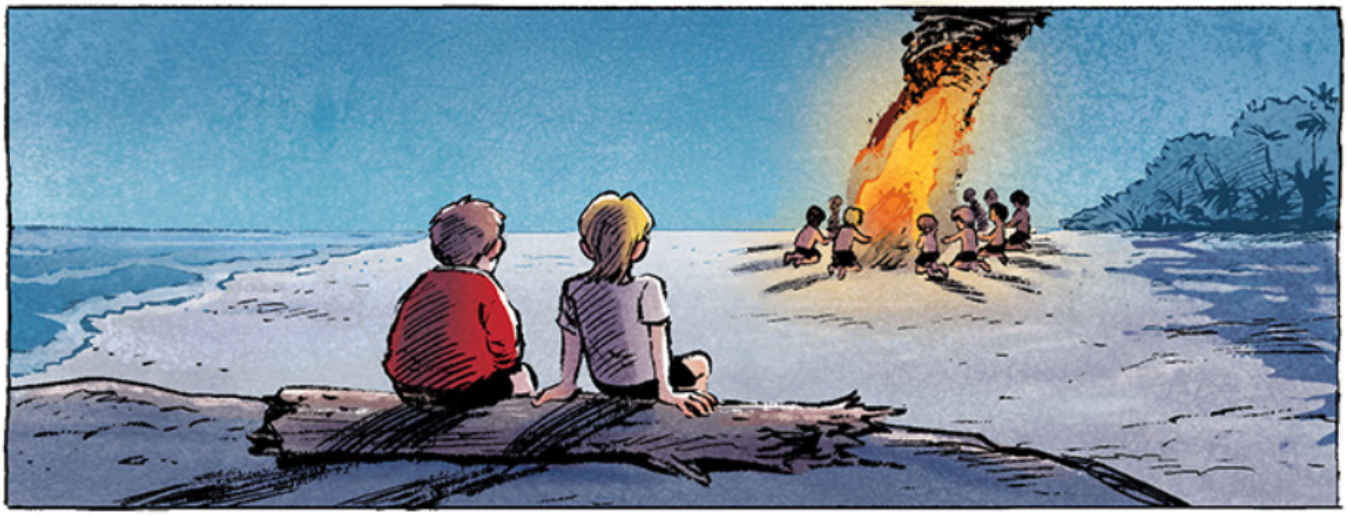

But what's wrong with a fire down here?

Of course.
The smoke wouldn't show so much, not be seen so far away . . .

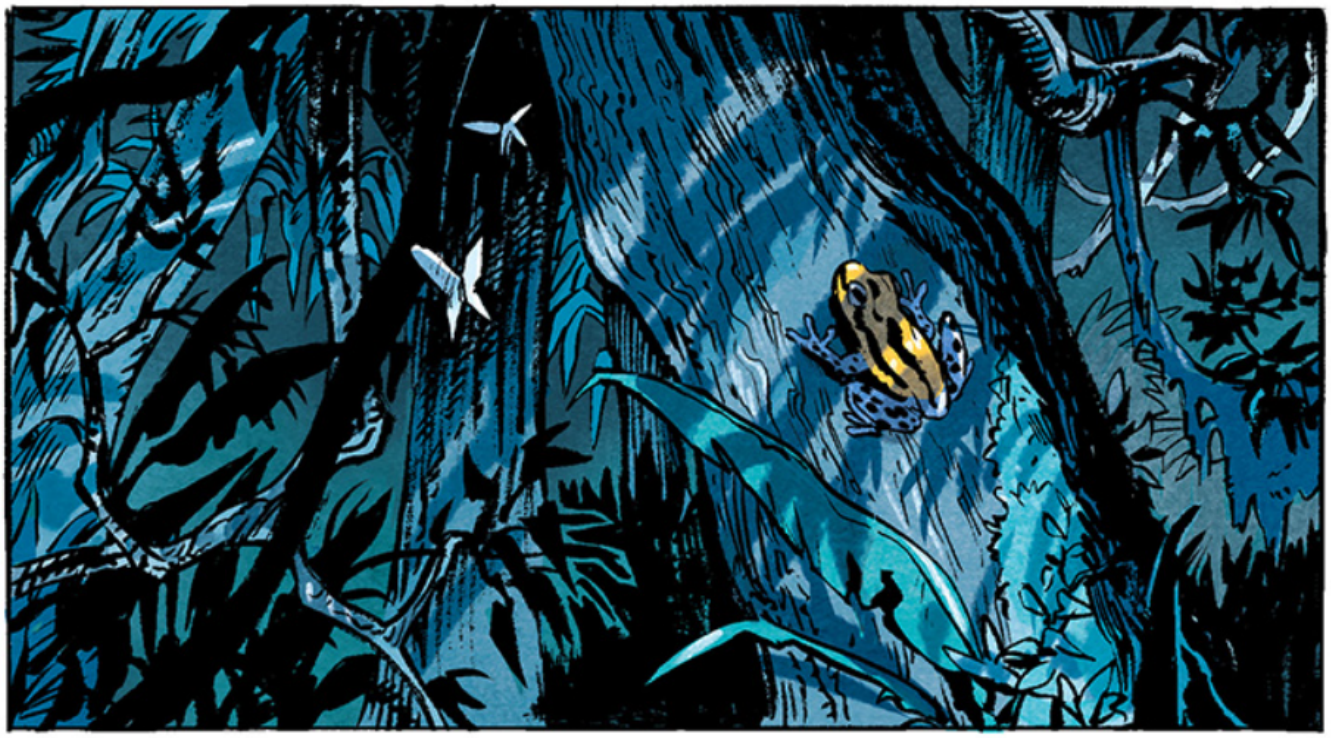
. . . but we needn't go near the . . .

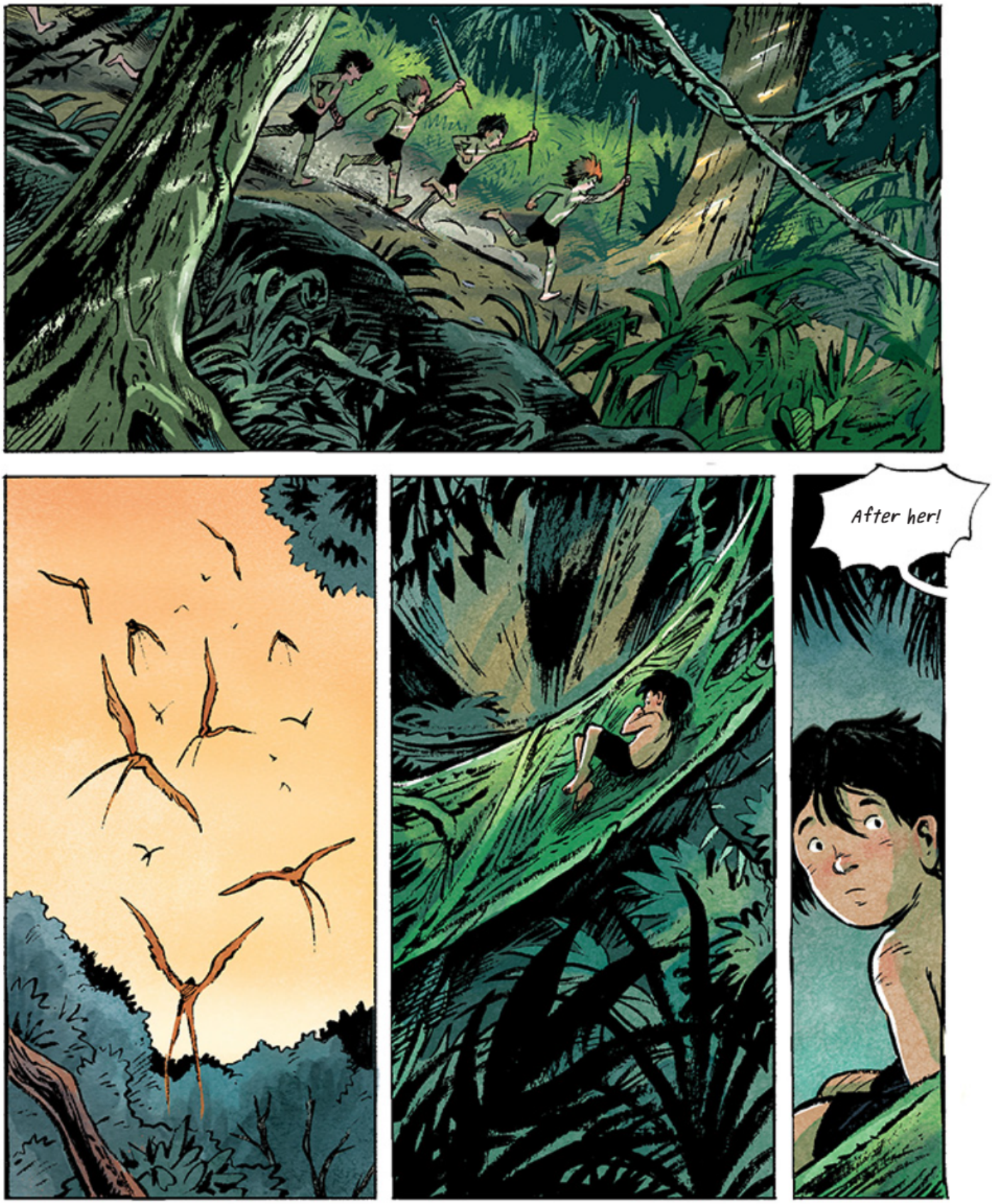
We'll build the fire now.
Now there was something to be done they worked with passion. They built a pyramid of leaves and twigs, branches and logs, on the bare sand by the platform.

For the first time on the island, Piggy himself removed his one glass, knelt down and focused the sun on tinder.

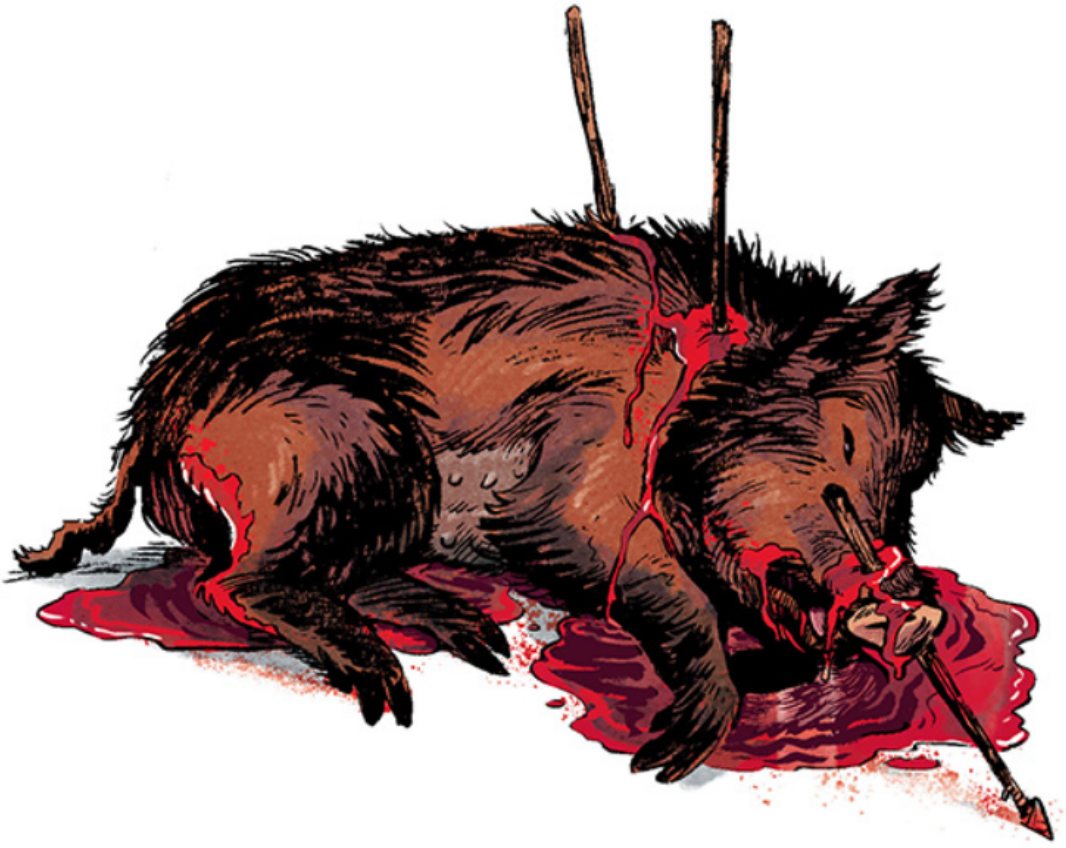


Where's Maurice?
Where's Bill and Roger?
I expect they won't play either.

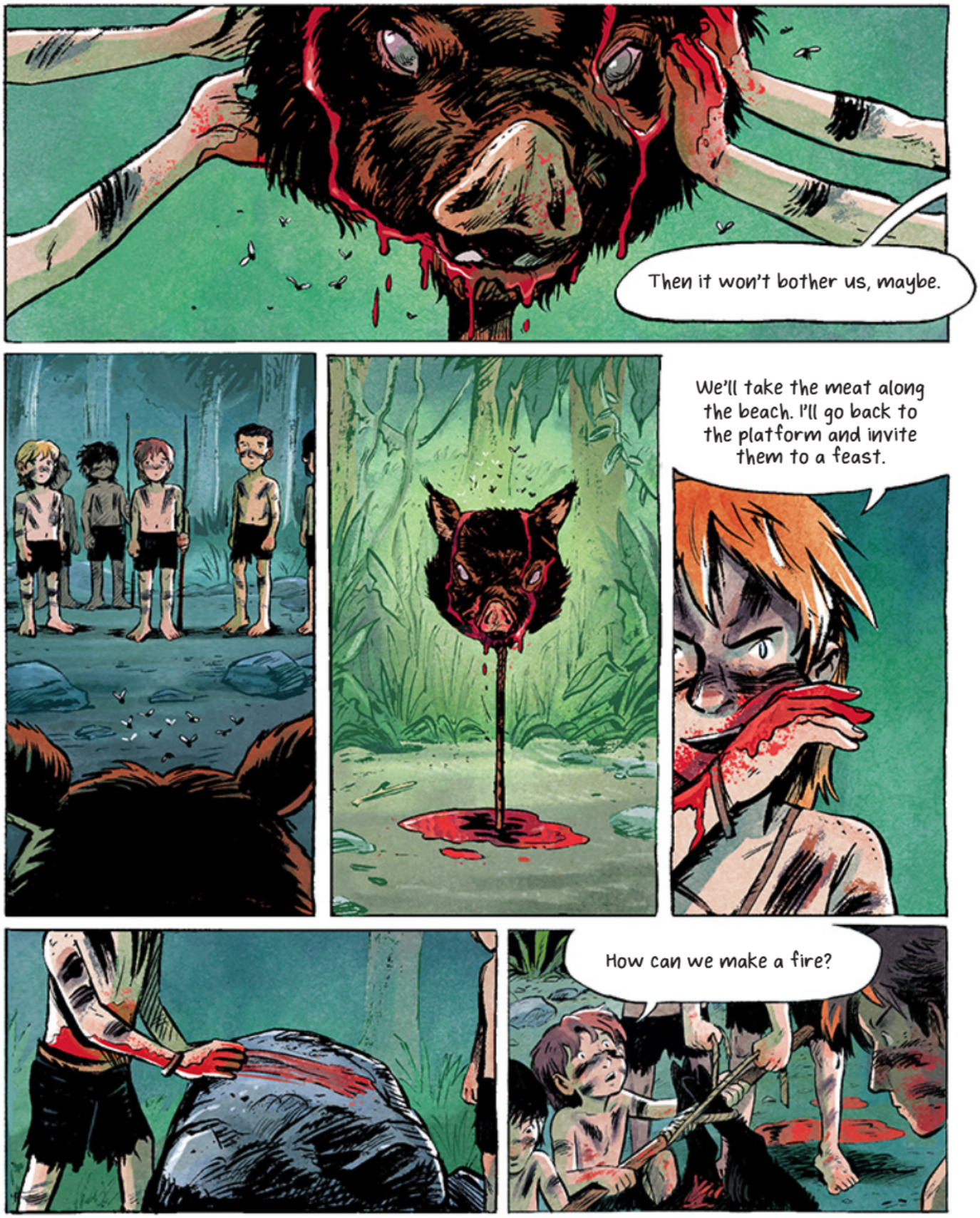


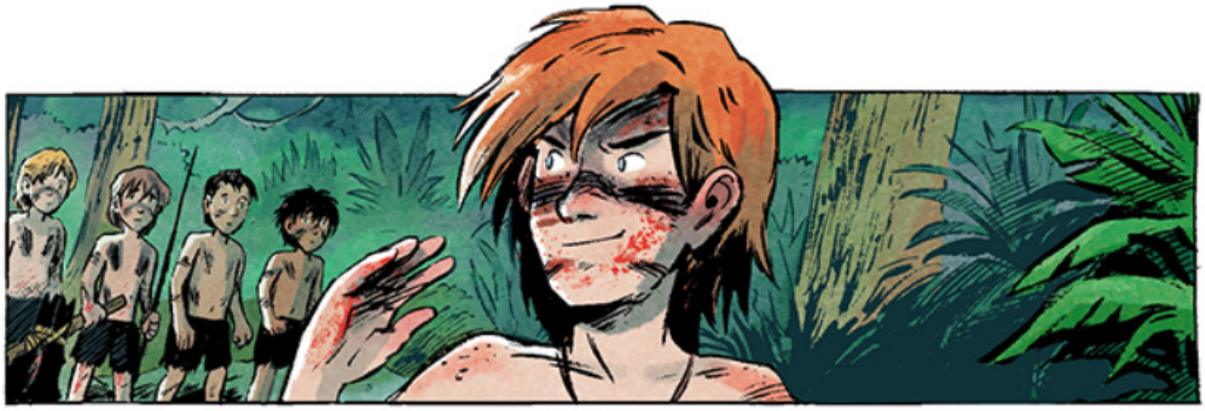

After her!

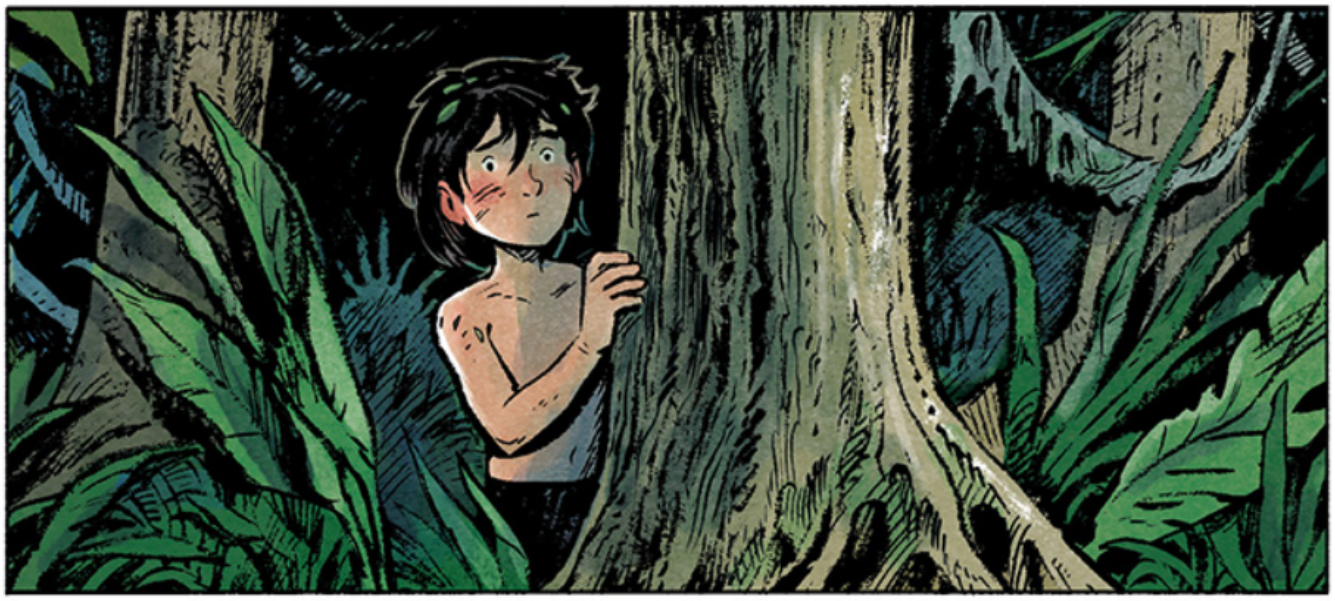
After her!
There!



This head is for the beast. It's a gift.


Then it won't bother us, maybe.
We'll take the meat along the beach. I'll go back to the platform and invite them to a feast.
How can we make a fire?



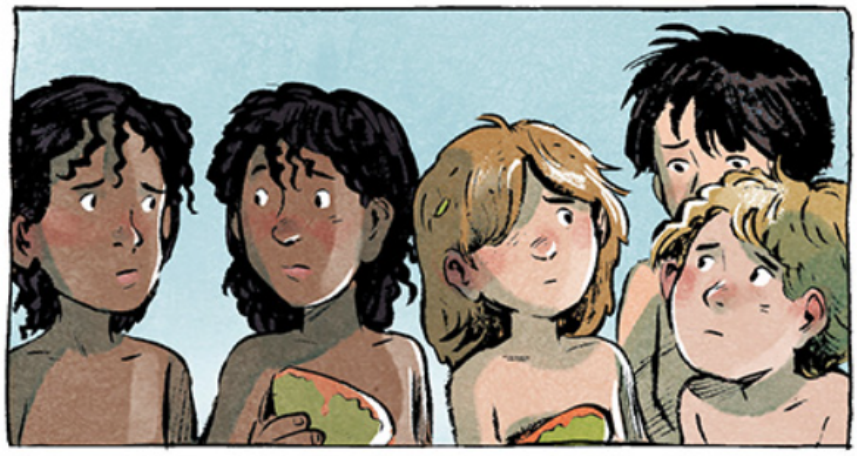


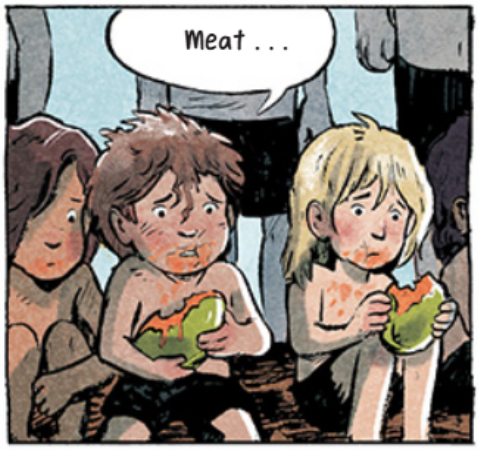
Listen all of you.

Me and my hunters live along the beach by a flat rock. We hunt and feast and have fun.
If you want to join my tribe come and see us.
Perhaps I'll let you join. Perhaps not.

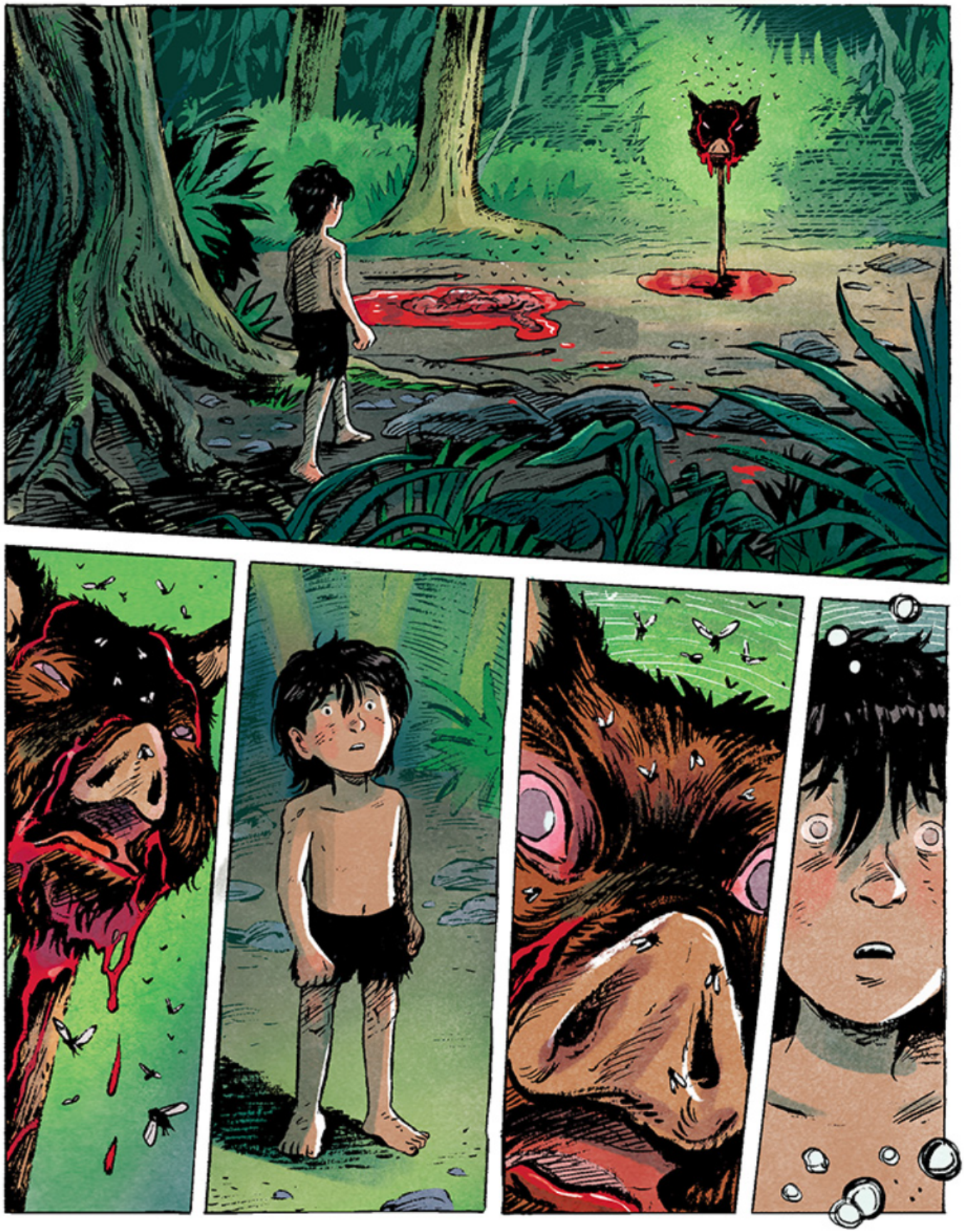
Tonight we're having a feast.
We've killed a pig and we've got meat. You can come and eat with us if you like.

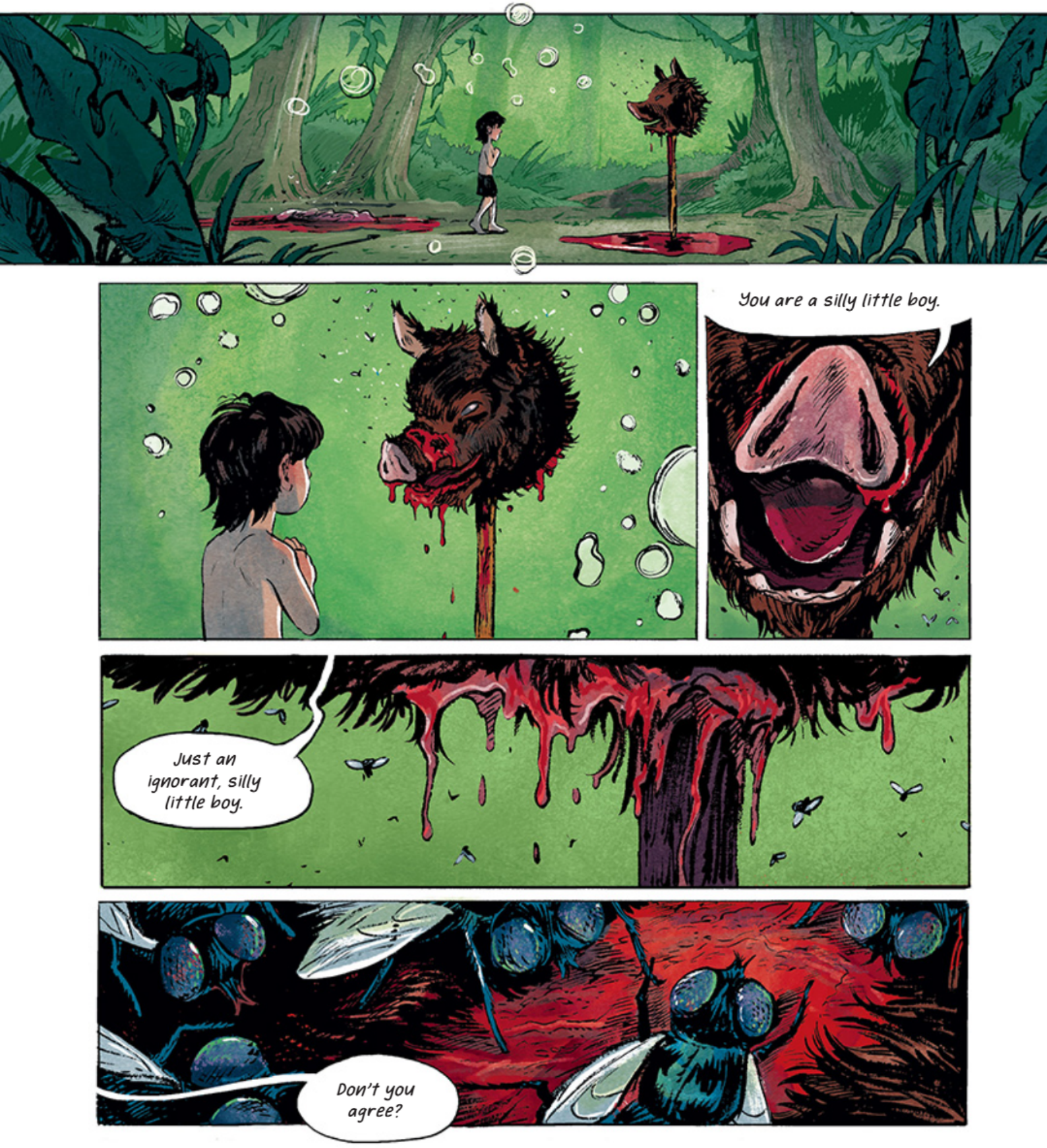
The Chief has spoken.




Meat . . .

That must be fun . . .
I could do with some meat . . .
. . . and he's invited us to a feast . . .
The fire!




You are a silly little boy.
Just an ignorant, silly little boy.
Don't you agree?

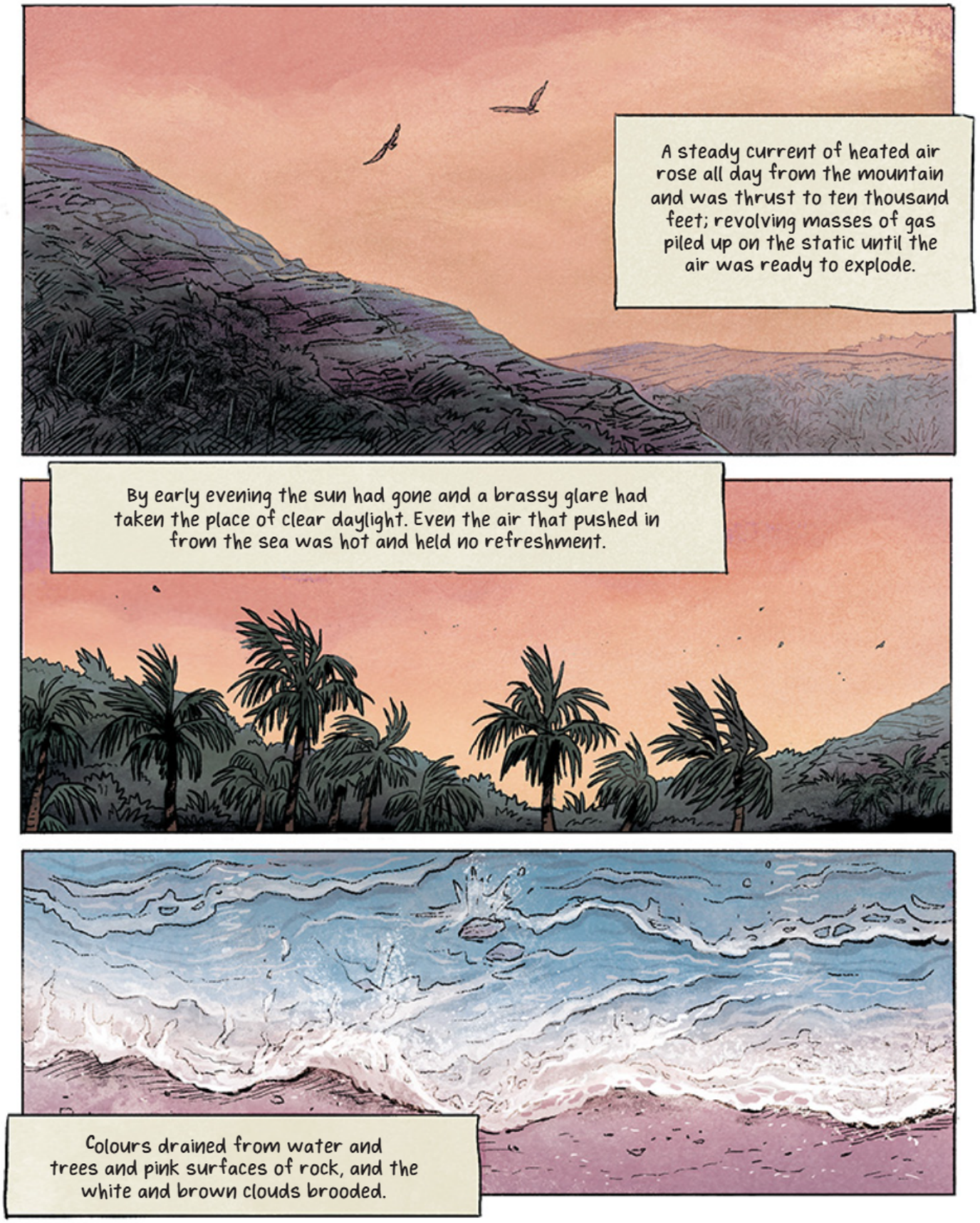
Well then . . .
You'd better run off and play with the others. They think you're batty.
You like Ralph a lot, don't you? And Piggy, and Jack?
What are you doing here all alone? Aren't you afraid of me?
There isn't anyone to help you. Only me. And I'm the Beast.

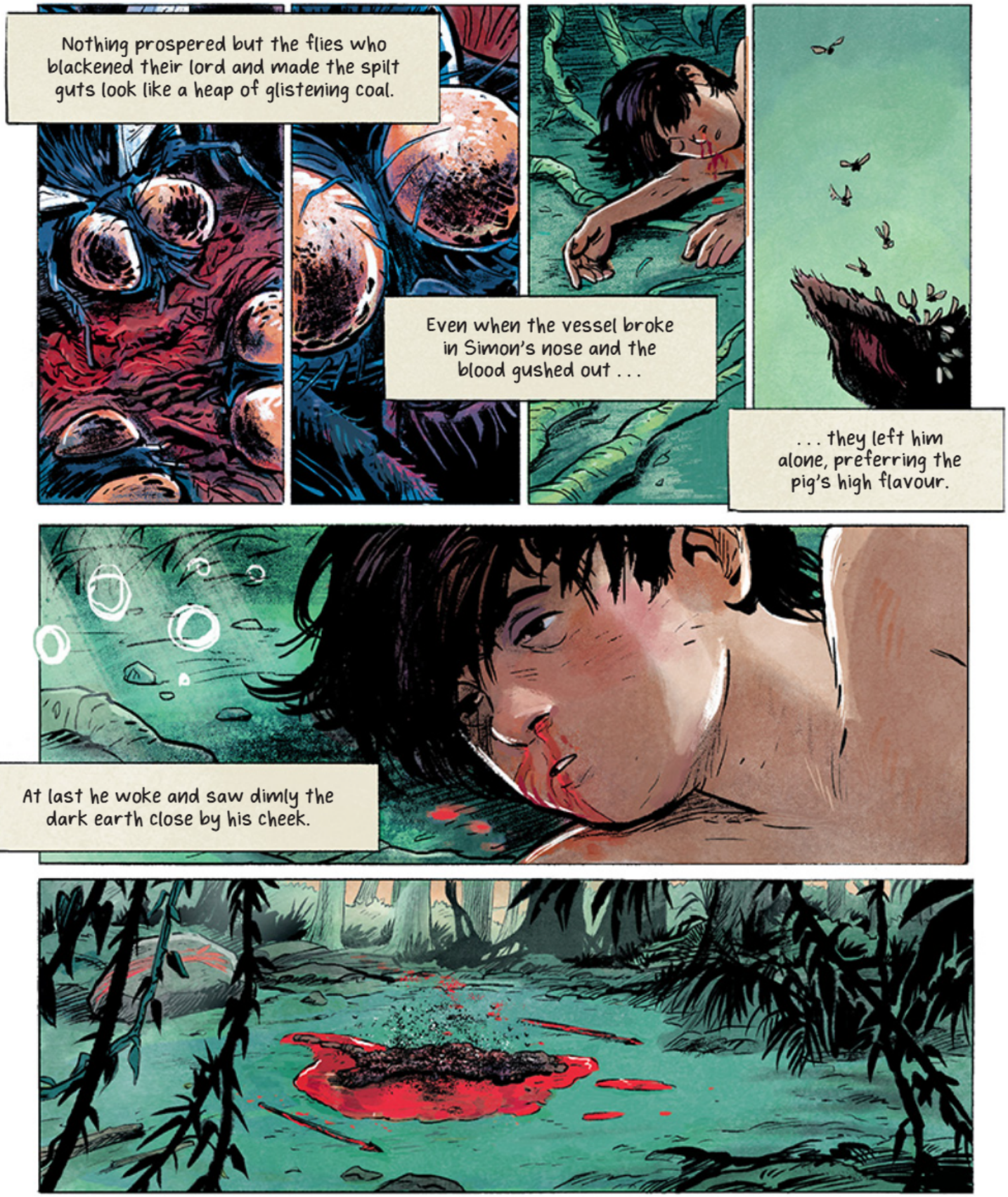
Simon shook.
His eyes could not break away and the Lord of the Flies hung in space before him.
We are going to have fun on this island.
understand?

WE ARE GOING TO HAVE FUN ON THIS ISLAND!

CHAPTER 9

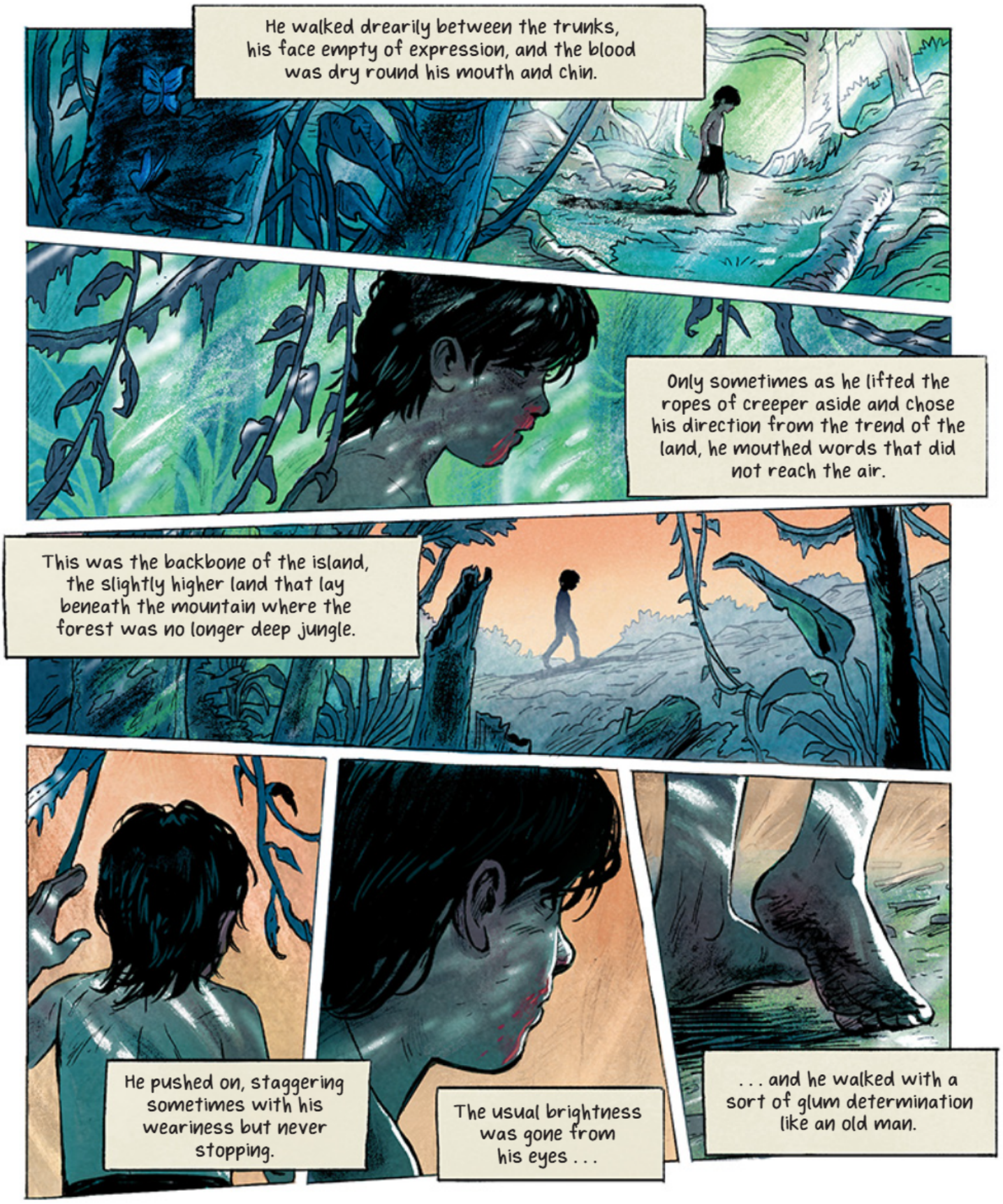
A View to a Death

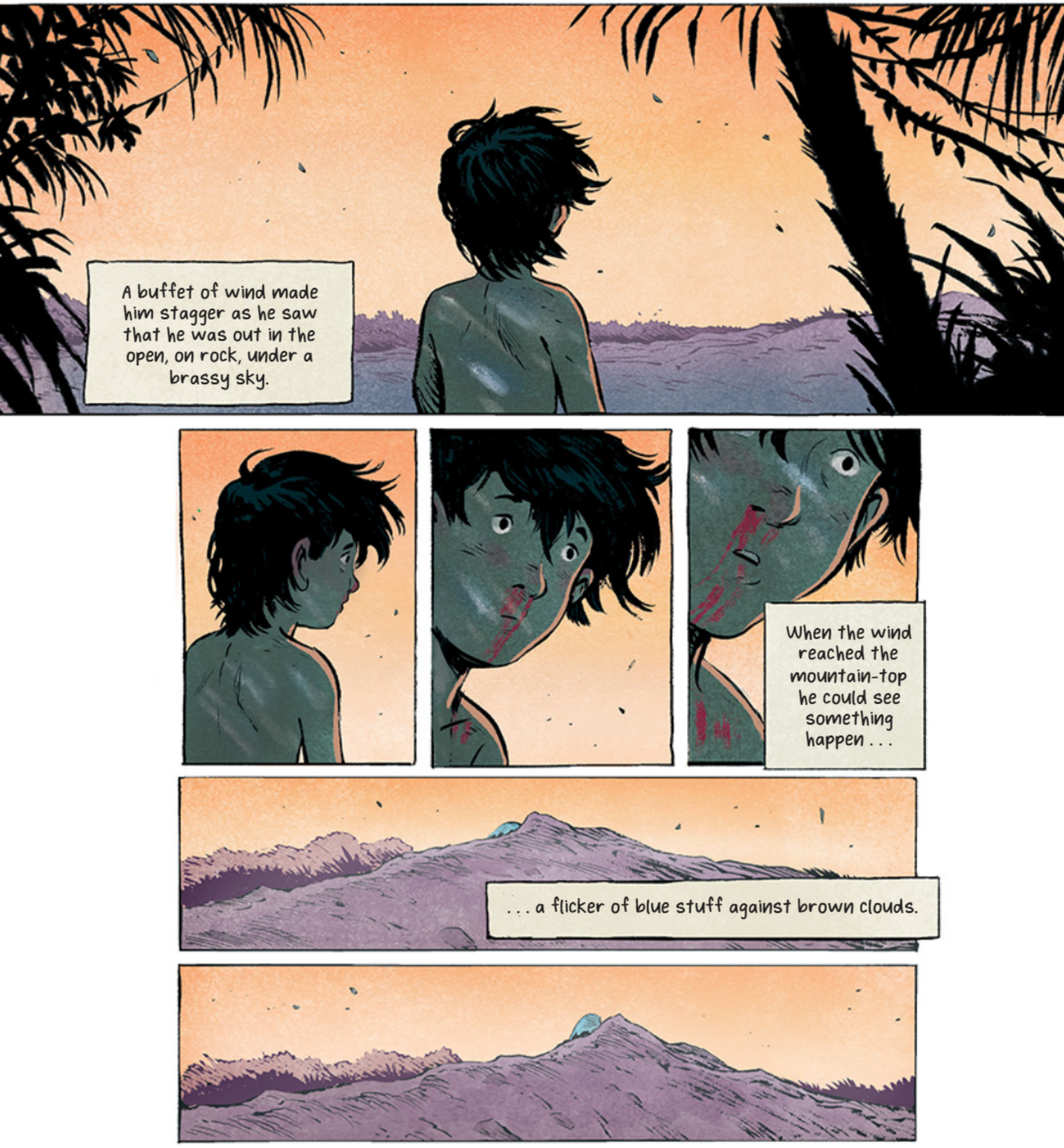

A steady current of heated air rose all day from the mountain and was thrust to ten thousand feet; revolving masses of gas piled up on the static until the air was ready to explode.
By early evening the sun had gone and a brassy glare had taken the place of clear daylight. Even the air that pushed in from the sea was hot and held no refreshment.
Colours drained from water and trees and pink surfaces of rock, and the white and brown clouds brooded.


Nothing prospered but the flies who blackened their lord and made the spilt guts look like a heap of glistening coal.
Even when the vessel broke in Simon's nose and the blood gushed out . . .
. . . they left him alone, preferring the pig's high flavour.
At last he woke and saw dimly the dark earth close by his cheek.

Then he turned over, drew his feet under him . . .
. . . and laid hold of the creepers to pull himself up.
When the creepers shook the flies exploded from the guts with a vicious note and clamped back on again.
The light was unearthly.
The Lord of the Flies hung on his stick . . .
. . . like a black ball.

WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO?!
Nothing replied.


He walked drearily between the trunks, his face empty of expression, and the blood was dry round his mouth and chin.
Only sometimes as he lifted the ropes of creeper aside and chose his direction from the trend of the land, he mouthed words that did not reach the air.
This was the backbone of the island, the slightly higher land that lay beneath the mountain where the forest was no longer deep jungle.
He pushed on, staggering sometimes with his weariness but never stopping.
The usual brightness was gone from his eyes . . .
. . . and he walked with a sort of glum determination like an old man.

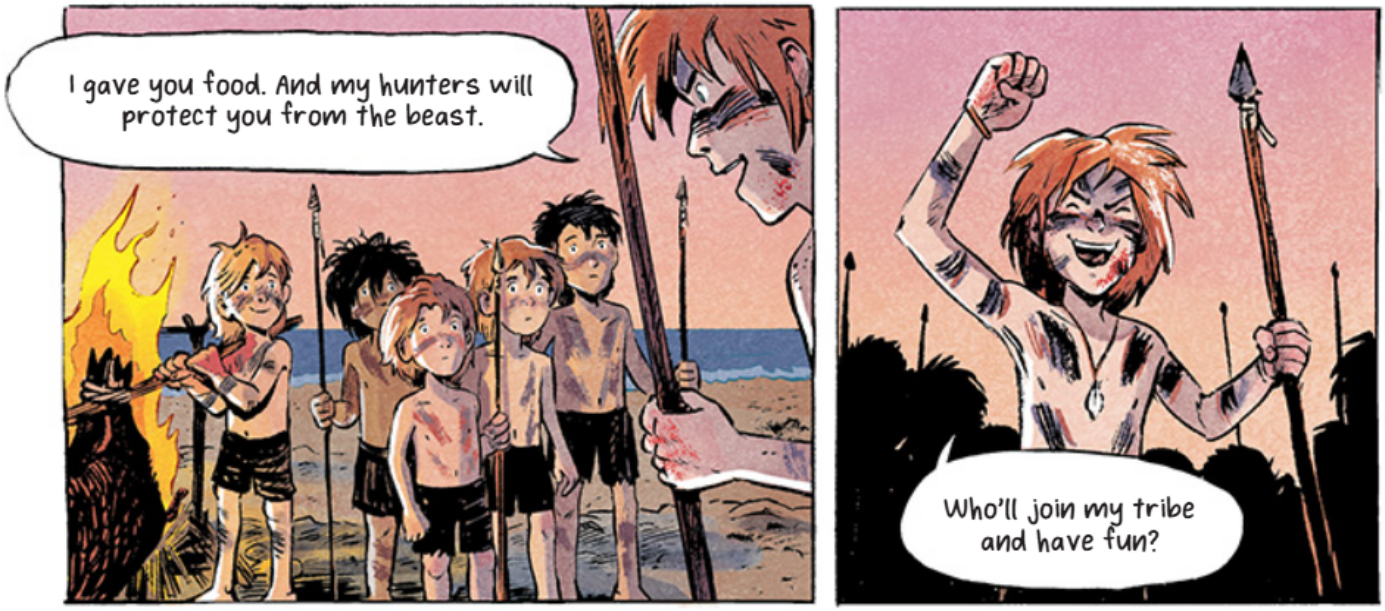

A buffet of wind made him stagger as he saw that he was out in the open, on rock, under a brassy sky.
When the wind reached the mountain-top he could see something happen . . .
. . . a flicker of blue stuff against brown clouds.

Simon felt his knees smack the rock.
He crawled forward and soon he understood.
The tangle of lines showed him the mechanics of this parody.
He examined the white nasal bones; layers of rubber and canvas held together the poor body that should be rotting away.
Then the wind blew again and the figure lifted, bowed, and breathed foully at him.

At last he turned away and looked down at the beaches. The fire by the platform appeared to be out. Further along the beach, beyond the little river and near a great slab of rock, a thin trickle of smoke was climbing into the sky.

Even at this distance it was possible to see that most of the boys – perhaps all of the boys – were there.

The beast was harmless and horrible; and the news must reach the others as soon as possible.


I gave you food. And my hunters will protect you from the beast.
Who'll join my tribe and have fun?

Me.
Me.
I will.

Do our dance!

I'm chief.
And we were going to keep the fire going. Now you run after food—
You ran yourself!
Kill the beast!
Cut his throat!
Do our dance!

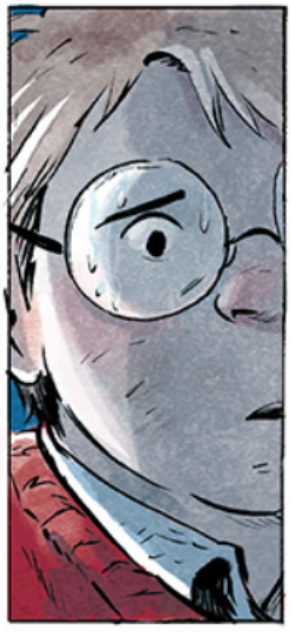
Kill the beast!
Cut his throat!
Spill his blood!
Kill the beast!
Cut his throat!
Spill his blood!

Kill the beast!
Cut his throat!
Do him in!
Spill his blood!

Kill the beast!
Cut his throat!
Spill his blood!

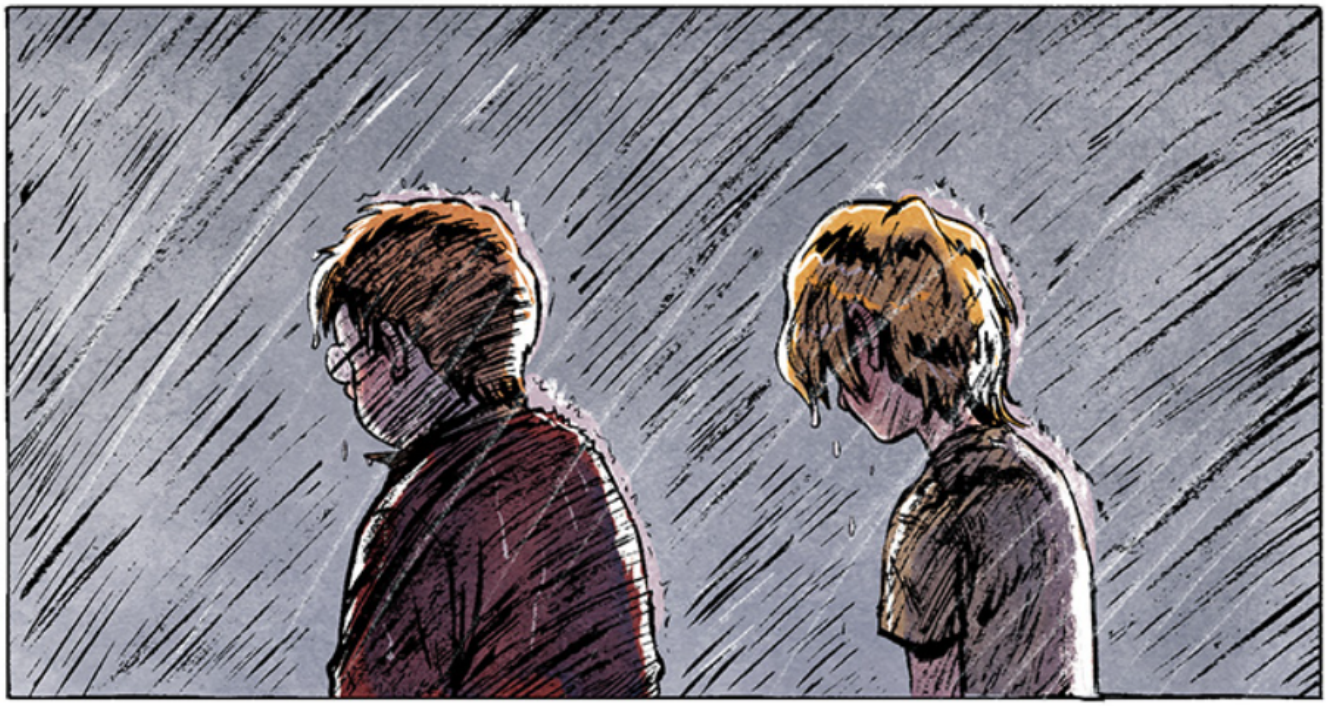
Kill the beast!
Do him in!
Cut his throat!
Spill his blood!
Do him in!

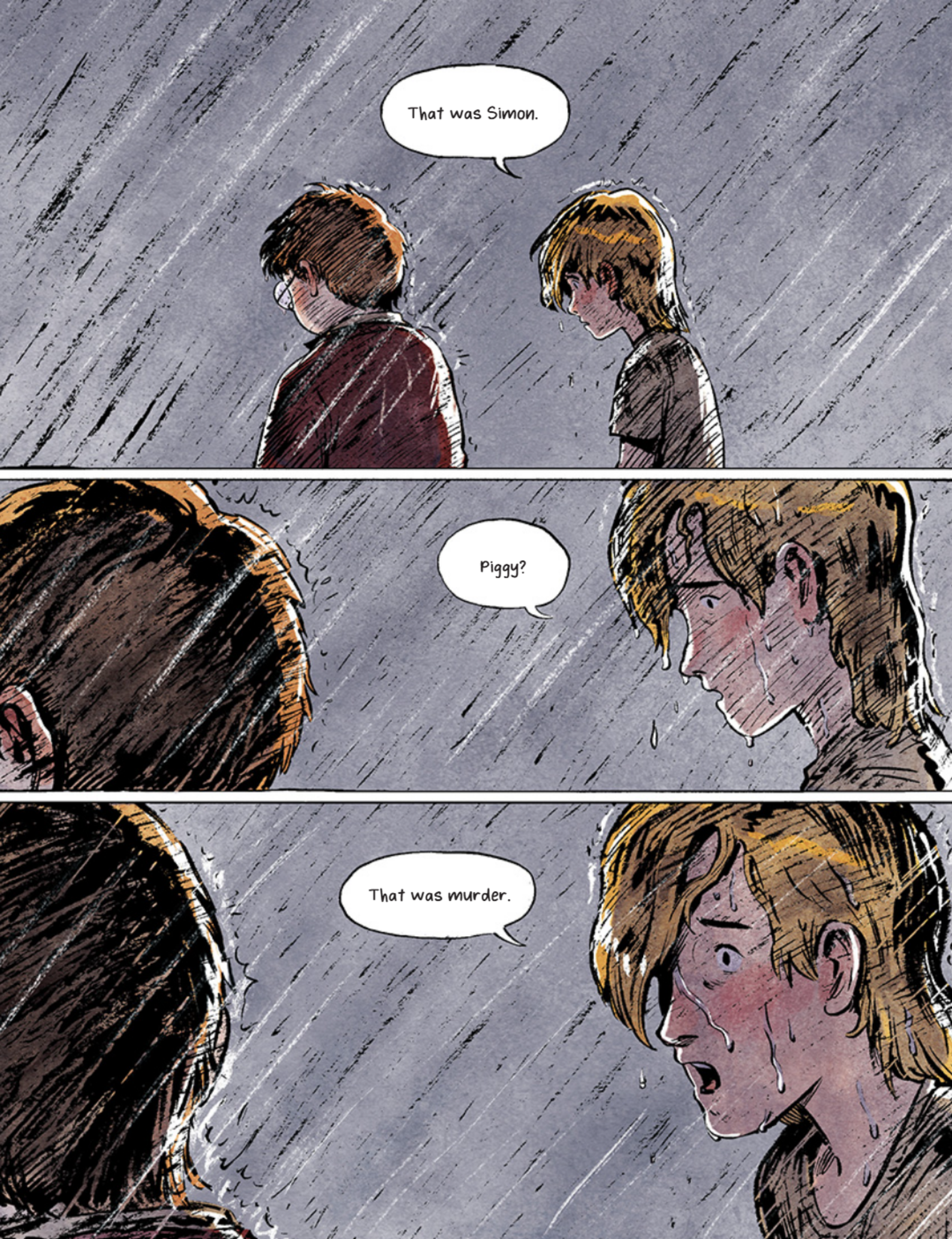
KILL THE BEAST!
CUT HIS THROAT!
SPILL HIS BLOOD!
DO HIM IN!



CHAPTER 10

The Shell and the Glasses



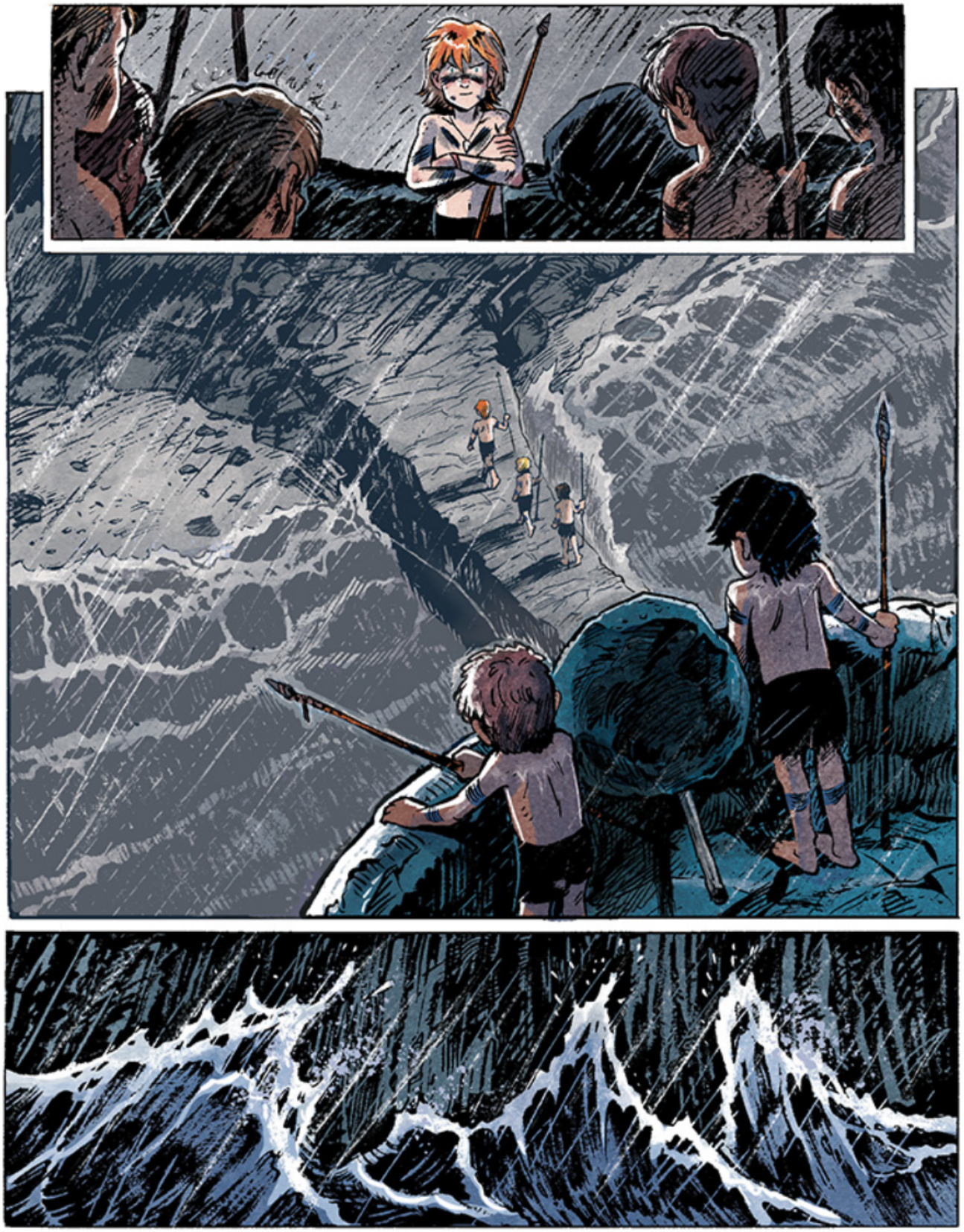

That was Simon.
Piggy?
That was murder.

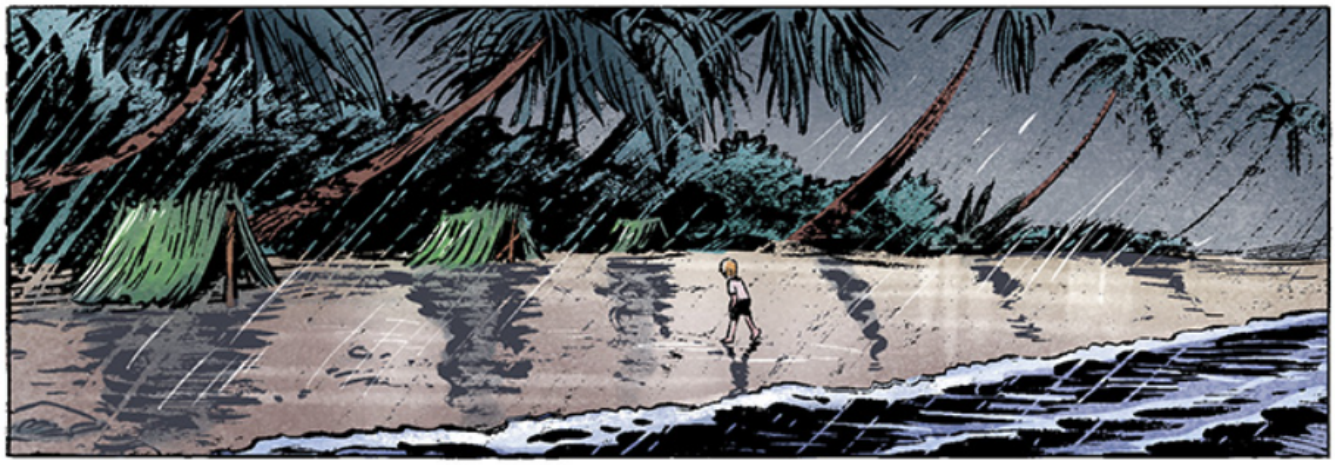
Didn't you see, Piggy?
Not that well. I only got one eye now. You ought to know that, Ralph.
It was an accident.
That's what it was. An accident.
You didn't see what they did—
Look, Ralph. We got to forget this. We can't do no good thinking about it, see?

I'm frightened. Of us. I want to go home.
It was an accident. And that's that.

I shall take a few hunters with me and bring back meat. The defenders of the gate see that the others don't sneak in.
They'll try to spoil things we do. So the watchers at the gate must be careful.

The beast might try to come in. You remember how he crawled.
He came – *disguised*. He may come again even though we gave him the head of our kill to eat.
But . . . Didn't we, didn't we—?
No!
I expect the beast disguised himself.



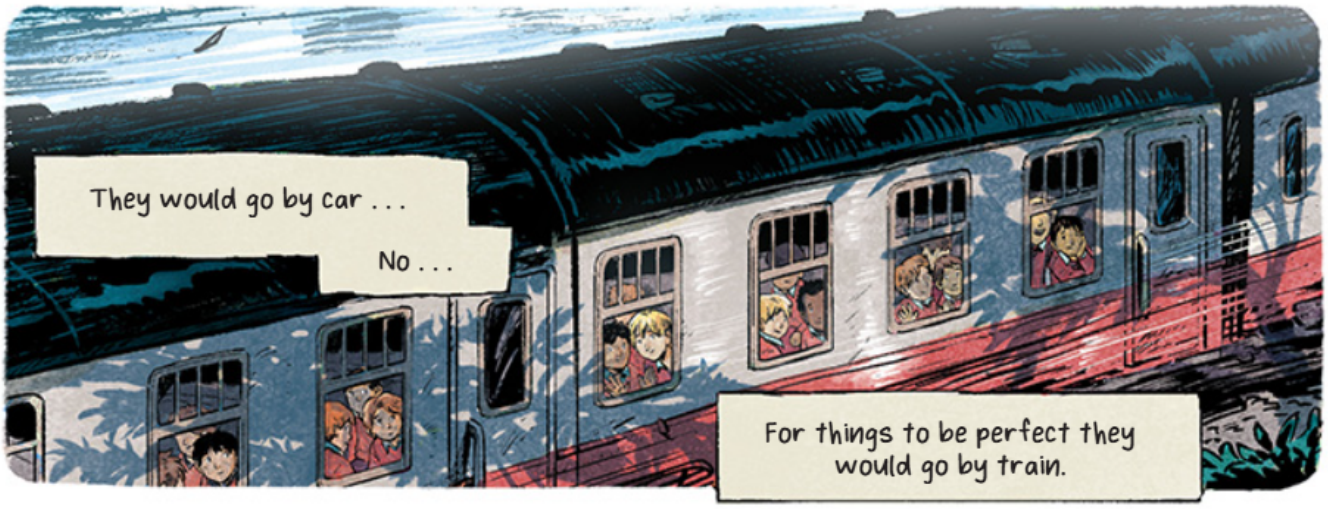


Piggy?

Yeah?

All right?

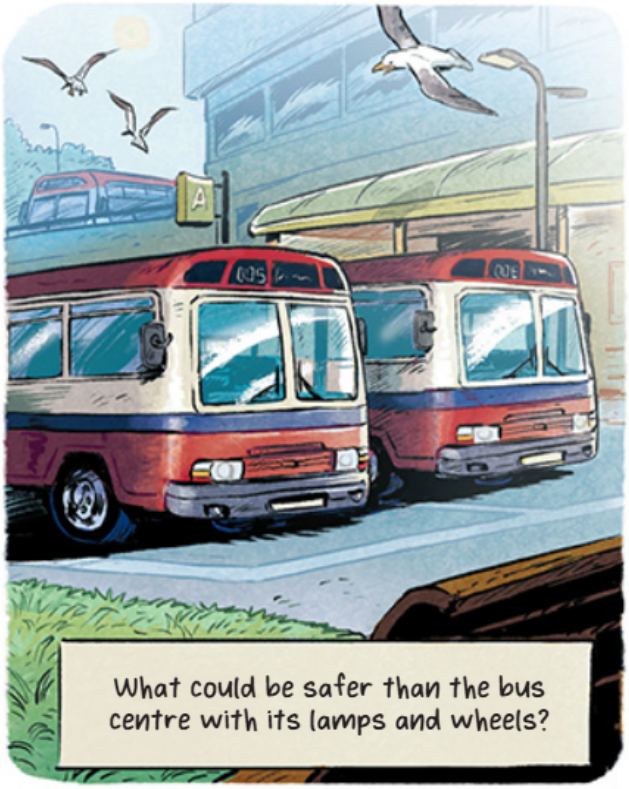
S'pose so.
Ralph settled himself for his nightly game of supposing . . .
Supposing they could be transported home by jet . . .
. . . then before the morning they would land at that big airfield in Wiltshire.

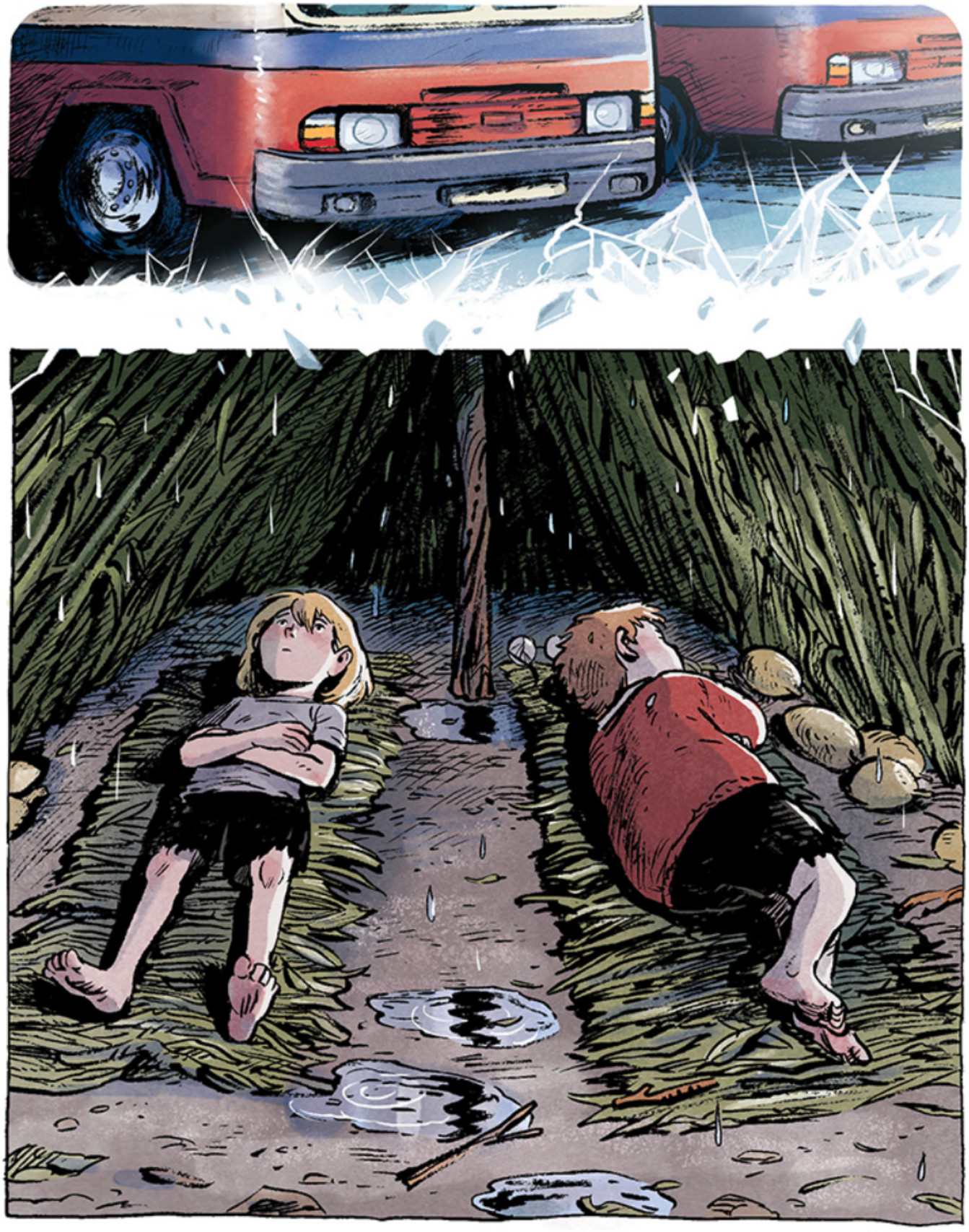

They would go by car . . .
No . . .
For things to be perfect they would go by train.

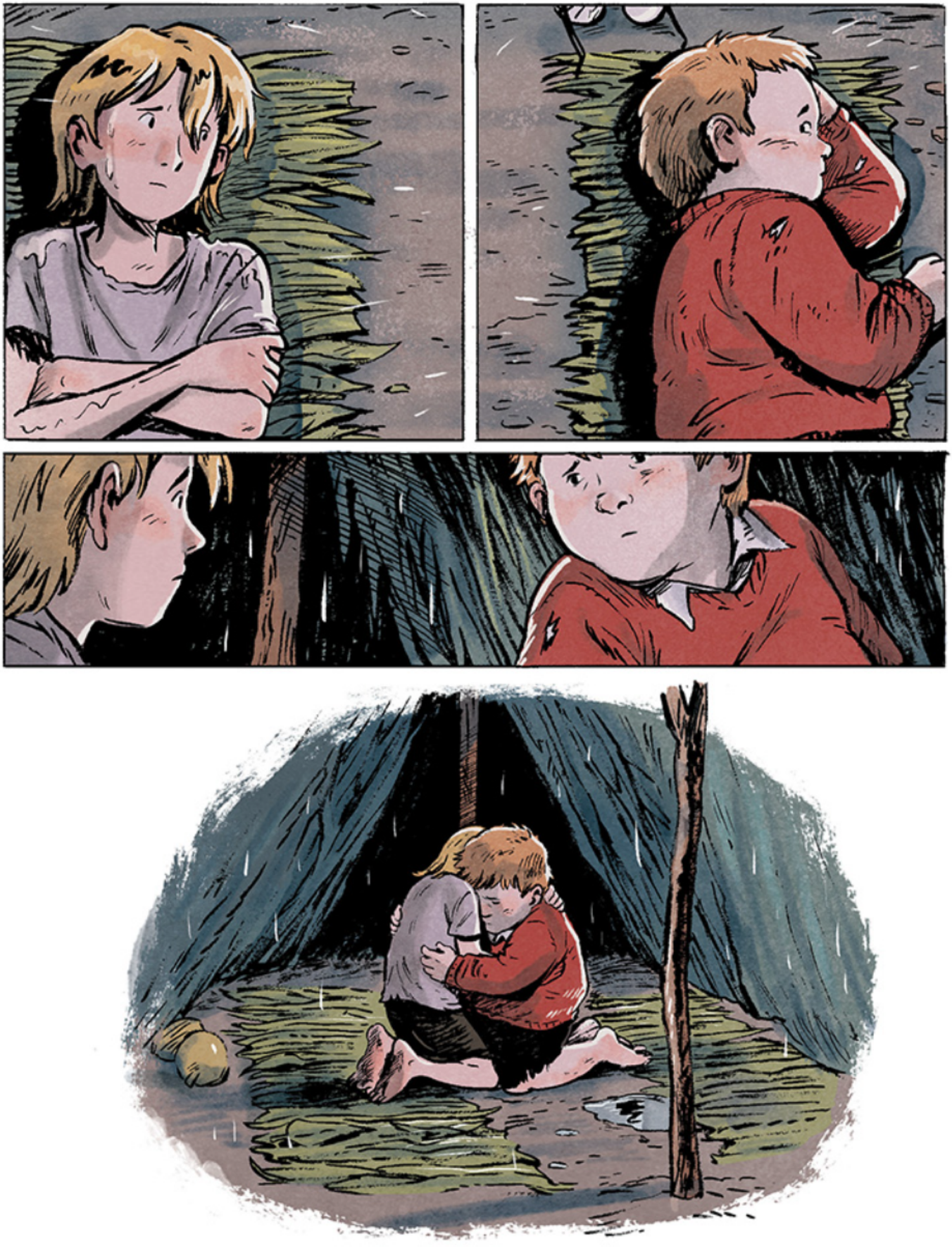
All the way down to Devon and take that cottage again.

Dartmoor was wild and so were the ponies.

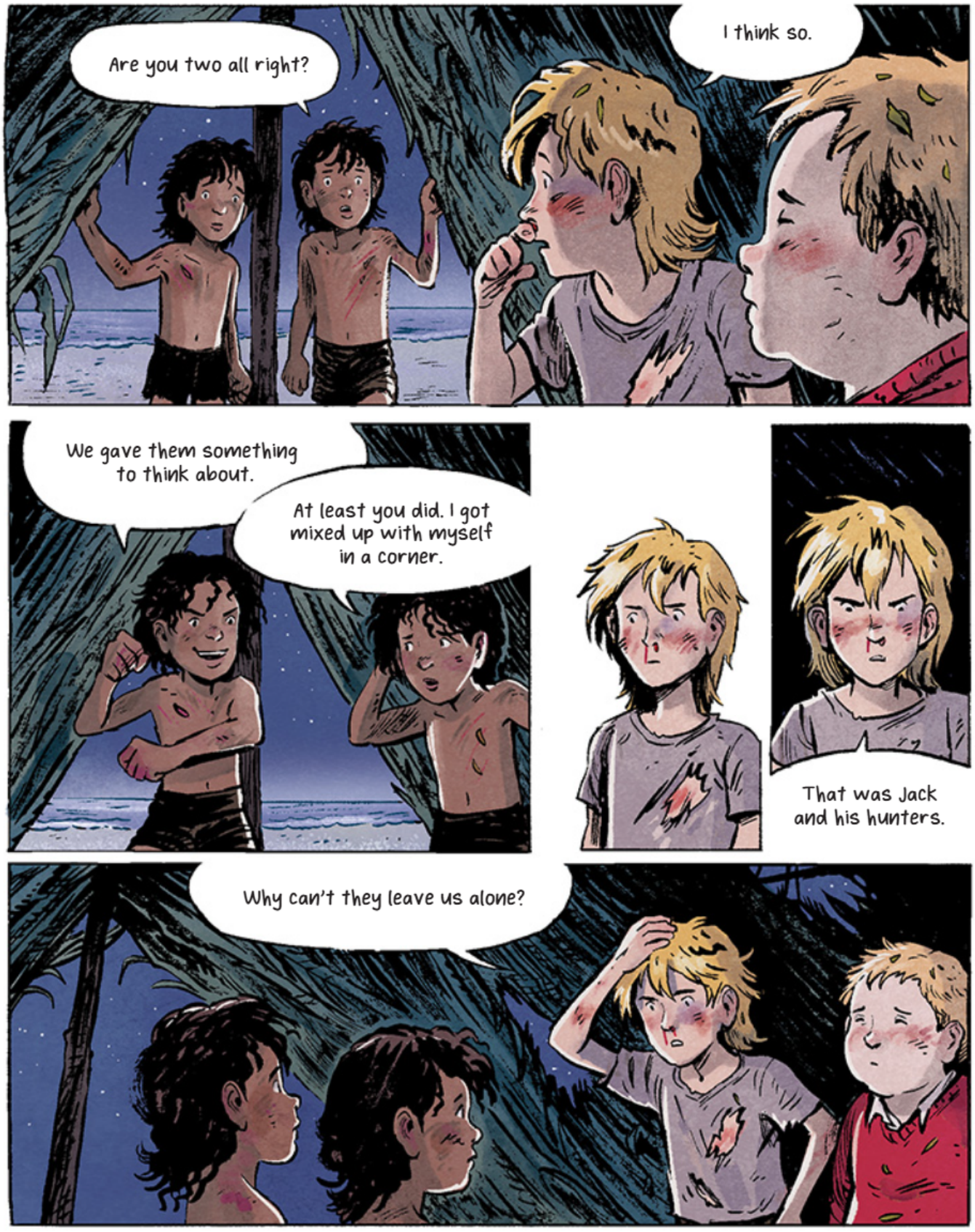
But the attraction of wildness had gone.


What could be safer than the bus centre with its lamps and wheels?





Did you get hurt, Piggy?
Not much.

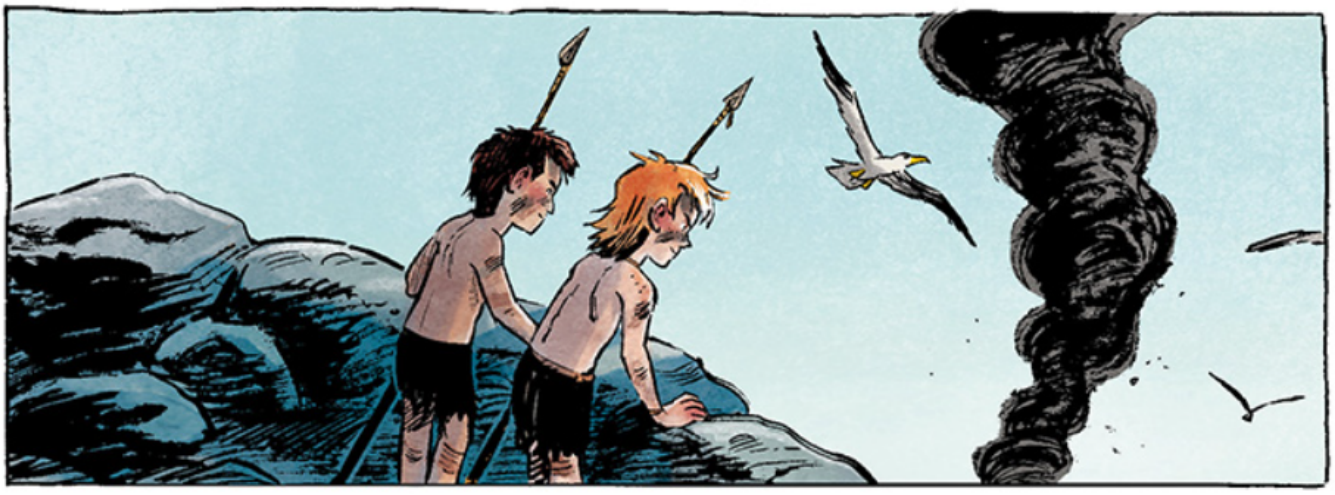

Are you two all right?
I think so.
We gave them something to think about.
At least you did. I got mixed up with myself in a corner.
That was Jack and his hunters.
Why can't they leave us alone?

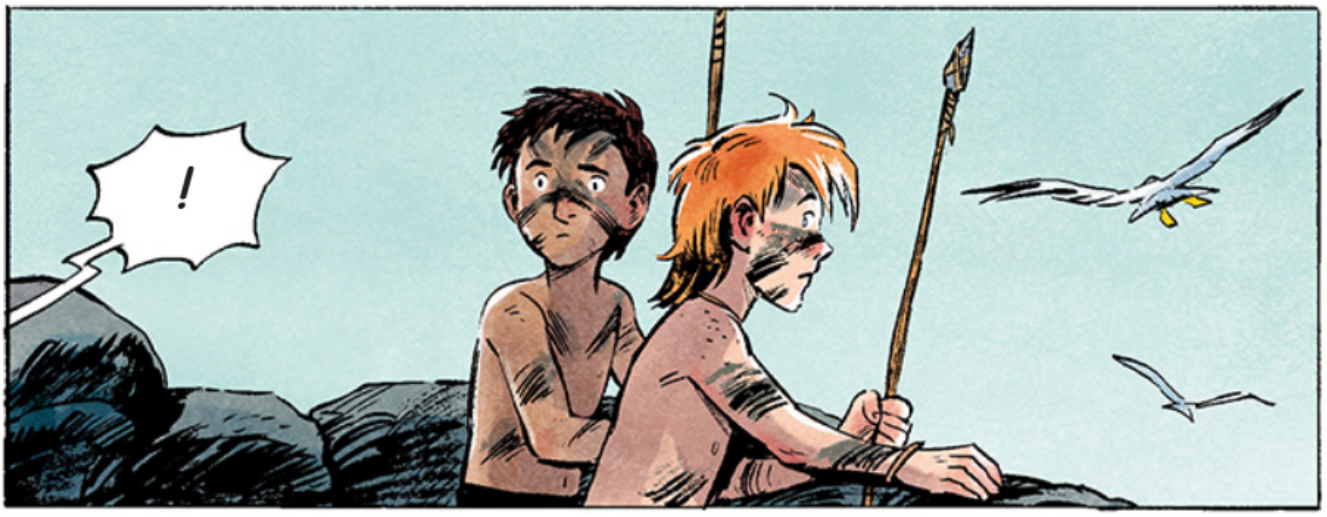
I thought they wanted the conch.

Far off along the bowstave of beach, three figures trotted towards the Castle Rock.
The Chief led them, trotting steadily, exulting in his achievement.

CHAPTER 11

Castle Rock




!

Halt! Who goes there?

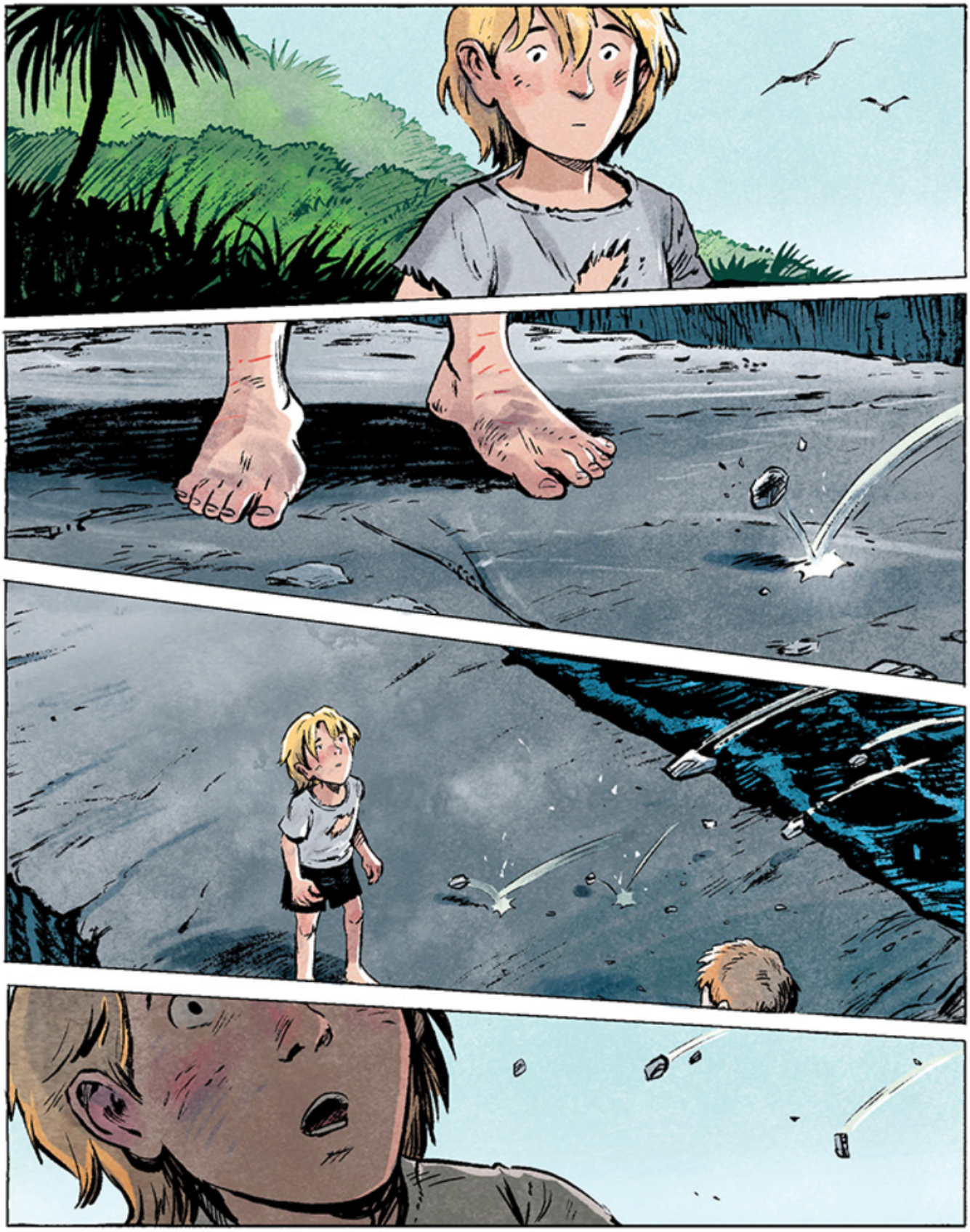
You can see who I am!

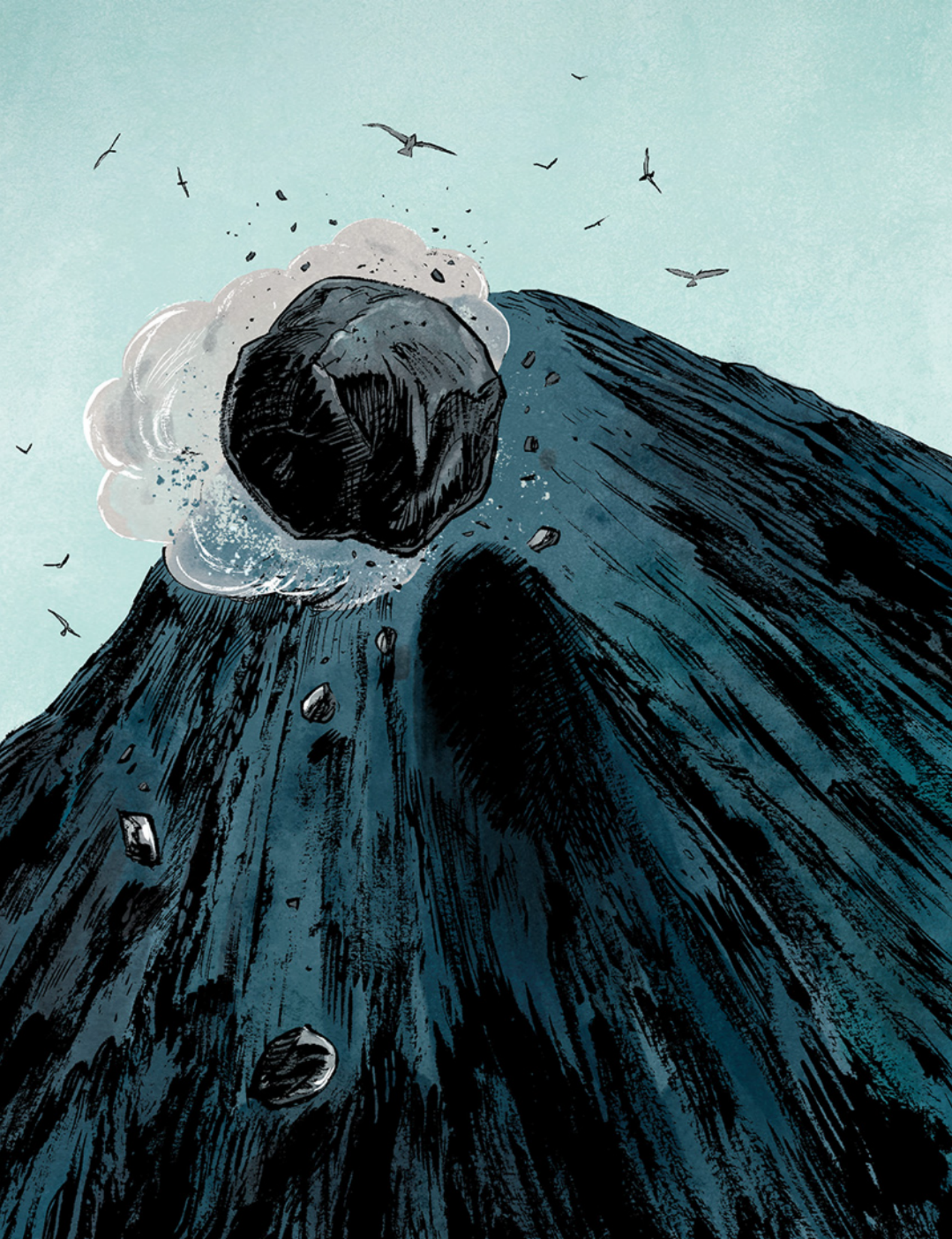
Stop being silly!

You go away, Ralph.
You keep to your end. This is my end and my tribe. You leave me alone.
You could have had fire whenever you wanted. But you didn't. You came sneaking up like a thief and stole Piggy's glasses!
Say that again!
You've got to give them back.
If he hasn't got them he can't see.

GRAB THEM!
See? They do what I want.

Let me speak!
I got the conch!
I got this to say. You're acting like a crowd of kids.
Which is better – to have rules and agree, or to hunt and kill?
Which is better, law and rescue, or hunting and breaking things up?

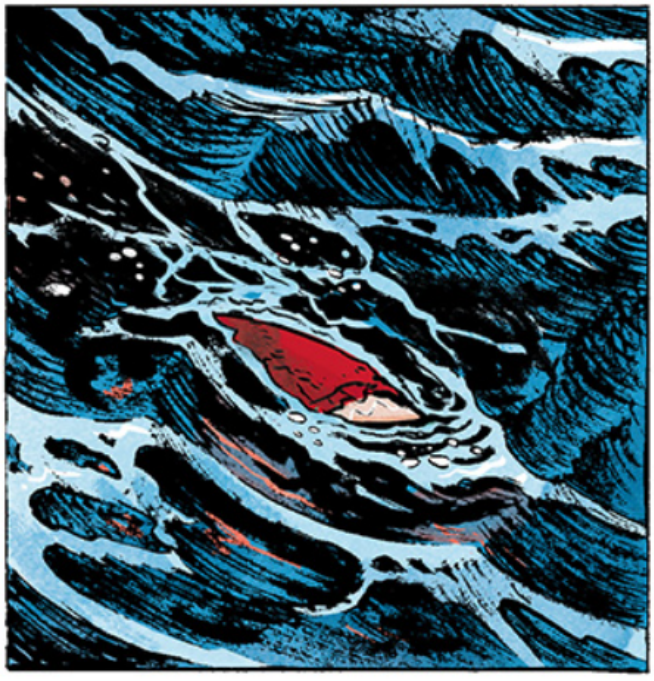


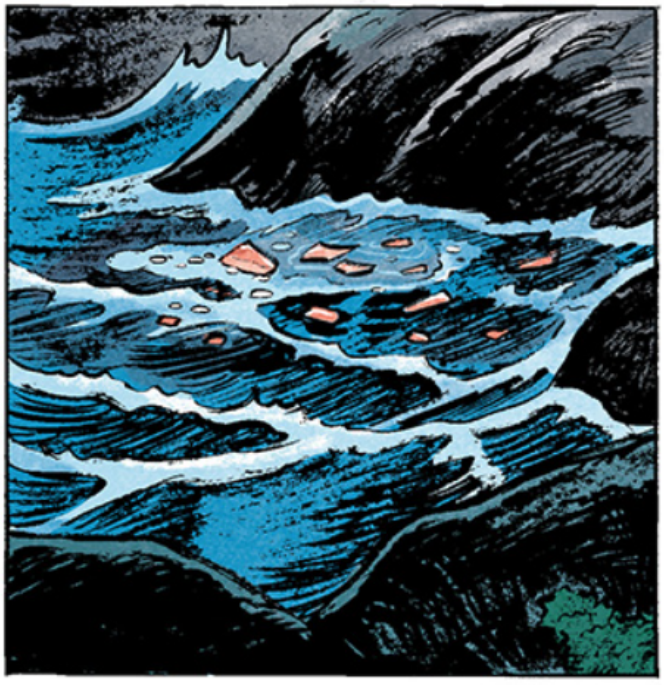


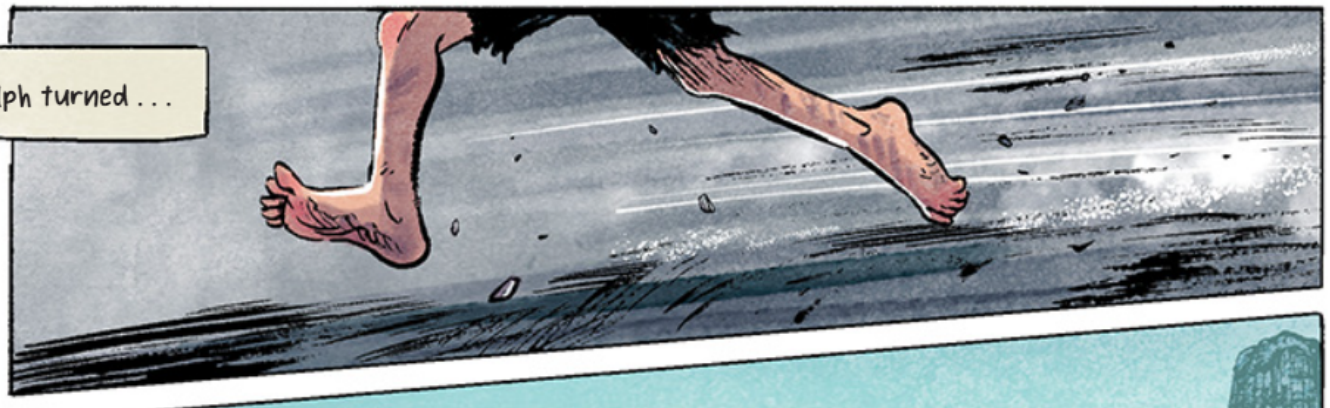
The rock struck Piggy a glancing blow from chin to knee.
The conch exploded into a thousand white fragments and ceased to exist.

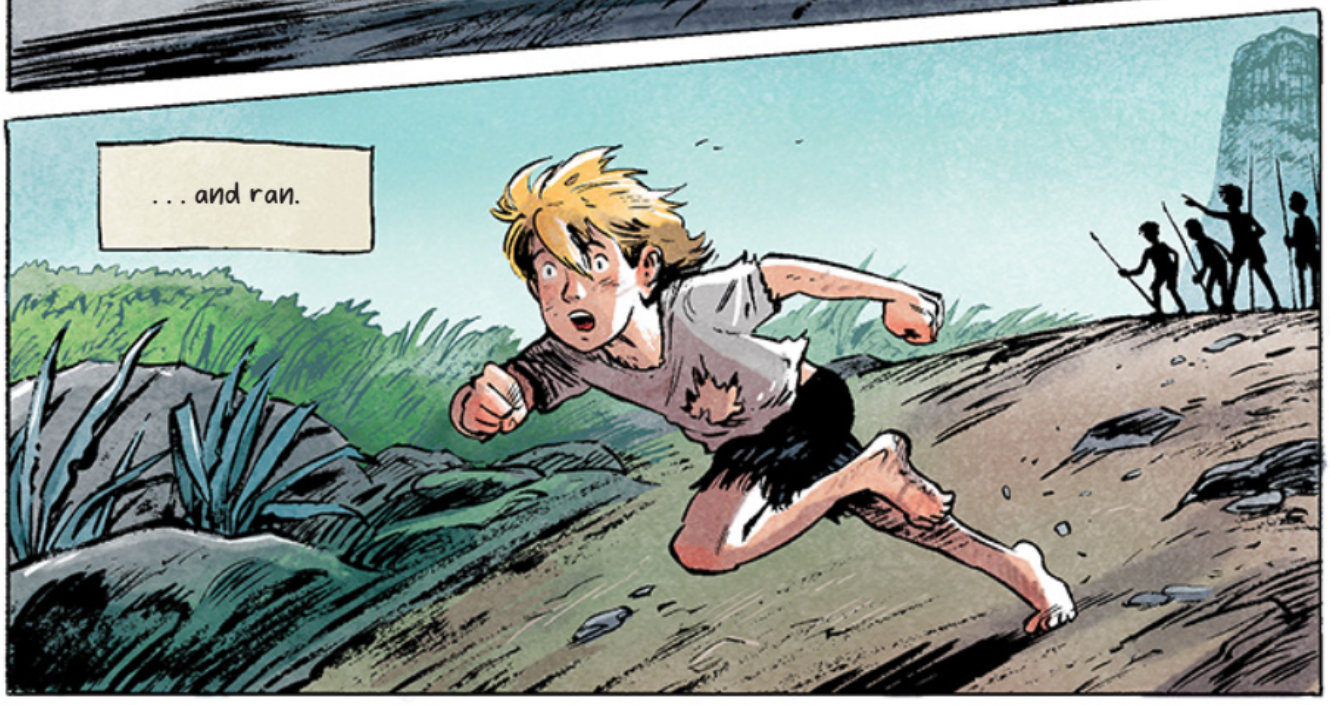
Piggy, saying nothing, with no time for even a grunt, travelled through the air sideways from the rock, turning over as he went.

His head opened and stuff came out and turned red.
Then the sea breathed again in a long slow sigh, the water boiled white and pink over the rock; and when it went, sucking back again, the body of Piggy was gone.






Ralph turned . . .

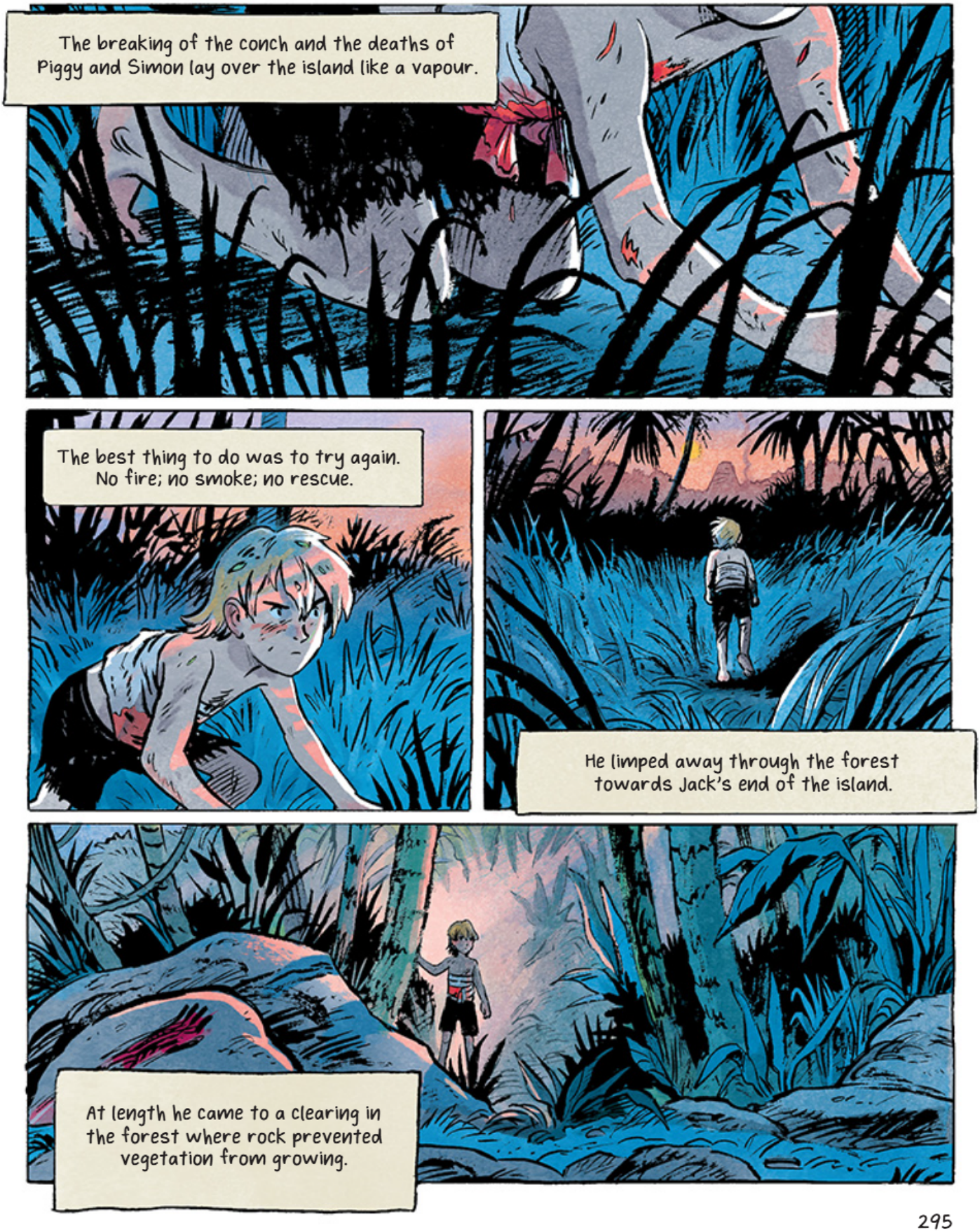

. . . and ran.

He obeyed an instinct that he did not know he possessed.

CHAPTER 12

Cry of the Hunters

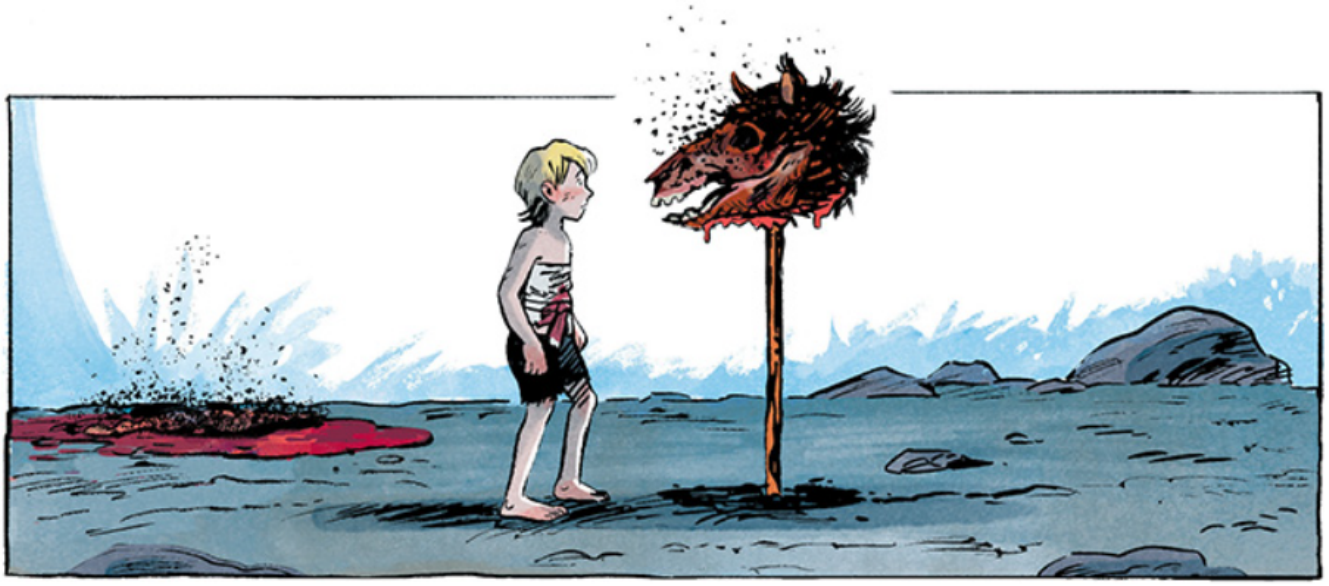
Ralph listened.
He was not very far from Castle Rock.
During the first panic he had thought he heard sounds of pursuit. But the hunters had only sneaked into the fringes of the greenery, retrieving spears perhaps . . .
. . . and then had rushed back to the sunny rock as if terrified of the darkness under the leaves.


The breaking of the conch and the deaths of Piggy and Simon lay over the island like a vapour.
The best thing to do was to try again. No fire; no smoke; no rescue.
He limped away through the forest towards Jack's end of the island.
At length he came to a clearing in the forest where rock prevented vegetation from growing.

The teeth grinned, the empty sockets seemed to hold his gaze masterfully and without effort.

What was it?

The skull regarded Ralph like one who knows all the answers and won't tell.

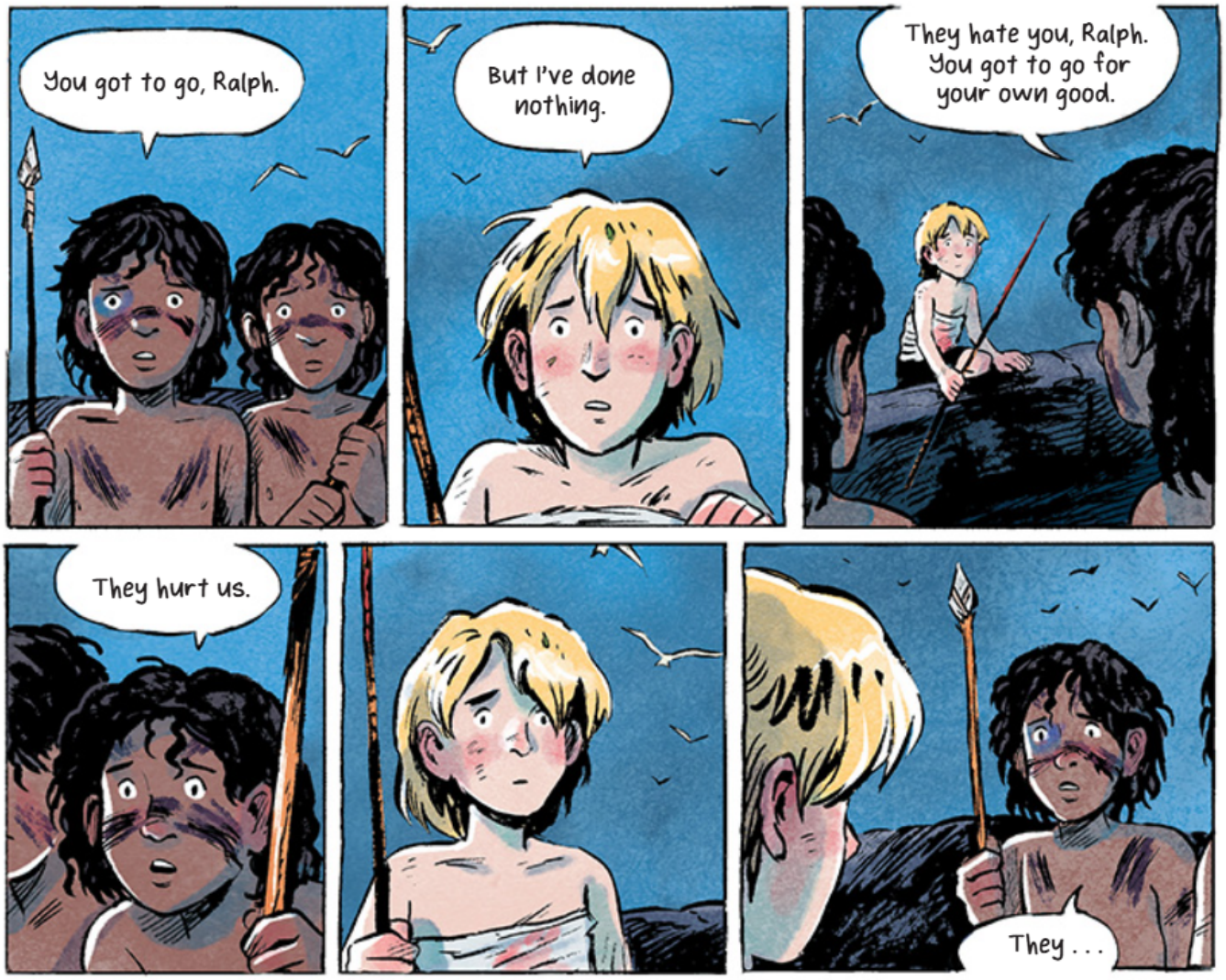


A sick fear and rage swept him.

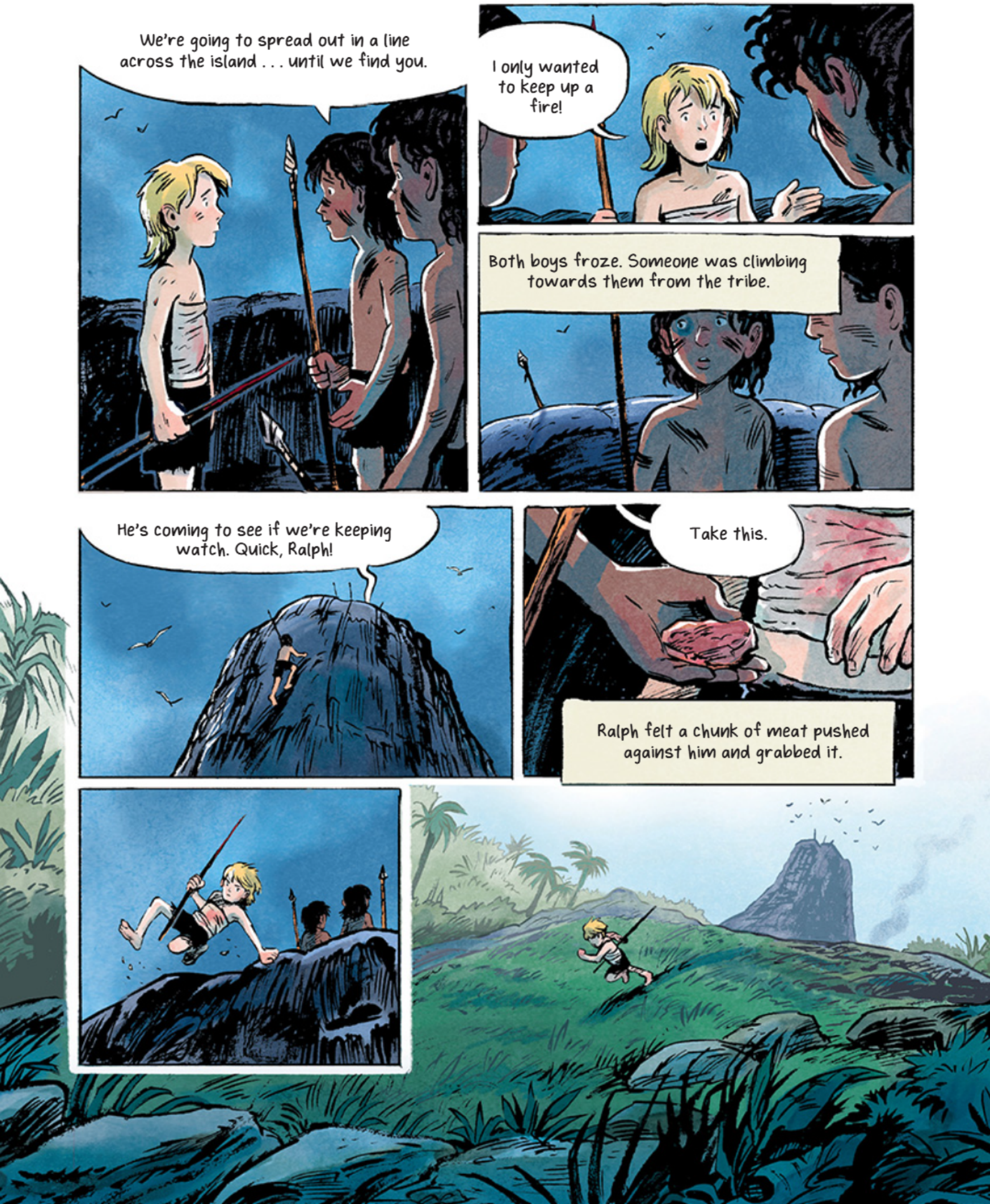
Then he backed away, keeping his face to the skull . . .

. . . that lay grinning at the sky.

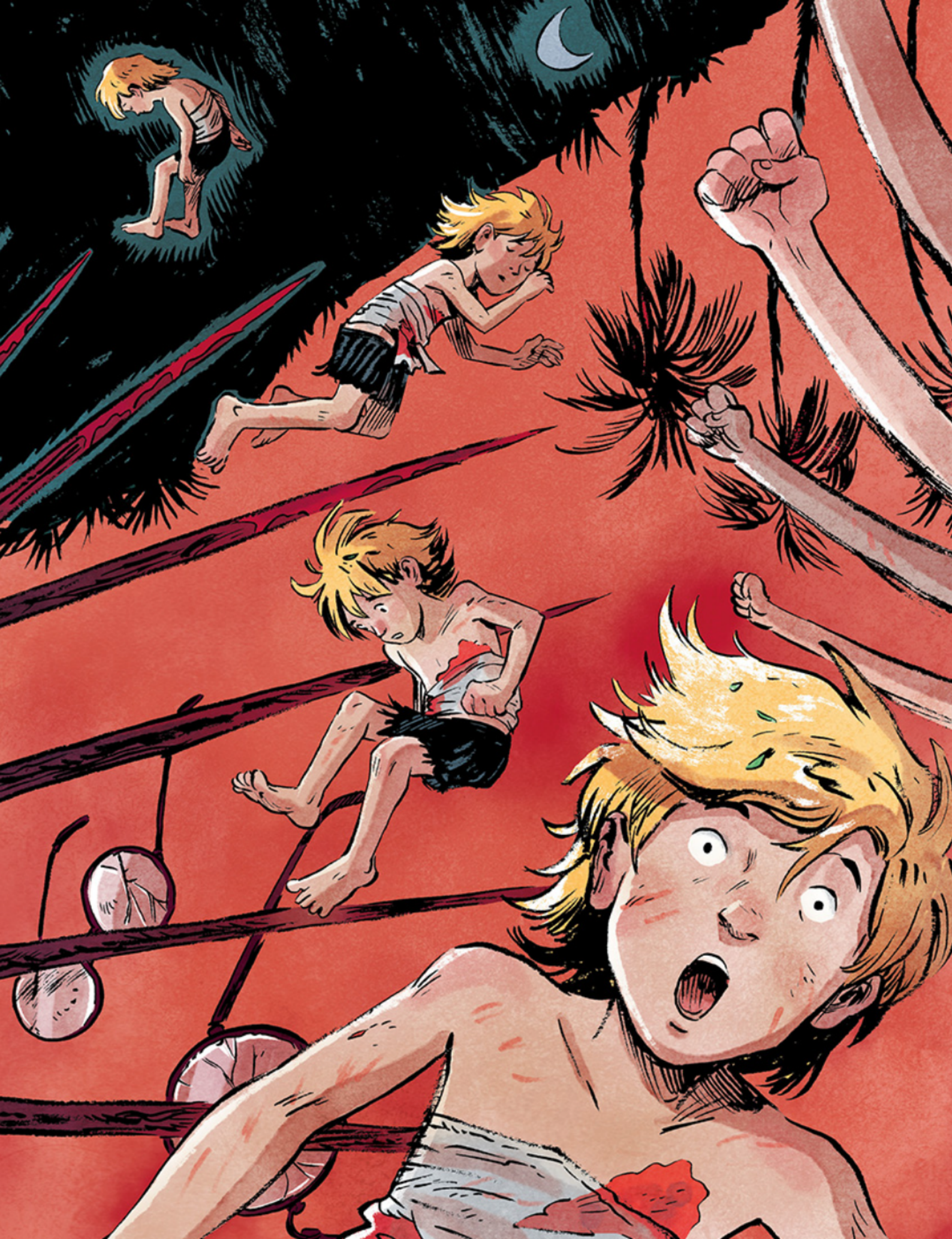
It's only me. Ralph.


You got to go, Ralph.
But I've done nothing.
They hate you, Ralph. You got to go for your own good.
They hurt us.
They . . .

They're going to hunt you tomorrow.


We're going to spread out in a line across the island . . . until we find you.
I only wanted to keep up a fire!
Both boys froze. Someone was climbing towards them from the tribe.
He's coming to see if we're keeping watch. Quick, Ralph!
Take this.
Ralph felt a chunk of meat pushed against him and grabbed it.

He squatted down in the tall grass, remembered the meat that Sam had given him and began to tear at it ravenously.
While he was eating, he heard fresh noises – cries of pain from Samneric, cries of panic, angry voices.
Then the voices passed away down the rock and he ceased to think of them.



He was awake before his eyes were open, listening to a noise that was near.
He had just time to realize that the age-long nightmares of falling and death were past and that the morning was come, then he heard the sound again.
ULULUL

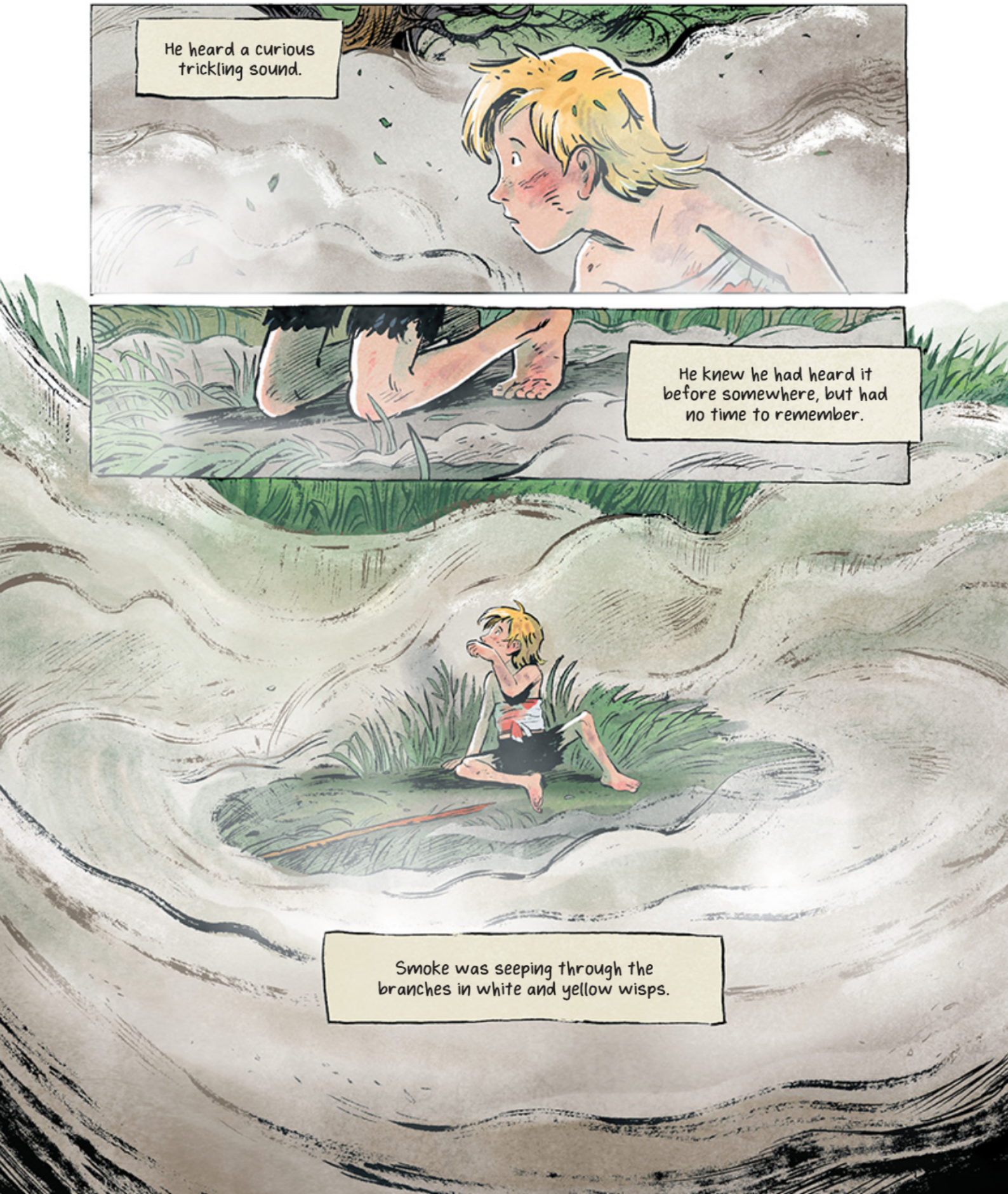
ULULULULULULULULULULULU

The ferns were thumped and beaten and he heard legs moving in the long grass.
He sat down carefully among the smashed stems and waited for the hunt to pass.
At last he heard a voice – Jack's voice, but hushed.

They were going away, back to the tower rock.

HEAVE! HEAVE! HEAVE!

HEAVE! HEAVE!
HEAVE! HEAVE!
A moment later, the earth jolted, there was a rushing sound in the air, and the top of the thicket was cuffed as with a gigantic hand.
Only a few feet away, the whole thicket bent and the roots screamed as they came out of the earth together.

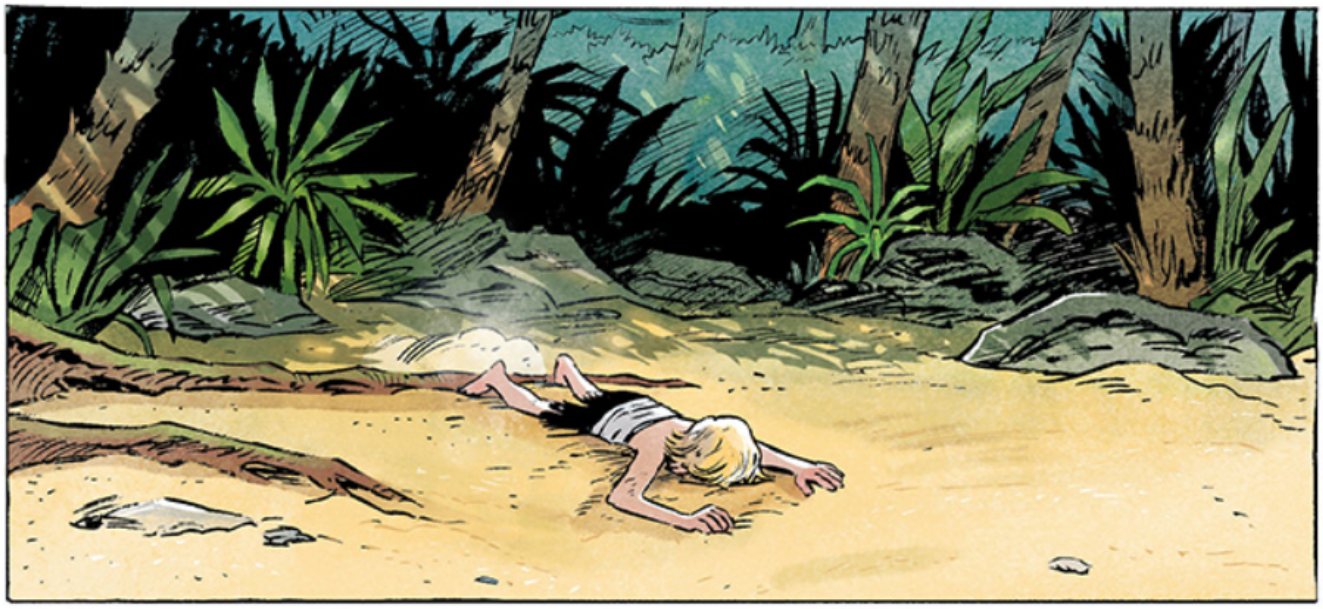

He heard a curious trickling sound.
He knew he had heard it before somewhere, but had no time to remember.
Smoke was seeping through the branches in white and yellow wisps.

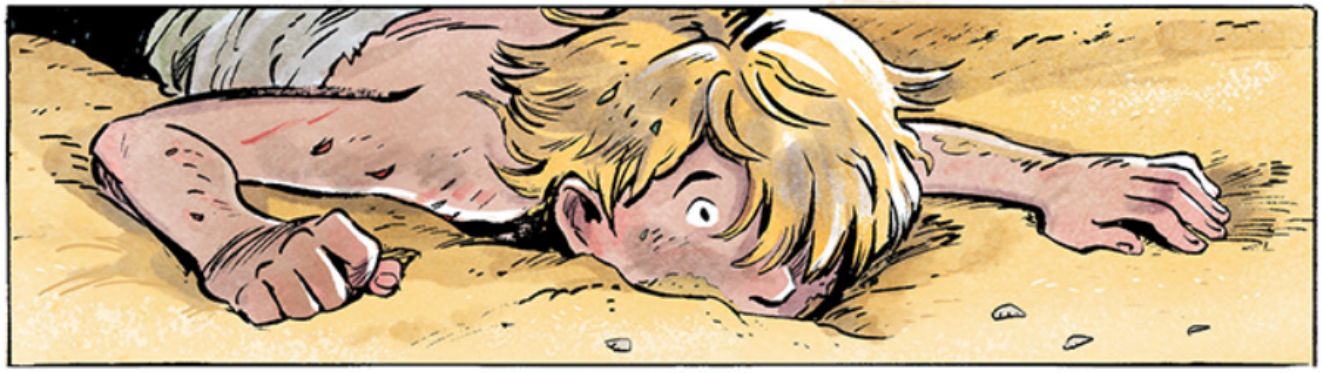
They had smoked him out . . .

. . . and set the island on fire.
The fire was a big one and the drum-roll that he had thought was left so far behind was nearer.

The fools! The fire must be almost at the fruit trees – what would they eat tomorrow?
Ralph screamed, a scream of fright and anger and desperation. Couldn't a fire outrun a galloping horse?
He forgot his wounds, his hunger and thirst, and became fear . . .

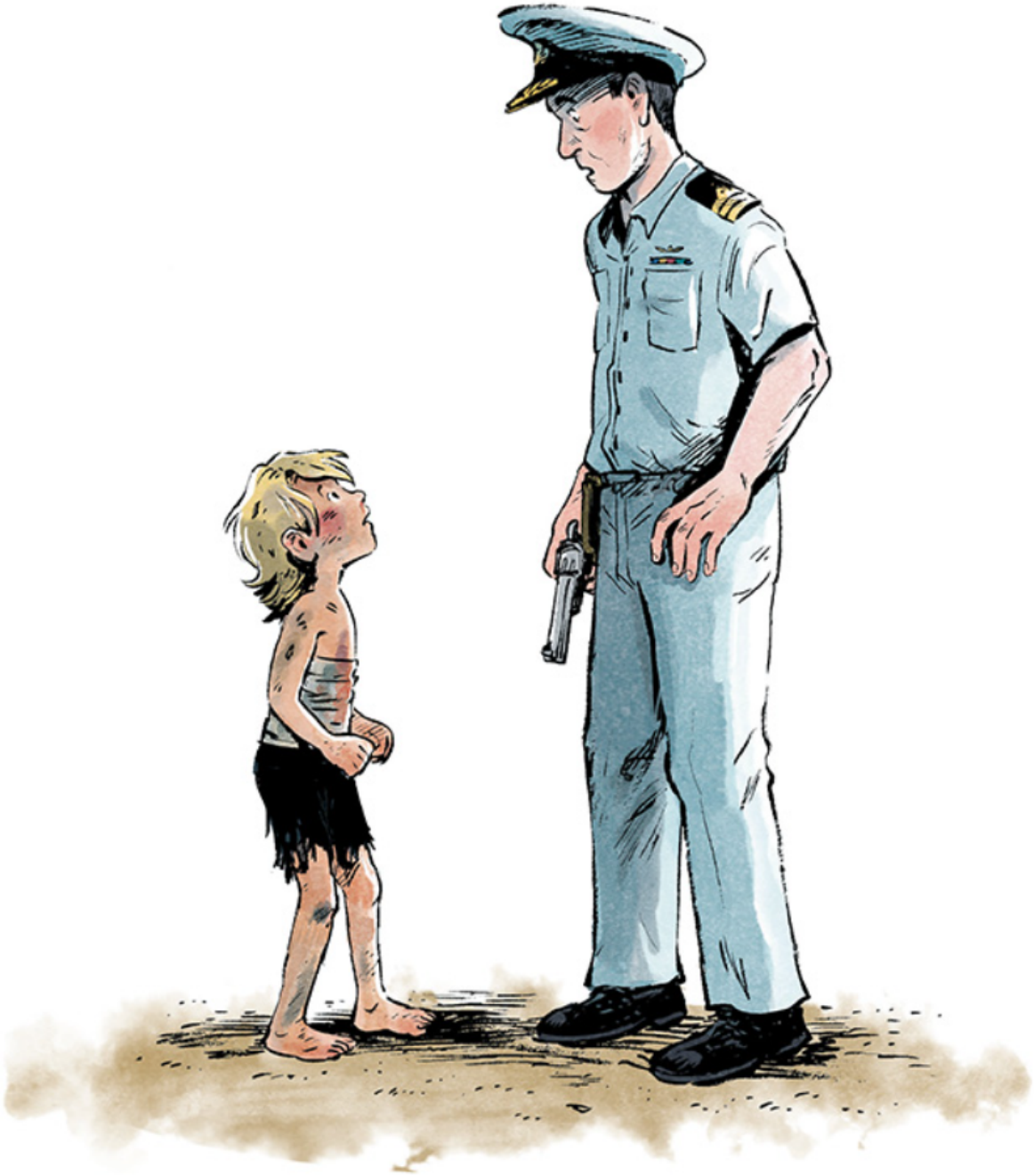
Hopeless fear on flying feet.





He staggered to his feet,
tensed for more terrors . . .

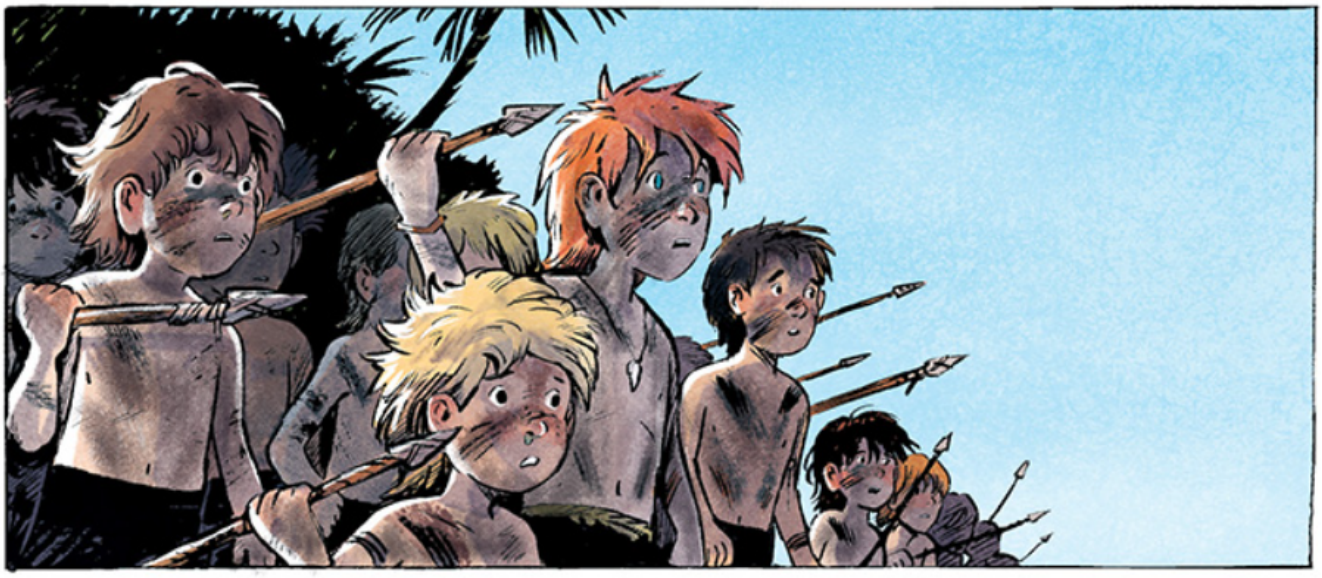
. . . and looked up at a huge peaked cap.

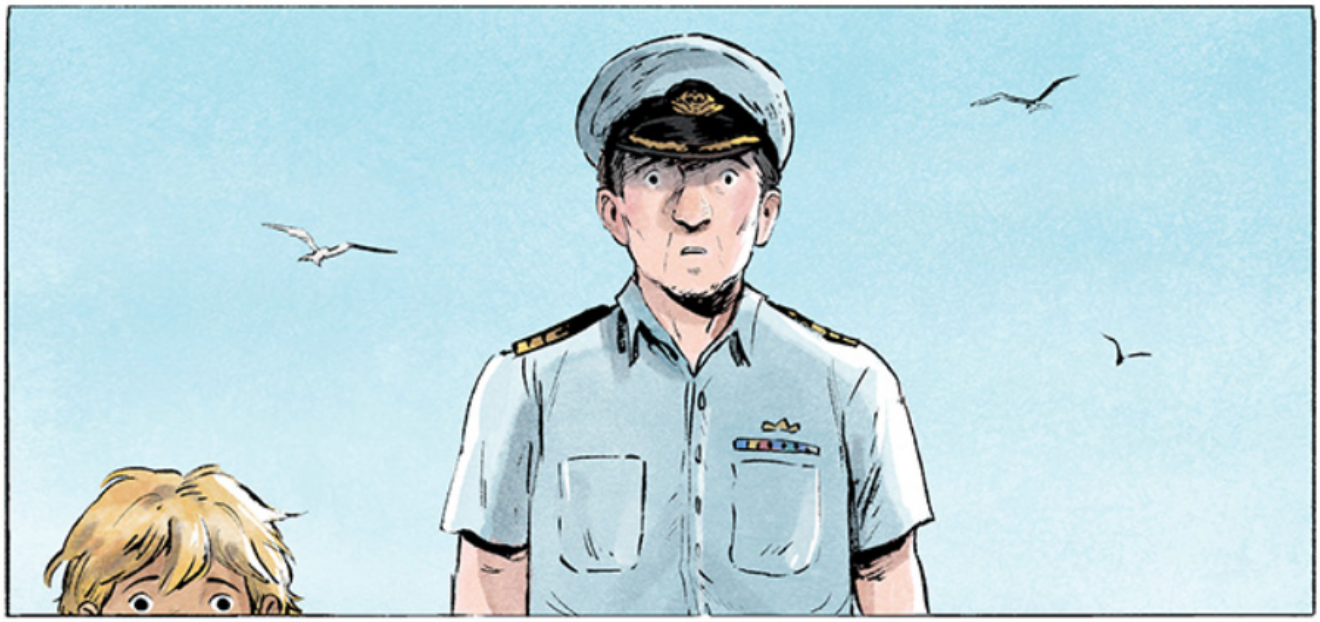


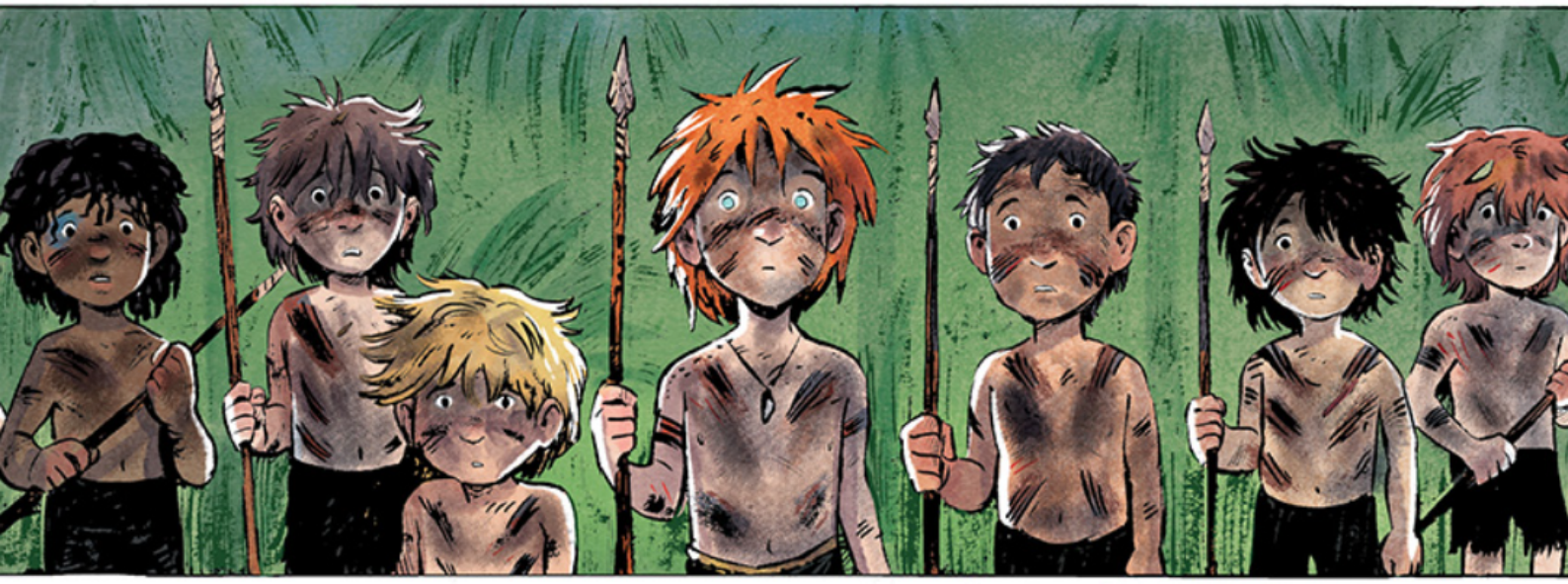
Hullo.

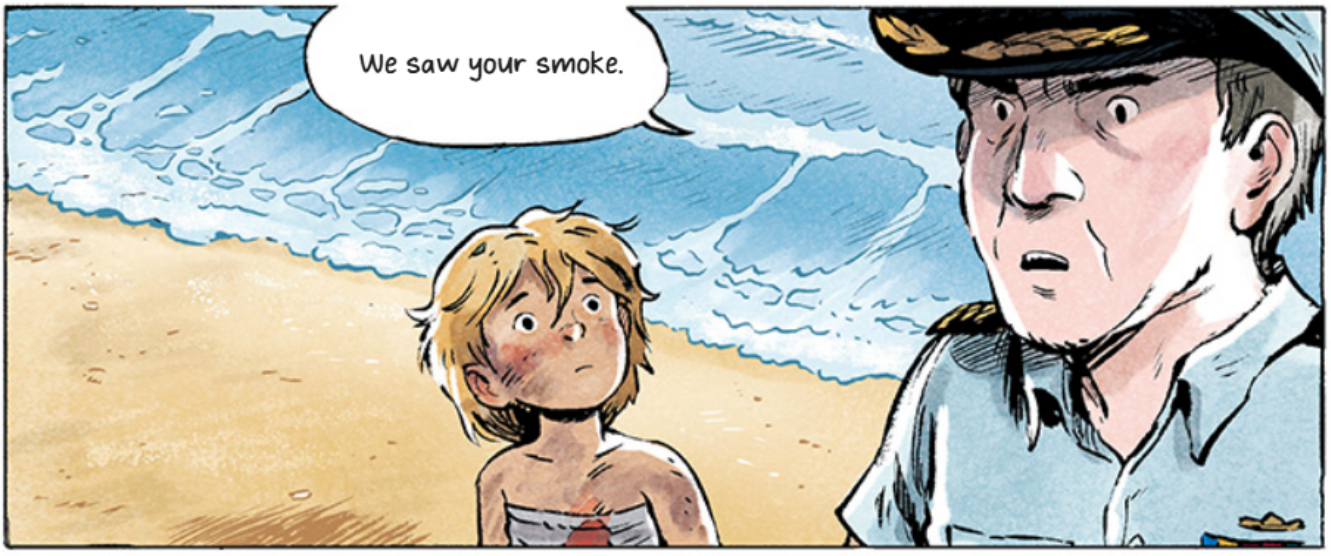
Hullo.

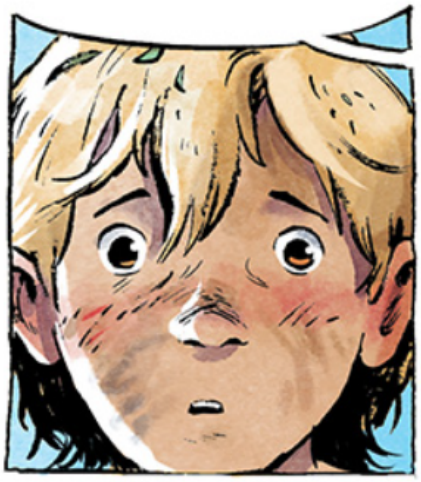
LULULULULULULULULU



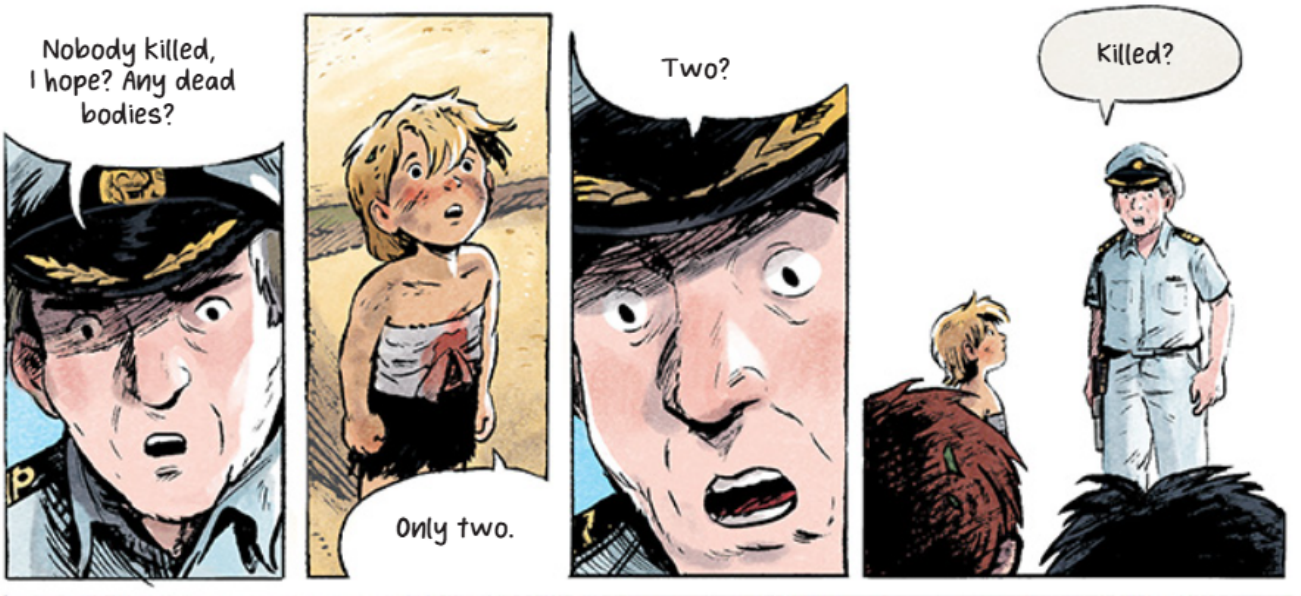


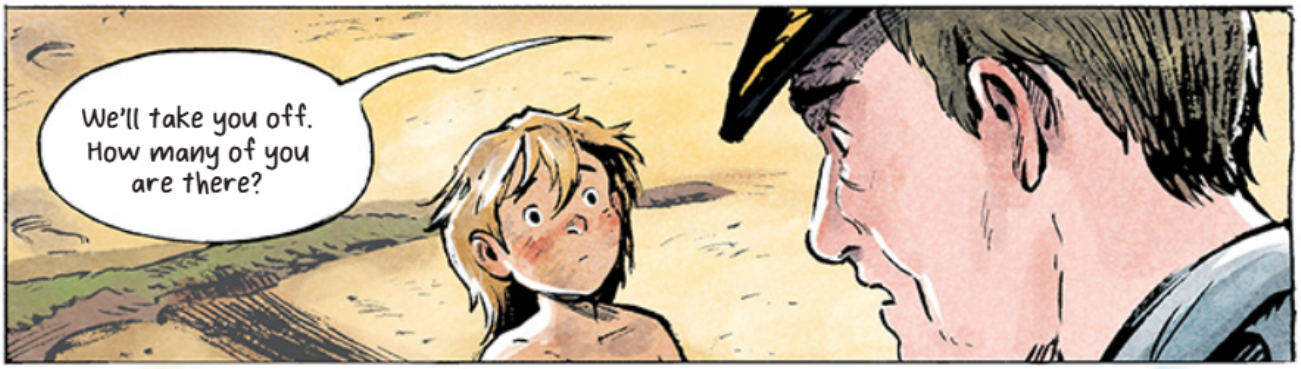



We saw your smoke.

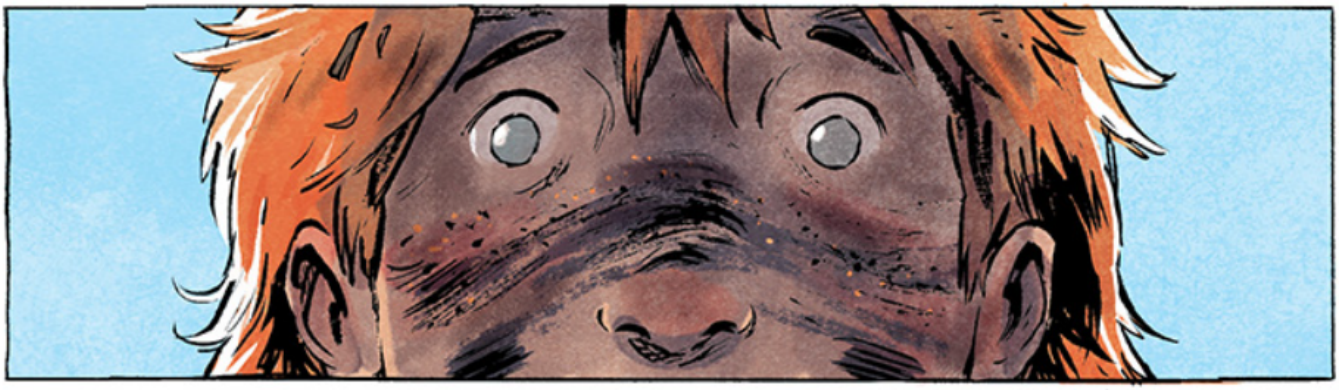

Are there any adults – any grown-ups with you?

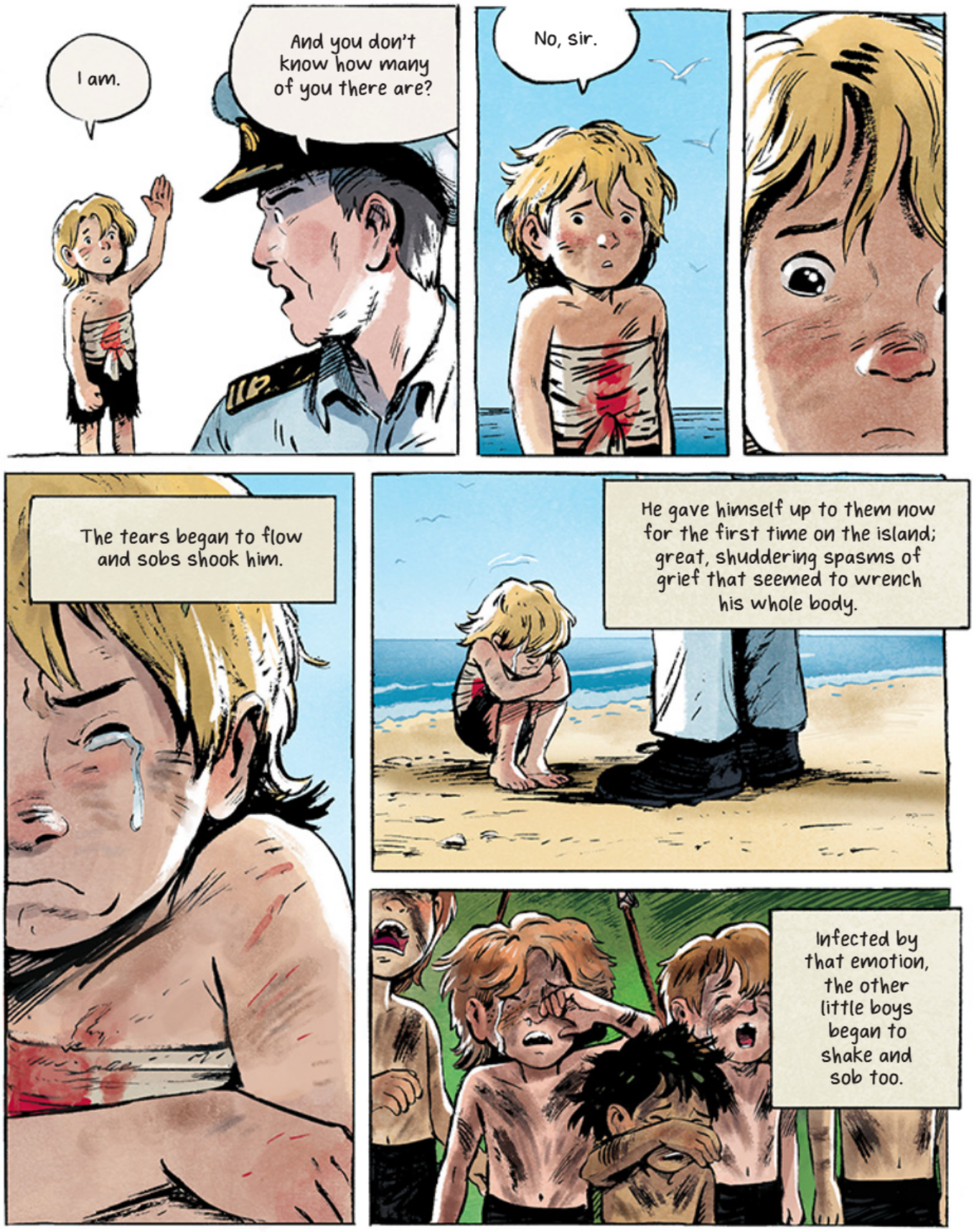
What have you been doing?
Having a war or something?

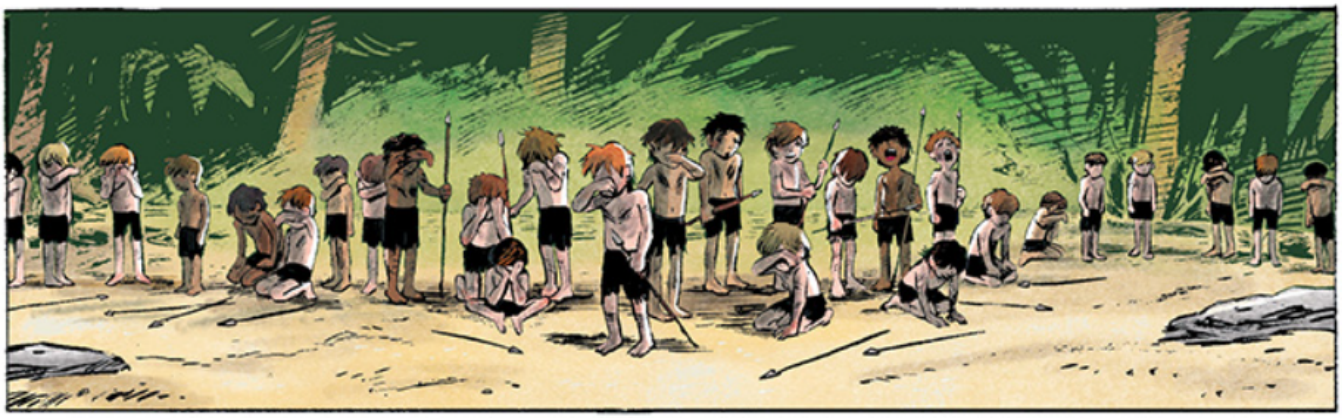

Nobody killed, I hope? Any dead bodies?
Only two.
Two?
Killed?


We'll take you off. How many of you are there?

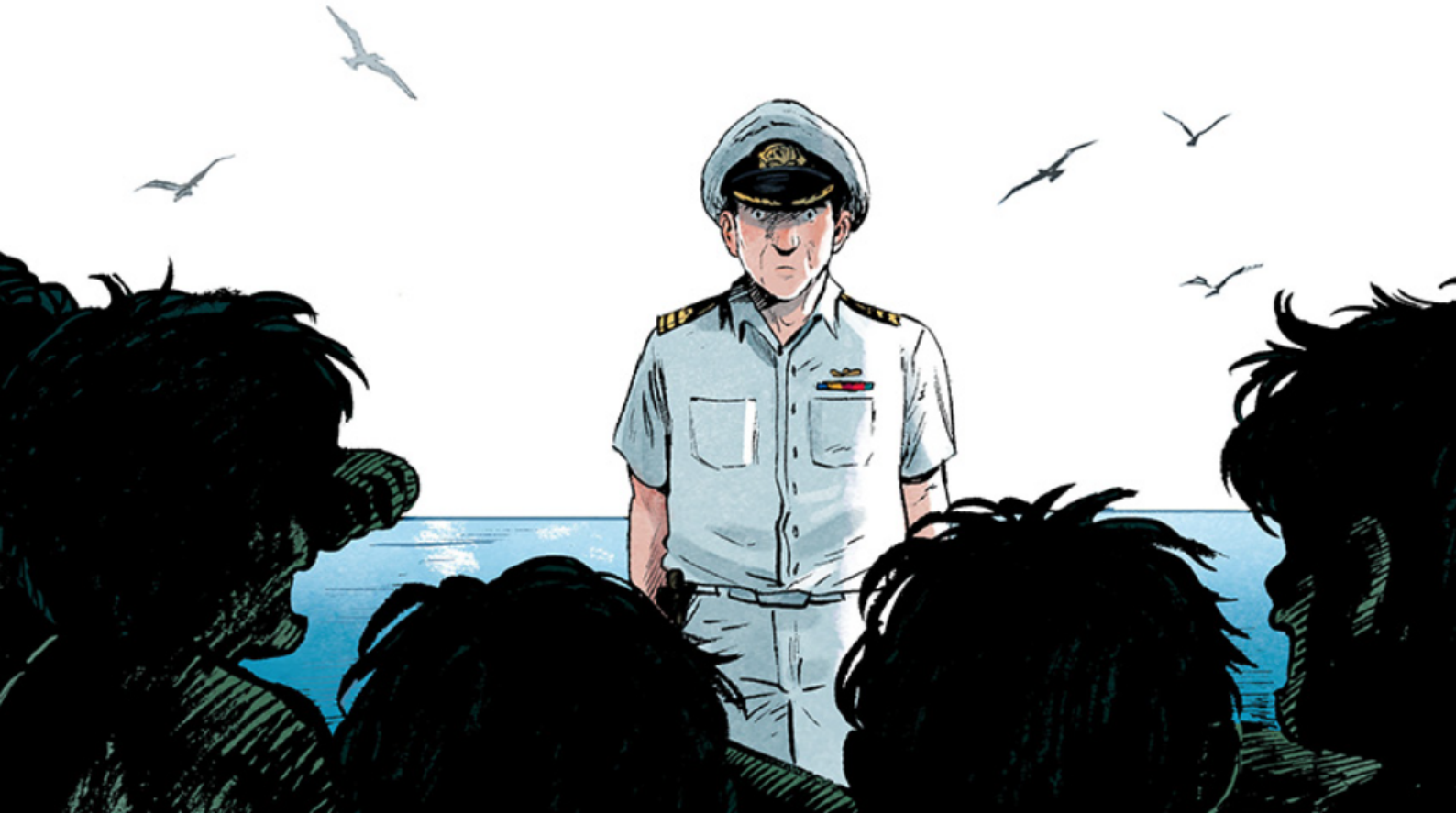
Who's boss here?

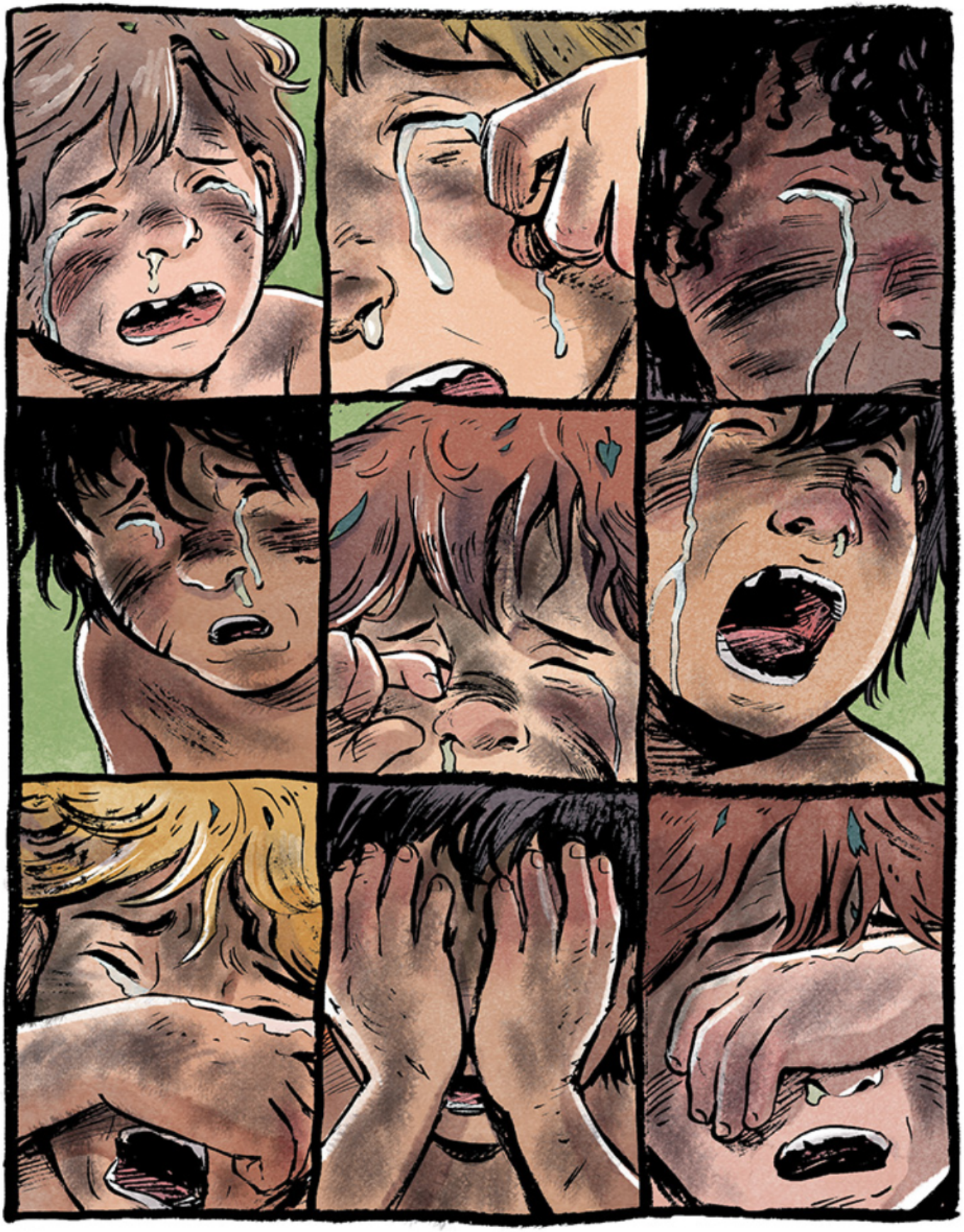


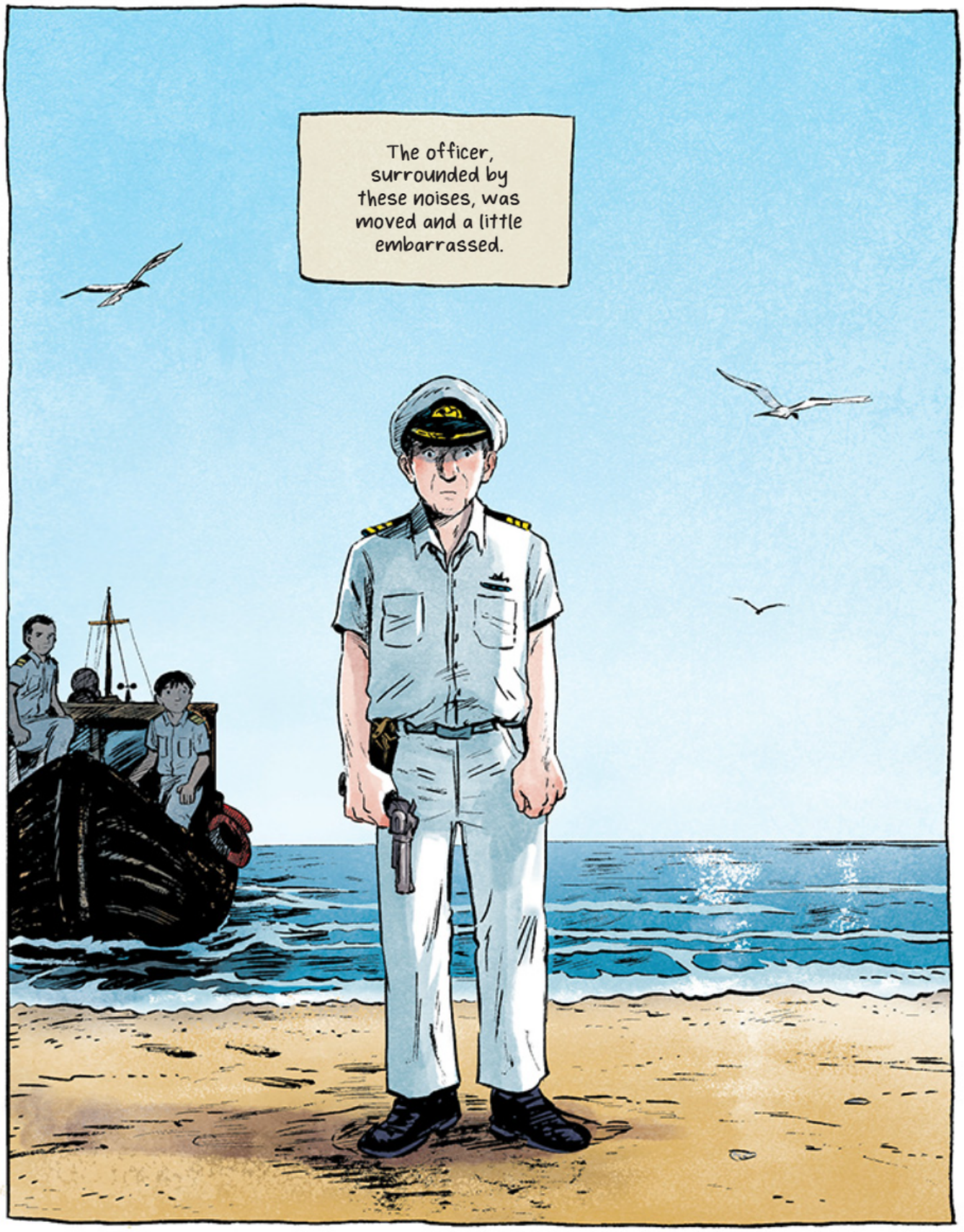

I am.
And you don't know how many of you there are?
No, sir.
The tears began to flow and sobs shook him.
He gave himself up to them now for the first time on the island; great, shuddering spasms of grief that seemed to wrench his whole body.
Infected by that emotion, the other little boys began to shake and sob too.

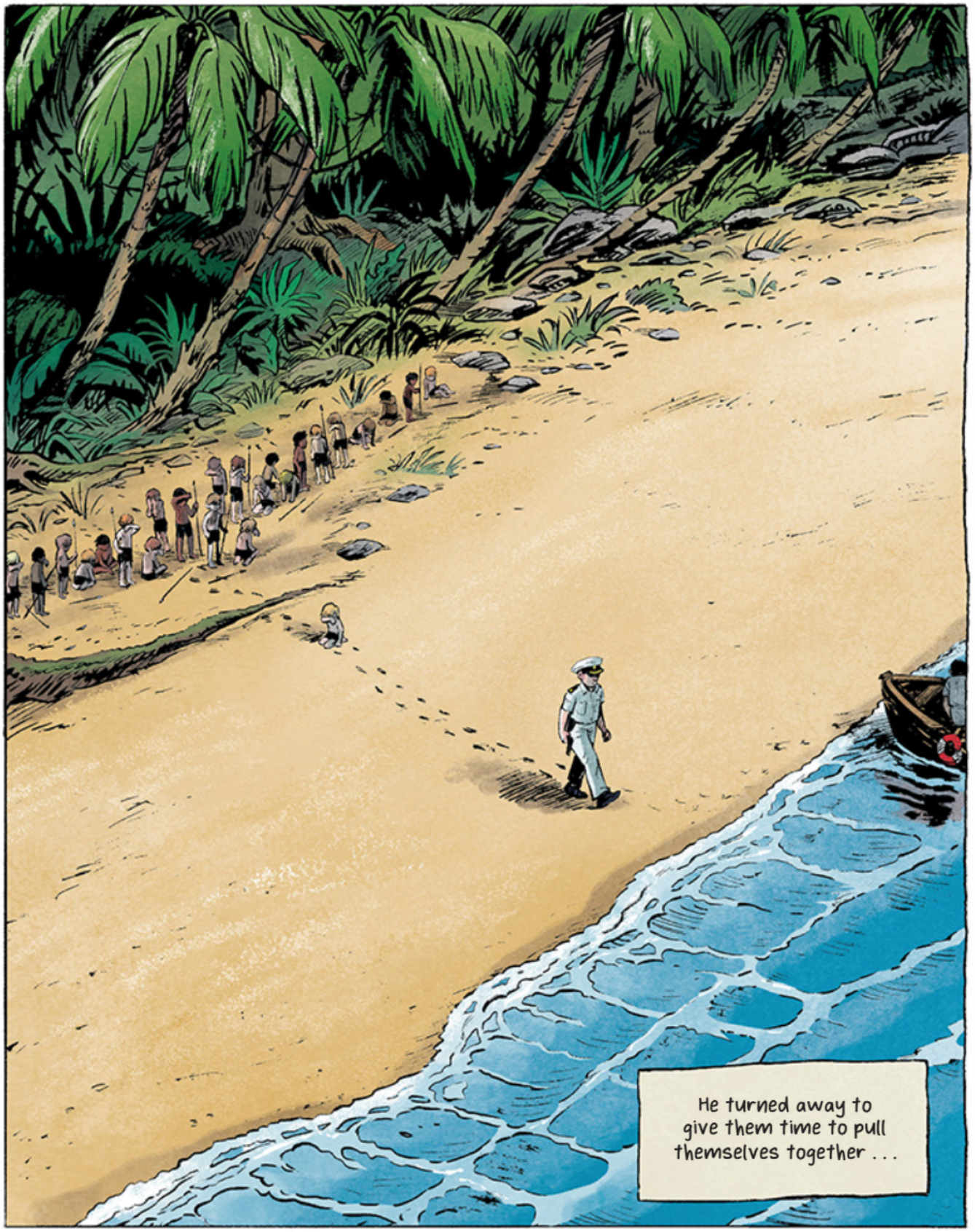


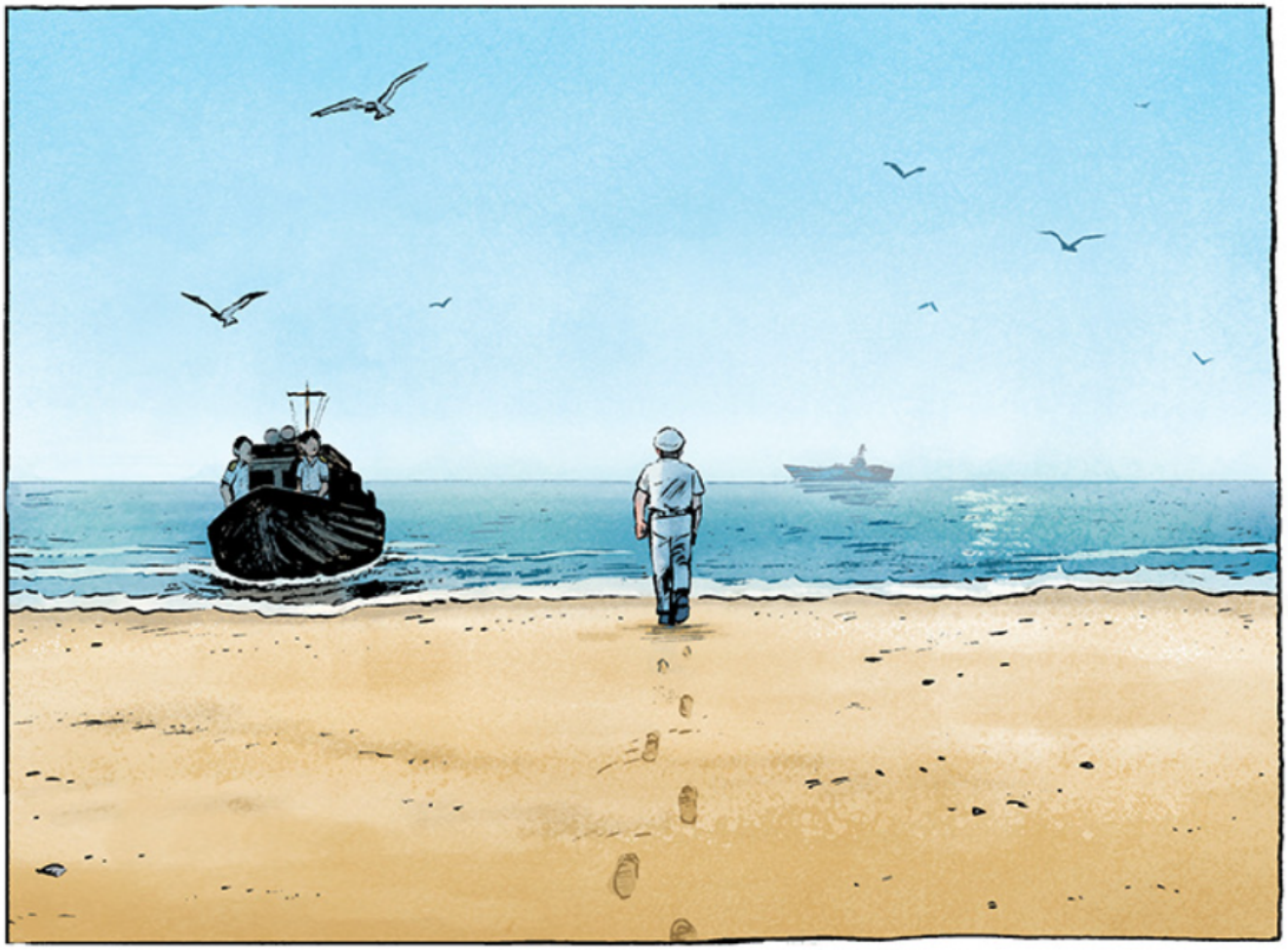
And in the middle of them, with filthy body, matted hair and unwiped nose, Ralph wept for the end of innocence, the darkness of man's heart, and the fall through the air of the true, wise friend called Piggy.






The officer, surrounded by these noises, was moved and a little embarrassed.


He turned away to give them time to pull themselves together . . .



. . . and waited . . .

. . . allowing his eyes to rest . . .

. . . on the trim cruiser in the distance.

Note from the artist

Dear reader,

Thank you for picking up this graphic novel edition of *Lord of the Flies*. There's a lot to say about the impact of William Golding's classic, and many scholars and academics have done so. But to be honest with you, I'm not a historian or a literary expert of any kind. As a lifelong fan, I can only tell you that *Lord of the Flies* has meant a lot to me personally. It took my breath away right at the first read, during my English class at school. Perhaps as a teenager, hanging between a carefree childhood and the independence of adulthood, something in the novel mirrored what I was experiencing within myself.

To be asked to create the first *Lord of the Flies* graphic novel adaptation was an incredible honour, as well as the scariest thing I've ever committed to. But I do believe it's a story that needs to be told again and again. I've met people who fled life-threatening conditions, war and captivity, even in my own family. One question returns to me every so often: when do the rules of our carefully crafted civilization end, and was it really there in the first place? There's no book in the world, I think, that investigates these questions as masterfully as *Lord of the Flies*.

In creating this adaptation, I did not want to simply create an illustrated version of the novel, but rather to let the graphic novel format do what it does best: adding meaning through composition, colour and atmosphere. If you are reading the English-language edition, you will notice that each phrase is taken from the original work. Using these texts allowed me to treat the work with respect, keeping Golding's beautifully composed sentences intact. Yet there was still room for me to tell the story in the way I chose to.

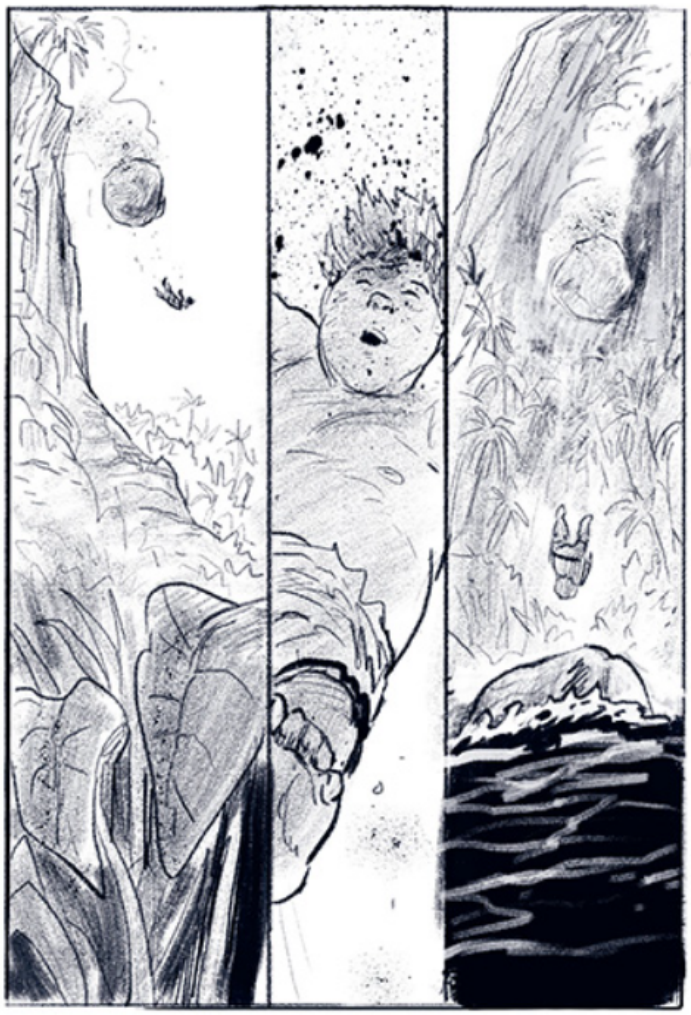
In the next few pages, you will see some of my early sketches and the various stages of the drawing process.

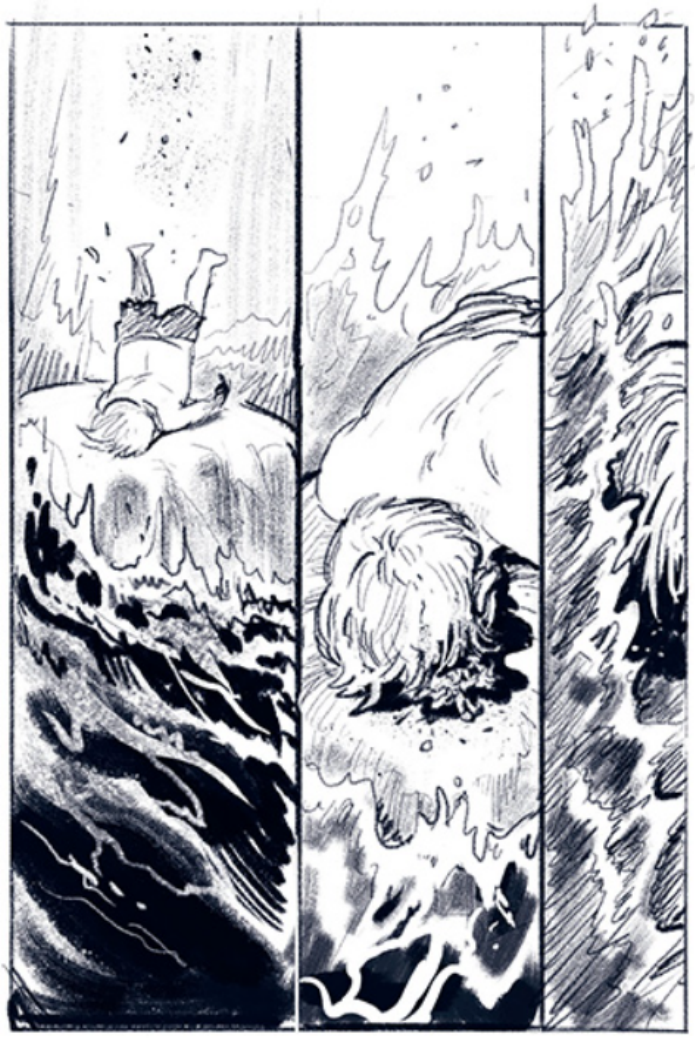
Thank you, again, for picking up this graphic novel. I do hope it will make *Lord of the Flies* accessible to many new readers. I'm convinced this story will remain relevant for as long as humanity exists, which confirms its genius, but makes for a sad truth at the same time.

Aimée de Jongh, January 2024

Early sketches

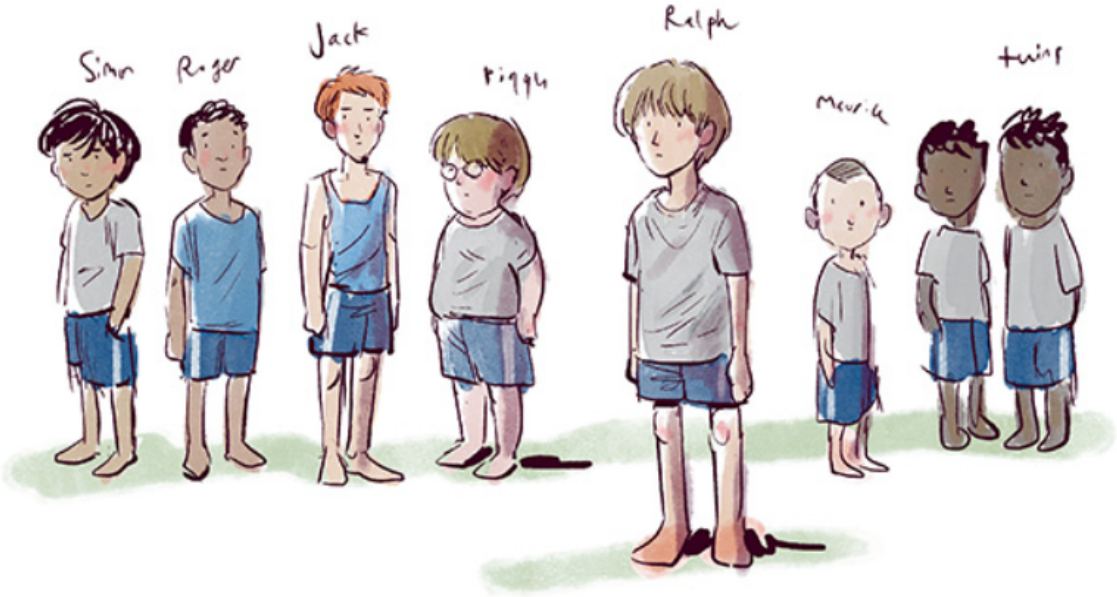
Piggy falls down the rocks

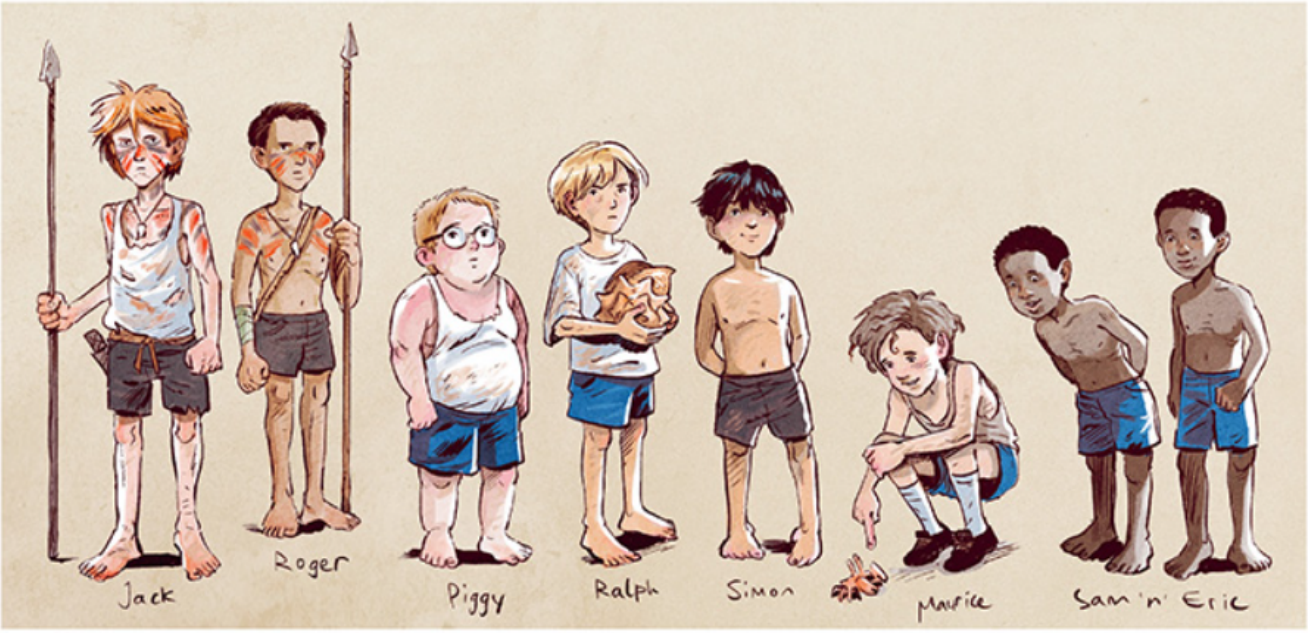




Early character sketches

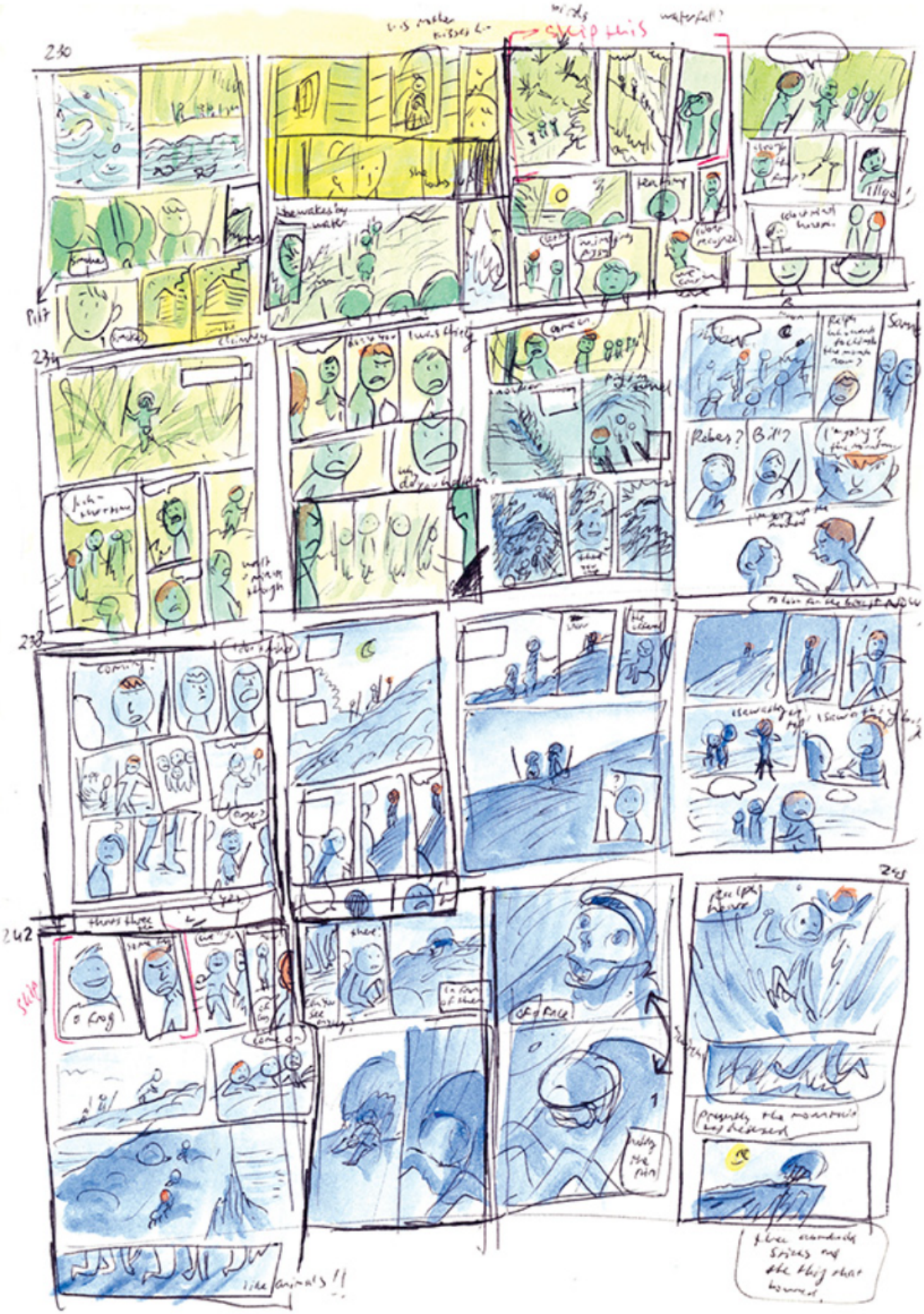
The boys: before and after life on the island

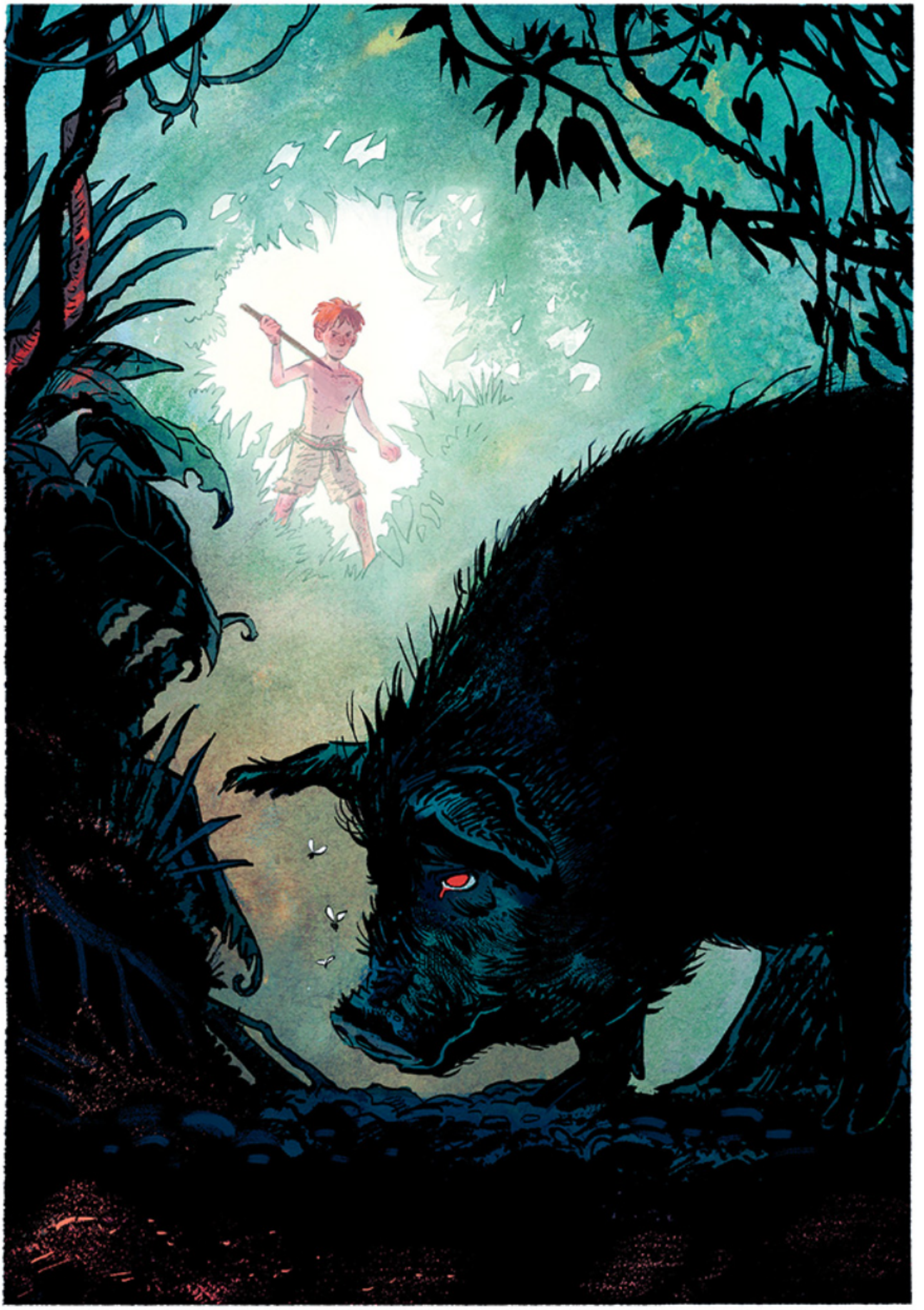




Early scene development

Watercolour thumbnails


skip this
Rebes?
Bill?
frog
skip
Piff
234
235
242
243
245



Aimée de Jongh (born 1988) is an Eisner-nominated graphic novel author. She's known for her vibrant drawings and poignant stories, often about human relationships in modern society. De Jongh was born in Waalwijk, southern Netherlands. After her studies in animation, she debuted with *The Return of the Honey Buzzard*, which won the Prix Saint-Michel and was adapted for film. Her other graphic novels are *Blossoms in Autumn*, *TAXI!*, *Sixty Years in Winter* and her most celebrated book, *Days of Sand*. Her books have drawn critical acclaim, winning awards in France, the US and Japan. When not drawing comics, De Jongh works regularly as an animator, teacher and illustrator. She lives and works in Rotterdam.

www.aimeedejongh.com

William Golding (1911–1993) was born in Cornwall, and educated at Marlborough Grammar School and Brasenose College, Oxford. Before becoming a writer, he was an actor, small-boat sailor, musician and schoolteacher. In 1940 he joined the Royal Navy and later took part in the D-Day operation and liberation of the Netherlands. *Lord of the Flies*, his first novel, was rejected by several publishers but rescued from the 'reject pile' at Faber and published in 1954. It became a modern classic, selling millions of copies, translated into forty-four languages and made into a film by Peter Brook in 1963. Golding wrote eleven other novels, a play and two essay collections. He won the Booker Prize for *Rites of Passage* in 1980 and the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1983. He was knighted in 1988 and died in 1993.

www.william-golding.co.uk

LEFT *Early concept art*: Jack hunting the pig

Text: William Golding, 1954

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